

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE:

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871.

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TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be deferred three months. All papers going out of the country to be paid for in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuation.
Local and Special Notices, Twenty Cents per line.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.
Obituaries and calls on candidates, Fifty Cents per square.
The privilege of yearly advertisements is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

A Rare Opportunity!

USEFUL PREMIUMS

GIVEN AWAY FOR

Clubs to the Observer!

Subscriptions can be paid in

CASH OR BARTER!

A RICH TIME FOR AGENTS!

In order to still further extend the circulation of the FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER, we propose to give to the person securing us the largest number of subscribers, not less than forty, for one year, to the OBSERVER, a new

SEWING MACHINE,

Costing at the Factory, \$25!

For the second largest list, not less than thirty, for a year, a

Doty's Washing Machine

one of the best household aids ever invented, costing at the factory, \$15.

For the third largest list, not less than twenty, for one year, one

Clothes Wringer,

with double cogs, rubber rollers, and patent stop, making one of the best Machines ever invented, costing at the factory, \$9.

For any smaller number of subscribers, we will pay the agent ten per cent. of the subscription money, all subscribers to be received at the rate of \$2 a year.

Accurate records of the lists will be kept, and the decision made on the first Monday in October, until which time all competitors for the prizes are at liberty to work. Clubs may be made up for one post office, or divided among as many as the agent and subscribers may wish. The money must come with the names.—We cannot give such valuable machines as premiums on a credit.

Here is an opportunity for any man or woman, boy or girl, to make money without a dollar in capital. Try it and see how easily you can do what we desire you to do, and at the same time benefit yourself. If you are not getting up a club to-day, do it at once, and send in your subscribers as you obtain them, and we will keep a correct statement of your labors. Remember, reader, that you can do as well as any one. The machines are all actually worth, at low price, with carriage, more than one-third the whole amount of subscription money required to obtain them. Let all try, and we are sure they will be well pleased with their success.

PAPER COLLARS.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin says the paper collar business grows in importance yearly. The production in Boston in 1860 was 60,000,000 collars; in 1870, it was 75,000,000; and the rate for 1871 is 150,000,000. The profits do not anticipate in this increase. On the contrary, the competition is so close that it is only in improved machinery and prudent close working of stock that a percentage is secured. One of the largest manufacturing dealers asserts that if he could save one-eighth of an inch to each collar, on his waste of paper, beyond the savings of any other maker, he should consider that eighth of an inch a sufficient profit in his business.

Raw cranberries will bleach a luminous nose; provided raw whiskey isn't continued as an illuminating agent.

A LUCKY LARCENY.

BY A LAWYER.

Mr. Courtney was a rich old bachelor, and the uncle of a couple of nephews—the one a brother's the other a sister's son. These two were his next of kin, legally entitled, in case he died intestate, to inherit his property.

Edward Horton, his deceased sister's son, was decidedly his favorite, and to him the old gentleman resolved to give the bulk of his estate.

Charles Courtney, the other nephew, had inherited a handsome fortune from his father, and moreover, by his uncle's will, was entitled to succeed to that left to his cousin, in event of the latter's dying without issue.

Old Mr. Courtney was one of the halest of bachelors, when it was suddenly announced, not only that he was dead, but that foul play was suspected. A post mortem examination demonstrated that he had fallen a victim to poison; and it was given out that the hand that had administered it was his favorite nephew. The public mind was naturally both surprised and shocked.

It was not until Edward Horton had been fully committed for trial for his uncle's murder, that it was retained to get up the defense.

His own statement was, in substance, this: A physician had been called to see Mr. Courtney on the occasion of some trifling illness, requiring some simple remedy, for which a prescription was written and handed to the prisoner, to have made up. This latter had carried to a well known, competent druggist, who had put it up in his presence. The medicine consisted of three white powders, each folded in a scrap of paper, and the whole enclosed in a single wrapper. They were to be administered at intervals of half an hour, and had remained continuously in the prisoner's possession till the first was administered, which was done by himself immediately upon his return from the druggist's. Mr. Courtney grew rapidly worse; and when, at the expiration of an hour, a second powder was administered, the symptoms became so alarming that a messenger was sent for a physician, who, on his arrival, declared that the patient was suffering from the effect of poison.

An examination of the remaining powder disclosed the fact that it was pure arsenic. It was too late for any antidote to be available; and in less than an hour death had relieved the sufferer. An autopsy of the body, and an analysis of the contents of the stomach, left no doubt as to the cause of death. The presence of arsenic, in a necessarily fatal quantity, was indicated by every known chemical test. It is farther admitted by the prisoner, that he alone had access to his uncle's apartment, and had handled the medicine from the time it was compounded by the druggist, till the coming of the physician, after the second powder had been taken.

The druggist who was known to be a man of extraordinary caution, and thoroughly skilled in his business, was ready to swear that by no possibility could any mistake have occurred in putting up the medicine.

To make matters worse, it transpired that the amicable relations between the uncle and the nephew had been somewhat disturbed of late, by reason of an attachment of the latter, disapproved by the former, who had gone so far as to threaten to change his will, unless his wishes were respected.

"Who was in your company from the time you received the medicine till you returned to your uncle's house?" I asked the prisoner, desperately groping after something to afford a ray of hope.

"No one," he answered, "but my cousin Charles, whom I met near the druggist's, and who accompanied me in."

I drew from Edward the fact that Charles saw the medicine put up; walked with him a little way; and then went back for something,

Edward awaiting his return; and they walked arm in arm nearly home, when Charles left. I also reminded Edward that, his uncle being dead, if he should also die childless, Charles would then inherit the whole estate.

"He did it! he did it!" the young man cried in a paroxysm of excitement too earnest to be counterfeited. "He went out to get the poison when he left me waiting. He put it up to resemble the druggist's parcel, for which he substituted it as we went along. Villain—I know it now! I carried the parcel in the right hand pocket of my overcoat, and it was on that side he walked."

I was seated in my office on the day preceding the one fixed for the trial, indulging in anything but sanguine expectations, when a tap at the door announced a visitor. It was a detective whom I had employed.

"What is it?" I inquired after closing the door.

"I made an arrest to-day," he answered, "and in the prisoner's possession found this overcoat," undoing a package he had brought.

"Well?"

"In one of the pockets I found this," and he handed me a small parcel which I opened.

Inside were three papers, folded as druggists put up their prescriptions.

"The person with whom I found this overcoat," the detective continued, "confesses that he stole it from a billiard saloon, the owner having laid it aside while playing; and the date he fixes corresponds with Mr. Courtney's murder,—but what is more important, I have ascertained that Charles Courtney is the owner of the coat!"

"Let us at once proceed to the druggist's," springing from my chair and snatching up my hat.

"We were soon there.

"Please examine that parcel," I said, putting it into the druggist's hands.

He did so carefully opening the papers and examining their contents. They contained three white powders.

"How do they correspond with those you made up for Mr. Courtney?" I inquired, "and for which others seem to have been so mysteriously substituted?"

"They do not correspond at all, they are the same," he answered.

"The same! how do you know that?"

"By these figures," he replied, pointing to the inside of one of the papers. I had made a calculation that day, on the sheet of paper, part of which I used in putting up the prescription bought by Mr. Edward Horton. The remainder I have preserved, not knowing but it might become important. Here it is, and you see how this piece and the figures fit.

They did exactly. The chain of evidence was complete.

I need hardly tell how the trial ended. Charles Courtney was called by the prosecution, to prove some unimportant point. The counsel, whom I had retained for the defense, asked him but three questions on cross examination:

"Had he accompanied the prisoner from the druggist's?"

"Had he lost his overcoat that day?"

"Was that it?"

A Singular "Tail."

Recently a love-sick swain was paying court to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the paternal ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply. "Drive it out of here," thundered paterfamilias. "Scat!" screamed Mary, and then sotto voce: ("John, mew a little!") John set up a woful yowl. "That cat's got a cold," remarked the parent, John yowled louder than ever. "Confound it, bring a light and scare the thing out." This was too much, and John made a leap for the window, carrying a glass and frame with him. "Thunder! what a cat!" said the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made out of broadcloth," as he viewed a fluttering remnant from the window.—N. O. *Platycure.*

The Gold Hill News says:—"Poor Hinkler, who died last week, had only five doctors to attend him. They each doctored him for a different disease, and he was only sick for a week. One doctored him for consumption, one for asthmatic diarrhoea, another for chronic inflammatory bronchitis, and the last one went in on general principles against formidable combinations of these diseases, crossed with several undefined ones, and the last dose he ordered from the drug store, which was a teacup of ammonia, laudanum, sulphuric acid, tincture of cantharides and rye whiskey, arrived just ten minutes to late. Hinkler was dead."

RED TAPE.—Some of the incidents connected with the marriage of Marquis de Lorne will strike Americans as having been ridiculously red tapey. Many fine people expected to attend that wedding, but didn't. The cabinet ministers were invited but not their wives. Mr. Moran, the Representative of the United States couldn't go, because he is only a charge. Several small ambassadors, glistening with diamonds, were there, while, under the rule some of the most peerless of the peeresses were coolly left out in the cold.

The following is from the Greensboro (Ga.) Herald:

Dr. Brooks, of one of the first families, has been arrested for extravagance, in smashing a dozen eggs over his wife's head. He set up a plea in defense to the effect that the eggs were rotten, any way, and he thought that way as well use them that way as to waste them. Of course if the doctor can prove that the eggs were spoiled, they must let him off.

The Ottawa, Kansas, Herald, says: An important case in life insurance is on trial at Topeka. The point involved, is whether a life insurance company is liable on a policy when the person insured commits suicide. It is said to be the only case of the kind ever brought before a United States court, and it will therefore probably be carried to the Supreme Court, whatever may be the decision below.

The Mobile Register, speaking of George L. Putnam, the newly appointed Mobile postmaster, says his only qualification for the office is, "he is odious to the people."

That very quality is all that is needed to get an office in the South at the hands of the appointing power.

An exchange in speaking of the display of liquid stuff, labeled "Job's Tears," in a druggist's window, says the tears may be genuine, but being bottled they suggest the idea of a put up "Job." Such a horrid pun as that is enough to make a man's blood boil.

The popular fallacy that cats have nine lives may have arisen from the fact that one kind has nine tails.

Temple of The Muses.

For His Mother's Sake.

A young man, who had left his home, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present: "Let me kiss him for his mother!"

"Let me kiss him for his mother! Ere ye lay him with the dead, Far away from home, another Sure may kiss him in her stead. How that mother's lip would kiss him! Till her heart should nearly break! How in days to come she'll miss him! Let me kiss him for her sake."

"Let me kiss him for his mother! Ere ye lay him with the dead, Far away from home, another Sure may kiss him in her stead. How that mother's lip would kiss him! Till her heart should nearly break! How in days to come she'll miss him! Let me kiss him for her sake."

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A Northern Man's Testimony.

The following extract is a portion of a letter written by a former citizen of Auburn well known for probity, to Mr. E. E. Ross. Residing, as does the correspondent, in one of the heretofore strongest secession localities of the South, it will serve to correct the Ku-Klux stories published in the Radical papers for political effect:

AUGUSTA, GA., May 5th, 71.

I am greatly disappointed that you and Mr. Beardsley did not come down this winter or spring as you both expected to. I hope that no Ku-Klux stories have kept you away. Of all the infernal lies that were ever inaugurated by the father of lies, these yarns of the Radicals beat the crowd. Now, in all the four years that my family have lived in Barnwell county (the very hot bed of secession) we have never heard of the first "outrage." We have to go North to hear them.

NEW YORK JUNE 5.—Reports from eight cotton States show a falling off in the number of acres planted this year compared with last year, of 933,000, or an average of twelve per cent. for each State. This falling off in acreage, and unfavorable condition of the crop, it is estimated by the agricultural department, will cause a falling off in the crop of over 1,250,000 bales. This is official.

This accounts for the unexpected rise in the price of cotton, in connection with the great abundance of money in New York—14 to 19 1/2 cts.

There is a blacksmith out in Iowa who has fairly earned his bread by "the sweat of his brow." He has worked out on the open prairie for two years, without a particle of covering for his "shop," and now he has purchased a fine farm and built a cosy house upon it with his earnings.

Billy Bray, of Ills., threw a brick at the cow, but knocked down his sister, his father knocked him down with a spade, his mother knocked his father down with a broomstick, and the doctor who attended the family had to knock down on his charges.

A Deacon in Illinois objected to the organ purchased by his church, and when called upon to close the service with prayer, said: "Call upon the machine! If it can sing the glory of God, it can pray, too. Call on the machine!"

A New Haven gentleman recently recovered \$375 for a tree spoiled by gas, from the New Haven Gas Company's pipes.

Bank of Tennessee Money.

Tennessee money has advanced very materially in the last thirty days, from seventy-four to eighty-six cents. The following which we take from a correspondent of the Nashville Banner, may give some reason for such an advance. Let those who have taxes to pay prepare themselves at once, as the supply on hand is limited:

Allow me to make through your columns the following statement, as a hint to the taxpayers, hoping they will not let the opportunity for saving a few dimes go by unimproved.

Tennessee money is now selling at from seventy-eight to eighty cents, and there are about six hundred thousand dollars still out. The present tax, it is estimated, will yield to the State Treasury three million dollars. It is easily seen that a large majority of tax payers will have to pay their taxes in greenbacks, so those who are sharp enough to buy the money during the next sixty-days, will get the benefit of the discount. Every dollar of this 600,000 will be taken up for taxes by the middle of September. A monopoly could control the whole of it for from seventy-eight to eighty cents, and then it would command ninety to ninety-five cents by the first of August.

My object in giving publicity to these facts is that the people, instead of brokers, may be benefited.

An Anson (N. C.) man endorses Sherman's nomination for the Presidency by the New-York Herald, in the following fearless fashion: Why, the man committed crimes enough here in Anson county to eternally damn him. It was a bitter pill to vote for Blair, on account of his service under and with Sherman; but Sherman himself! the thought is outrageous! Few men in North or South Carolina or Georgia, I imagine, would vote for him. I won't; and were I not conscientiously opposed to profanity, I'd swear I won't. And if any Sherman man wants to raise a row about it, he can be accommodated.

PLAIN TALK.—The following are true extracts from the last Grand Jury presentments of Wilkes county, Georgia:

Upon investigation, we find that the District Court, as organized, is clearly illegal, in our opinion, and is a nuisance; and we would recommend that the Ordinary do not levy a tax for the support of said Court. We beg leave to say, in reference to J. M. Matthews, our Solicitor General, that it is our conviction, from his intercourse with us, that he is wholly incompetent for the duties of his office, and would, therefore, recommend that he resign.

AN ARMY OF THEM.—The number of drummers or commercial travelers sent from New York city is estimated at 25,000. Their salaries and commission at \$1,500, amount to \$37,500,000. If to this be joined their traveling expenses—\$4 a day—estimating that they are on the road 150 days out of the 365, \$15,000,000 must be added, and the aggregate expense is swelled to \$52,500,000.

Powers, the sculptor, is about to degrade his artistic chisel by making a bust of that odious, pompous little cavalry bobadil, Phil Sheridan, the most overrated man of the age. What will posterity say when they look, first upon "The Greek Slave," and then upon the ugly, bloated, bull-terrier phiz of the great American Barn Burner?

O. F. Winchester, of New Haven, has given to Yale College, a strip of land consisting of thirty-four acres, north of his residence on Prospect street, valued at \$100,000, for the erection and maintenance of an astronomical observatory, in connection with Yale College.

What Becomes of a Dead Horse.

The Scientific American recently contained an article on the use to which dead horses can be applied, in the course of which it is remarked, that the animal must be worth as much when alive as he is when in the retorts and kettles of the chemist. As soon as the horse is dead, his blood is sought by the manufacturers of albumen and sugar refiners, and the burners of lampblack. Not a drop is allowed to go to waste.

The mane and tail are wanted for haircloths, sieves, bowstrings and brushes. The skin is converted into leather for cart-harness, for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The hoofs are used for combs, horn work, glue, and in old times were the chief source of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas-house. The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat, and much oil and fat is obtained from it. Some of the choice bits may find their way into cheap restaurants, and play the part of beefsteak, or help to enrich the hasty plates of soups of their establishments. The flesh left after all has been extracted from it that is of any service, is sometimes burned, to be used as manure, or is worked up into nitrogenous compounds, such as the cyanides, to be used by the photographer in taking our pictures.—The stomach and its contents make valuable strings and cords for musical instruments, and out of the bones so many useful articles are manufactured that it is almost impossible to make out a complete list of them. Among them are buttons, toys, tweezers, knife handles, rules, cups, dominoes, balls; and the residue from all these things is burnt into bone black, to be used by the sugar refiner, who puts in a second claim on the dead horse, and some part of the bone-black is burned white to be used by the assayer in testing gold; and when the assayer and refiner have finished with it, it is converted into super phosphate to serve as a valuable manure on our land. The teeth are used as substitutes for ivory, and the iron slices, if not nailed over the door, to insure good fortune to the household, are worked up into excellent wrought metal. Some parts of the bone-black is converted into phosphorus for the manufacture of matches, and lately a valuable bread preparation is made of the phosphate, and medicines are prepared for the cure of consumptives.

An exchange says: "Some years ago, physicians had a habit of recommending every consumptive patient to take cod-liver oil. The incredible nastiness of the dose must have constituted its peculiar merit: for, as a matter of fact, any result established by cod-liver oil would have been attained by the patient, had cream instead of oil been prescribed. Suddenly this idea seems to have dawned upon the medical faculty. As a consequence, we now have a 'milk-cure' announced as a specific for consumption. Patients who formerly put their trust in cod-liver, are now told the cow is their only hope. They are made to drink vast quantities of pure milk, instead of frequent doses of the unspeakably vile cod liver oil. The effect is all that can be desired. The patient who tries the milk-cure finds himself rapidly growing fat, and it is also said that he becomes child-like and bland in his demeanor."

The Mayor of Providence, R. I., has increased his own salary to \$3,000 a year. The vote in the council on the proposition was a tie, and His Honor felt in duty bound to stand by his friends, so he gave his casting vote on their side. That's Radical.

Eighty-six thousand six hundred negroes were the recipients of public charity in the District of Columbia last year. These negroes were formerly self-supporting, but New England philanthropists have played sad havoc with the poor creatures.

How Daniel Webster Prepared his Speeches.

In one of the debates in Congress which suddenly called Daniel Webster to his feet, he made a brief but most eloquent speech, apparently without any opportunity for previous preparation. In the course of his remarks, he threw out the following sentence, which has ever since been admired as one of the most harmonious and expressive in the English language. He was speaking of our military conflict with Great Britain: "Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has doctored over the whole globe with her possessions, and her military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in its course and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England." As he sat down one of the Senators congratulated him upon his speech, and alluding to the above passage, said that to him it was inconceivable how Mr. Webster in a speech so manifestly unprepared, could have formed so perfect and so beautiful a sentence, which with hours of study, he could not improve. Mr. Webster replied that the passage was not extemporaneous; that in his summer vacation he had visited Quebec, and while standing on the massive and almost impregnable citadel there, looking out upon the wondrous scene of national grandeur and of nature's loveliness spread before him, the idea occurred to his mind. He immediately took his seat upon a gun, and with pencil and paper, sketched the thought in the most appropriate language he could at the moment command. Upon arriving at his hotel he sat down at his leisure, and wrote it and rewrote it, with many interlineations and erasures, until he had moulded it into the form of words which satisfied him. He then laid it aside in his retentive memory, to be used when the occasion should offer. The opportunity arose on that day.

EFFECTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—The Memphis Appeal bluffs the caving in of all the bluffs on the eastern side of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans, has led to curious results. Fort Pillow has wholly disappeared. There is not a vestige of the earthworks erected by General Pillow and others at Randolph. The river has cut cavernous depths for its strong currents beneath the everlasting hills, and these have slowly crumbled and fallen, a grain of sand at a time, into the abysses of the mighty deep.—Now and then hill sides have disappeared in a single night, and curiously enough, this work of desolation goes on mainly upon the eastern shore of the river. At Memphis, as at Vicksburg, Columbus, Fort Pillow, and Randolph, the restless fathomless river, whose course none may anticipate nor can resist, pursues its appointed task with a force and pertinacity which has lessened property values between Wolf river and Fort Pickering many millions of dollars.

A SINKING CITY.—It is asserted upon the most reliable information, that according to present indications, the great city of the Czar of all the Russias, St. Petersburg, in fifty years will have ceased to exist. Startling as this may sound, the fact is based upon a scientific examination of the soil upon which the city is built, which is found to be sinking, imperceptibly to be sure, but with premonitory and fearful regularity. So fully are the facts established that already steps are being taken prior to the permanent removal of the Court. Moscow from its central position would seem to offer the most preferable future location for the seat of Government; but there are many reasons for believing that a preference may be shown for the fortified city of Keiv, which has the advantage in climate, is near the Black Sea, and is a step forward towards the Mecca of Russia's Czar, Constantinople.

A Connecticut schoolboy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal having four legs, "one at each corner."

A Texas paper reports the killing of three women while disguised as men and attempting to rob a house.