Fayetteville Observer.

Office: At the Same Old Stand.

N. O. Wallace,
Editor and Publisher.

Fayetteville, - - - Tennessee.

Thursday Morning, October 21, 1880.

Watering House Plants.

The *Garden* disputes the rule that water should be given in moderately small quantities, and supplied frequently. If the causes of failure where plants are cultivated in windows were minutely investigated, the dribbling system of watering would be found to be the principal cause. A plant ought not to be watered until it is in a fit condition to receive a liberal supply of that element, having previously secured a good drainage, in order that all superabundant water may be quickly carried off. Those who are constantly dribbling a moderately small quantity of water upon their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition any length of time. This must be obvious to all, for it is quite evident that the moderately small quantity of water frequently given would keep the surface of the soil moist, while at the same time, from the effects of good drainage, which is essential to the well-being of all plants in an artificial state, all the lower roots would perish for want of water, and the plant become sickly and die.

Forecasting the Weather.

Here is the way you can get credit for a wonderful deal of wisdom. Read and remember. An intensely blue sky indicates very heavy rains in not over forty-eight hours. A grey hazy sky indicates continuous dry and hot weather. A southeast wind indicates a storm in the northwest. If it rains when a northwest wind sets in, it will soon stop. When a west wind sets in, no matter what the weather is, at least three days of fair weather will follow.

There are only two kinds of clouds of primary character, first, those that float high, and those that float low. Those that float high, six to nine miles, are of a gauzy structure. Those that float low, one to three miles, are called pile clouds. When the low clouds are sharply defined against the blue sky, rain may be expected. If the gauzy clouds, instead of becoming cumulus, or piled up, reascend and dissolve, no rain need be expected until they lower again, which is generally within twenty-four hours. These are the rules that the farmer and the sailor work by, and after a little study are found quite reliable.

How to Clean the Floor.

[Woman's Journal.]

If you have a painted floor keep soap and soap suds off of it, for it spots the brightness of the paint, makes it soft and then it peels off, leaving the floor looking worse than if it had not been painted.

If your floor has not been painted, keep soap off of it for it gives it a dirty, grimy look and keeps growing worse all the time. Just take clean, hot water, put a teaspoonful of spirits into a three-gallon pail of water, stir it, and with a clean long-handled mop rub the floor all over, then wipe it off with clean water. It will take a little while to get the gray out of the boards, but it will come after a time, and you will find it far easier to keep your floor white and nice than when it was cleaned with soap or suds.

A sea Captain who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with the view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you—black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail over all, six feet one inch; breadth of beams, thirty-eight inches; depth of hold, fourteen inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against 10-year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man who was spending an evening at his house. "Ah—hum—no, thank, ye," said the old man; "I never drink any liquor of any kind—'specially cider; but, if you will call it apple-juice "I'll take a drop."

Toddlekins is a very small man, indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows, and his wife began to cut down their old lothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

The First Oil Well.

[Petroleum World.]

A story is published in a Cumberland Valley newspaper to the effect that oil was found in large quantities near Burksville, Kentucky, as early as 1828. Unfortunately all the witnesses are dead. It is claimed, however, that some of the oil is still retained in bottles, but we wil have to insist that this testimony is not competent. The article appeared in the Cumberland *Courier*, and is as follows: Some time since we read an article in a Northern journal making the statement that Colonel Drake, who put down the first oil well in Pennsylvania, had been pensioned for the great discovery made by him. The fact is indisputable that Colonel Drake did first sink a well for oil in Pennsylvania, yet, many years previous to that a company of Cumberland County gentlemen, who are long since deceased, formed a copartnership for the purpose of boring for salt water, and in pursuance thereof they sunk a well near the town of Burksville, Kentucky, about two and a half miles from this place, on the Columbia Road.

When they had reached the depth of eighty feet they struck petroleum in large quantities. It flowed for two weeks, filling Ranox Creek bridge deep, and running off into the Cumberland River, covering the river for twenty miles, when some mischievous chap set fire to it, in consequence of which navigation was impossible for days. It is estimated that thousands of barrels escaped from this well at that time, and thousands since. This was in 1828. Some of our oldest citizens remember this, and will verify our statement. It was the first and is the oldest oil well in the world. At this time the company, knowing nothing of its value, its use and qualities, abandoned the work.

In the course of time, however, some enterprising quack doctor strolling through the country, discovered that it had great medical qualities as a liniment.

He therefore engaged with the owners of the well to deliver to him, in bottles, great quantities, to be shipped North, where he prepared and sold it for medical ailments of all sorts, shipping to Europe, as well, where it soon became very popular, and called and known there as the "American Oil," from which circumstances the well was called, and is now known here as the "Old American Oil Well." There is now a large number of bottles filled and corked, ready for shipment, as per contract made with the owners, still in possession of Mr. Ed. Baker, son of one of the company, which was never for some reason, delivered. We have seen the oil, and can certify to its superior quality. Since this time (1865), when to strike oil was a fortune, many wells have been sunk in the county with like success; in fact, the county is full of oil, and the wells sunk are too numerous to mention. It is only a question of time as to its development.

Can You?

Can any one tell why men who can not pay small bills can always find money to buy liquor and treat when among friends?

Can any one tell how young men who are always behind with their landlords can play billiards, night and day, and always be ready for a game of cards when money is at stake?

Can any one tell how men live and support families, who have no income and no work, when others, who are industrious, are half starved?

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young ladies prefer a brainless fop, under a plug hat, with tight pants and a short coat, to a man with brains?

Can any one tell why it is that some mothers are always ready to sew for the distant heathen when their own children are ragged and dirty?

Can any one tell why a man who is always complaining that he can not afford to subscribe for the local newspaper, and every week borrows it from his neighbor, can afford to attend every traveling show that comes into town?

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; mother's gone out washing and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know "what is the best way to mark table linen?" Leave the baby and a black-berry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

Non-Resident Notice.

In Circuit Court, Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee.

Peter Barker vs. John R. Barker and others.

Bill for sale of Land.

IN this cause it appearing from complainant's bill that John R. Barker, Mary A. Barker, Robert S. Childs, Fernando A. Childs, Wm. Furgerson and his wife Lucy C. Fergerson, George Davis and his wife Mary A. Davis, Robert R. Childs, Thomas Childs, Augustus Smith and wife M. E. Smith, and P. R. Childs, are non-residents of the State of Tennessee, and citizens of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them—it is, therefore, ordered by the Clerk of said Court that said defendants John R. Barker, Mary A. Barker, Robert S. Childs, Fernando A. Childs, Wm. Furgerson and wife Lucy A. Furgerson, Geo. Davis and wife Mary A. Davis, Robert R. Childs, Thomas Childs, Augustus Smith and wife M. E. Smith, and P. R. Childs, be required to appear before the Judge of our next Lincoln county Circuit Court to be held at the court-house in the town of Fayetteville, on the

First Monday in November next,

and make defense to said bill or the same will be taken for confessed, and set for trial *ex parte.*

It is further ordered, that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER, a newspaper published in the town of Fayetteville, Tenn.

sept 30 W. C. MORGAN, Clerk.

What makes a Bushel.

ARTICLES.	POUNDS.
Dried Apples	26
Bran	20
Barley	48
Beans	60
Cow Peas	60
White Beans	60
Castor Beans	45
Buckwheat	52
Stone Coal	80
Shelled Corn	56
Corn in the ear	70
Corn Meal	50
Plastering Hair	8
Unslacked Lime	80
Barley Malt	38
Rye Malt	34
Oats	32
Onions	50
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	35
do do peeled	40
Millet Seed	50
Orchard Grass Seed	14
Herd's Grass Seed	14
Irish Potatoes	60
Sweet Potatoes	50
Peas	60
Rye	56
Blue Grass Seed	14
Clover Seed	60
Flax Seed	56
Hemp Seed	44
Timothy Seed	45
Hungarian Seed	48
Coarse Salt	50
Fine Salt	55
Turnips	58
Wheat	60
Cotton Seed	33
Peanuts	22

How I Got Promoted.

"Tom," said the Chief, "there has been a rather mysterious robbery at Barrowtown, and it's likely to give the 'locals' some trouble, so I wish you to go down as soon as possible."

This order I received one hot day in August, on the day after the robbery had taken place. Of course I did not let much time pass before I was at the station and fairly started. Once there, Barrowtown is a quaint, picturesque little town, like many another in goodly England. It seemed almost too dull to beast the doubtful honor of having a full-grown robbery. Still, I like the quaint little town, for it was there that I gained my first promotion. I met at the station the Local Inspector, a stout, pompous, excitable little man, who looked doubtful as to the prudence of the Scotland Yard authorities in sending down such an ordinary-looking mortal as myself.

"Oh," he remaked at last, "so it's you, young man, is it? I don't think we are likely to trouble you much this time. The fact is, ahem! we have caught the culprit ourselves."

I merely bowed, and expressed a wish to see the prisoner; and we both set off for the county jail, perhaps a mile away.

Well, it certainly seemed as plain as day to me that the unhappy wretch on whom Inspector Muggridge had laid his fell grasp could easily have proved an alibi had not that worthy officer continually interrupted him with: "Better keep all that for your examination, my good fellow, or it'll all be brought up against you, my man, you know."

I told him seriously, as soon as I could, in private, that the man he arrested was no more guilty than I was, but he simply smiled incredulously, and asked who else could be the culprit, as this was the only really abandoned character of the town, and it plainly was the work of some one who knew the place. "Besides," he added, "it isn't very likely that any one could beat me on my own ground, where I know every body, you know; and if he didn't do it, who did?" With this really unanswerable argument he accompanied me to the scene of the robbery, where we were shown over the premises of the house.

When I saw the ground-floor window by which access had been gained to the house, I quite agreed with the worthy "local" that it was the work of a "new hand," and that from the fact that his footprints, wherever we could trace them, showed no hesitation, but rather a thorough acquaintance with the grounds, the culprit, whoever he was, must have had some opportunity of visiting the scene of operations, and probably lived somewhere in the neighborhood.

It seemed that the thief had entered the house by a window in the rear, and carried off a small box of valuables from the room of the master of the house, who had been staying at a friend's on that night. Both these facts showed an intimate knowledge of the house on the part of the culprit, and strengthened our former belief. We were informed that the lost casket—an ordinary tin cash-box—had been almost filled with various articles of jewelry, and therefore the loss was rather heavy. Of course the knowledge that there would be a good reward for the recovery of the missing property did not abate my zeal. Still, in spite of my eagerness to discover the culprit, I could make but little of the case, and might even have come over to the opinion of the "local," but for one very important fact, namely, the footprints in the garden-bed were smaller than those of the prisoner! Now, although a man can wear boots several sizes too large for him on occasion, yet he can hardly walk with comfort in shoes an inch or so too short.

Very much annoyed at my want of success, and dreading the chaff I would be sure to get when, compelled to give it up, if I should return to town, I was not particularly delighted next morning to see Mr. Muggridge coming up the road to the house accompanied by the editor of the Barrowtown Weekly Banner, who had determined, he said, to write up the account of the robbery himself. But there was no escape; and so, prepared for a host of questions, I was walking slowly to meet them when my eye was caught by something bright among the bushes by the roadside. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; there lay the lost box, empty, of course. Without stopping, however, I walked as calmly as possible on to the Inspector, and was introduced to Mr. Shears, the editor. It was simply wonderful how obliging I had become. I even, when Mr. Muggridge hinted that he was pressed for time, volunteered myself to give Mr. Shears the information he wished, and to go over the premises with him. Once left alone with the zealous representative of the press, I gave that gentleman all the points of the case, and a few more, as you will see.

The next forenoon, as soon as a copy of the Banner came to the house where the robbery had occurred—I had for the last two days spent from the forenoon until dusk there—I turned to the end of the column devoted to the "Great Robbery" and read, with a chuckle, the announcement that "the loss of the jewels would be less felt had there not been between the two bottoms of the box almost £200 in bank notes, of which, unfortunately, the numbers had not been taken."

Probably the intelligent reader sees my plan, but certainly I did not choose to explain it to Mr. Muggridge, when, an hour later, that worthy excitable gentleman rode, very hot and very red, up the shadeless road to complain of my having "made a confounded mess of the account, you know." I simply advised him to wait for a very few days, and then I would be happy to explain every thing.

That evening, as usual, I left the grounds at dusk, after spending the most of the day in watching—though apparently engaged in something else—whether any one went near the spot, a few hundred yards from the grounds, where lay the box on which I especially depended as a bait to hook the thief. By walking slowly, I managed to let the shades of evening close around me before I was far beyond the spot where I had made up my mind to watch and wait.

Eight! Nine! Were they never coming? And was my trap laid and bated in vain? Ten! Surely they should have come by this time. Still——Was that a sound on the road? Yes, and coming from the village, too! There were evidently several of them, and I began to regret not having brought some help. Nearer they came, laughing and talking, as I cautiously drew back from the road. And now they were opposite the spot where the box lay hid. But—what! They've gone by; and in the hearty guffaw of the man furtherest away of the three I recognized Farmer Lobbins, an honest fellow, whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay. After this sell, I had almost given up, and was actually making up my mind to abandon the affair when a faint sound from down the road made me crouch as low as possible once more. It was no hoax this time. A short, thin man, whom I easily recognized as a man of all work who had been helping the gardener that day, was creeping stealthily down the road close to the bushes. As soon as he reached the spot where the box had been thrown, he lit a small lantern to aid him in his search. This time I felt sure; and so, when the man blew out the light, after securing the supposed treasure, the capture was made.

"Oh! why, yes," observed the worthy Mr. Muggridge, who was in the office when I brought in the prisoner that night. "I thought as much; I've had my eye on that fellow all along."

The man made a confession; indeed, he was caught in the act, and could not deny it. The jewels were all recovered, and the reward proved very useful in helping me to marry and settle down quietly, when, one month later, I received my promotion.

There is a tramp who haunts the east end of Galveston who has got it down fine. He has reduced it to a perfect system. He has his regular customers, so to speak. He knocked at the door of a house. The owner came out. As soon as he saw the tramp he said: "Now, look here, last week I gave you a nickel to stay away for ten days, and here you are back again." The tramp put his hand to his forehead and was lost in thought for several minutes. Then he said, "You are right, Colonel. Your regular assessment is not due yet for a week. When I get back to my counting-room I'll pay off my head book-keeper and discharge him. He has neglected to give you the proper credit on the ledger." "Well, go on, now." "All right, Colonel. This is not a professional call; it is only complimentary. No extra charge." It was a Galveston tramp, too, when he was asked to take a dime out of a quarter. He said the year previous he had been out $50 by losses in making change.

It was at a Galveston hotel table that a child attracted considerable attention by saying repeatedly:

"I want a cake."

"You have had five or six already," replied the mother.

"Them's not the ones I want. I want a fresh one."

A Connecticut man wrote to his grocer that he wanted some "abelyac." Luckily he sent a jug, and the grocer filled it with apple-jack.

SALE OF Valuable Land!

UNDER and by virtue of the last will and testament of Alexander McCullough, deceased, I will attend on the premises on

Saturday, the 4th day of November, 1880,

and offer for sale to the highest bidder on a credit of one and two years, the following described

Tract of Land!

situated in the 21st civil district of Lincoln county, and bounded as follows, viz:—On the north by Thos. Taylor, on the south by Jas. Ventress, on the east by Jno. Edmonson and on the west by Jas. Ventress,

Containing 133 Acres, by estimation!

and being the same land willed by said Alex. McCullough to his widow, Banthana McCullough, during his natural life.

Notes with two or more good solvent securities will be required of the purchaser and a lien retained on the land for the purchase money.

P. L. THORNTON, Adm'r,
With will annexed of Alex. McCullough, dec.
oct 7

Strays Taken Up.

1st. Kind of Animal is given—2nd. Color—3d. Description—4th. Age—5th. Poster's name—6th. Time and Place of arrest—7th. Valuation.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Mare, dark sorrel, small white spot in forehead, shod before, 15½ hands, about 5 years; Wm. M. Blaylock, 19th dis, June 11—$50.

Mare, dark bay, right eye out, gear marks, front feet shod, 12 years old; John Simmons, 19th dis, Sept. 14—$30.

Mare, chestnut sorrel, fresh scar on forehead, left eye hurt, about 8 years old; J B Keeling, 2½ miles south of Petersburg on the Petersburg and Fayetteville road, April 23—$50.

Horse Mule, black, brown nose, deficiency in both hind legs and right fore leg, very sore back, saddle marks, about 16 hands high, about 8 years old; J P Cowley, 4th dis, March 6—$56.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Clerk of the County Court of Lincoln county Tenn., upon the suggestion of the administrator of the estate of

Margaret Brown, deceased,

of the insolvency of said decedent's estate, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the Clerk of said Court, authenticated, on or before January 6, 1881, for pro rata distribution, or they will be forever barred. M. W. REDD, Adm.
aug 19