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5-6-1886

## The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, May 6, 1886

The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era

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Grand Rapids, Michigan, on May 6, 1900 marched with banners to the employees of a mill outside the city to quit work and join the strike. The leader of the mob drew a revolver and men made a rush for the mill. Employees beat them back with clubs, but took refuge behind some cars and renewed the battle with clubs. At this point the proprietors tried to make the men withdraw, but refused and a pitched battle resulted. The melee one man was the abolition of a large stone. Another was seriously injured. A hail of stones was thrown at the mill workmen by the mob. Police and Sheriff's force were called and the strike was ended. The mill and quiet was restored. The employees to be entirely satisfied and had no desire to strike.

Master Knowlton is as out-  
right Intemperance as any  
a prohibitionist could wish. In  
a address to the Knights of the  
constitution forbids the initia-  
tion of liquor dealers he said: The  
of applications during the past  
grant dispensations to allow the  
of rum sellers was alarming.  
persistently refused them, and  
join my successor, if he values  
are success of the order, to shut  
s against the admission of the  
dealer. His path, and that  
industrious, honest workman, lie  
in other directions. The rum seller  
has no mission into a labor society  
and he knows that he may en-  
counter in his saloon after  
ing close. No question of in-  
labor has even been satisfactorily  
over a bar in a rum shop.  
society ever admitted a rum  
at it did not die a drunkard's  
No workman ever drank a glass  
he did not rob his family of the  
it, and in doing so committed a  
line, murder, theft. He mur-  
dered with which the Maker  
blessed him. He steals from his  
means of sustenance he has

1. Harrison, in the *Indian Farmer*, says the honey from apple blossoms is at finely flavored; that from the cherry is light, but of a delicate flavor; clover honey, light, with comb that from the Linden or bassah-tree is light brown and rich in vegetable goldenrod produces thick and colored honey. Each source gives the honey obtained from particular characteristic.

tain complete lines and latest designs in Ingrain Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, Rugs, Etc. Wholesale buyers will find our Jobbing Department the best place to buy the goods, and at lowest market prices. Write for our business of itself. We sell the best goods of the country at the lowest prices. Respectfully,

body Brussels, Tapestries, 3 Ply, Extra. We will cheerfully duplicate Lonsdale's Department always well stocked with quotations. Our Shoe Department is the best manufacturers and at remarkable prices.

in the city. Fresh Bread and Cakes always on hand, and delivered free to any point.  
We manufacture all our Sticks, Candy and Kisses. Special inducements to Country  
We invite all to call and examine before purchasing.

ment when he arrived in Madrid over Spain. "I was French consul in the stories of the Brs Diavolo passed in to re-organizes the dinner having undisturbedly my sleep. "I have a sphere of a bound. I have a friend, M. de the places the friends of the "Assuredly remains to to the very attentions with the director of various. U. S. number of work in th ships of that profess by or trade, smuggling on the high with the di- wares, and a happens else. "I have a distinguish- dressed, car- cratic had- work in the and hearing- purest Casti- of the de- ficiency of of his man- ners to seek- man of his "I don't he answers I am out of a sou." "I have a next- squad of m attended fa- came a long. But I sick. I was ary, but in him he insist- my protest- ions would "The you courage, hi- touched m- go with hi- to obtain way of it "You ar- with teac- time suc- tered in m- grateful. generous o- show you not kish y- of red or id- the name of my sound- were wis- I served se- cavalry, an brilliant pi- lady at Se- ally in lov- happy nam- fairly, and- by the bea- me permis- talk with happy. Ex- to smile on- and wel- charming i- paid. I was to order m- "One ev- of a fami- little turn- ing back to- cour, when- one in pos- you know, Spaniard c- to assure m- I acknowl- clearly dis- folds of his "Be off, the saloon- would to fee- I say." "My riv- than a riv- word, and rolled my- parried the- have turn- I gave a pe- the ground- "What at I heard a- To fly fr- No doubt s- from her w- To the W- Windows i- to call the- reached m- angulish, d- and a terr- quences o- Being sin- un- the me- being a sin- an officer i- him what- the reform- of the aff- me-he ret- chance of the my ri- distinguish- to the part- penalty for- on killing- powerful self alread- then thoug- the wisest- mountain- returned lit- the mon- horse, and- "You k- weight on- refuge in k- givers and- lived some- taken with- to sell my- friend. I- relatives i- them, and- price. Fir- I must no- in society- me bread- no to than- hand; you- that you c- "I admit- my heart, "I have- he had alr- plots. I a- some mon- promptly- ful for the- have a gro- rig, and b- of my bi- slightest ri- after he h- tired: "One ev- was had- the unex- cordially, and told n- he was n- us allow- himself. "When was had- mentally.



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**THE TRI-WEEKLY NEW ERA.**  
THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886.  
**A STORY OF BRIGANDS.**  
Some time ago I was in Malaga at a moment when a book that had just appeared at Madrid was making a great stir all over Spain.  
As I was dining one evening with the French consul the conversation turned on the story of brigands. The crimes of all the Fra Diavolos of Spain were successively passed in review, and it did not seem of brigands that night it was because the dinner having been very elaborate, and moistened with the best wine of the country, I was very sleepy, and I do not remember of anything that I said or did. I was, however, unusually present. Before dinner the consul had kindly presented me to some of the notabilities of the city, and to a countryman of ours, a rich capitalist and French, who had invited me to visit him.  
A few days later I went to see this friend, M. C., and after a few commonplaces, the conversation again led up to the brigands. I asked him then if he himself believed these extraordinary stories.  
"Assuredly," said he. "I have very good reasons to believe in brigands, for I have lately found myself in forced relations with them. You know that I am the director of a lead mine in the Sierra Nevada. Under my orders I have a large number of workmen, who not only work in the mine, but relieve the heavy loads of that laborious toil and add to its profits by occasionally following another trade, such as, for example, or robbery on the highways. But as I am not charged with the duties of police outside my own works, and as everybody there does his duty, I never bother myself about what happens elsewhere."  
"One day a young man with a fine face, distinguished manners, a white and aristocratic hand, came into my office and asked for work in the mine. After looking him over and hearing his request, proffered in the purest Castilian, I told him that the kind of work I had was hardly suited to the delicacy of his hands or the distinction of his manners and his person, and advised him to seek employment better suited to a man of his position."  
"I don't care how rough the work is," he answered. "I must work for a living. I am out of work and absolutely without a sou."  
"The next day I put him in charge of a squad of miners. For about a month he attended faithfully to his business and became a great favorite with his companions. But one morning he was taken sick. I wanted him to go into the infirmary, but in spite of all my efforts to detain him he insisted on going away, and to all my protests he replied that his companions would take good care of him."  
"The young fellow interested me, his courage, his perseverance, his force of will touched me, and I ended by offering to go with him to Malaga, where I promised to obtain him a position that would be worthy of his apparent station."  
"You are very kind," he said to me with tears in his eyes, and it is a long time since any one manifested so much interest in me. I thank you and am very grateful. Allow me to respond to your generous offer with a confidence that will show you why I can not accept it. I do not wish you to believe that I am ungrateful or indifferent. My name is L., and the name of Samarra is given to me by my comrades. I have been in the mountains for several years as an officer in the cavalry, and the future presented the most brilliant prospects, when I met a young lady at Seville with whom I fell desperately in love at first sight. After some happy maneuvers, I was presented to the family, and was accepted as a betrothed by the beautiful young woman, who gave me permission to come in the evening to talk with her at her window. I was happy. Everything in the world seemed to smile on me. My family was well-to-do and well disposed toward me. I had a charming fiancée, good comrades, and was patiently waiting my rank of captain in order to marry."  
"One evening after having taken leave of the family of my innamorata, I took a little turn of the promenade and was going back to my usual place under her balcony, when I thought I observed some one in possession of that sacred spot. That, you know, is a mortal insult that no Spaniard can endure, so, rubbing my eyes to assure myself that I was not dreaming, I quickened my steps, and, an instant later, clearly distinguished a man snuffing in the folds of his long cape."  
"Be off," I cried to the stranger. "This is the balcony of my fiancée. If you do not want to feel the blade of my navaja be off, I say."  
"My rival—for it could be none else than a rival—drew his knife without a word, and sprang upon me. But I had rolled my cloak around my left arm. I parried the blow, and, attacking him in my turn, I struck him such a blow that he gave a piercing shriek, and fell lifeless to the ground."  
"What was to be done? I imagine that I heard a cry respond to that of my victim. No doubt he had witnessed the combat from his window."  
"To fly was the only thing left me. Windows banded to go up, whistles sounded to call the night watchmen. I fled and reached my house a prey to the liveliest anguish, devoured by jealousy and rage and terrified by a misfortune the consequences of which I could not conceal. Being unable to rest in this uncertainty until the next day and thinking that I might be sought at my lodgings I went to an officer in the same regiment, and telling him what had happened, asked him to go for information touching the consequences of the affray. After an hour—an age to me—he returned with the word that every chance of safety was closed against me, that my rival belonged to one of the most distinguished families of Madrid and that to the party then in power, and that the penalty for my crime would be terrible, no one daring to defend me against such powerful adversaries. My relative himself already seemed cold toward me. I then thought that, for the present at least the wisest thing to do was to put the mountain between justice and myself. I returned to my home, gathered up the little money that I possessed, saddled my horse, and galloped off for the mountains."  
"You know that every man with a weight on his conscience can easily find a refuge in the hiding places of the smugglers and bandits. I secreted myself and lived some time on the little money I had taken with me. The day came when I had to sell my poor horse, my last faithful friend. I then appealed to my family. My relatives responded that I had disgraced them, and refused to assist me. My friends, like my relatives, denied my appeal. Finally, one day I learned that a price had been put on my head, and that I must no longer hope to resume my place in society. It was then that, having spent my last sou, I went to you, and you gave me bread. You knew the reason. Permit me to thank you again and to take your hand; you will then have done for me all that you can do."  
"I admit that I shook his hands with all my heart, and he departed."  
"I have seen him several times since, but he has already become famous by his exploits. I even lent him on one occasion some money, and not only did he repay it promptly, but showed himself very grateful for the favor. I will say that, I have a great deal of sympathy for Samarra, and that I care to him the privilege of going into the mountains in the course of my business without running the slightest risk."  
After having taken a glass, M. C. continued:  
"One evening, as I was taking the fresh air at the door of my hacienda, Samarra unexpectedly appeared, shook my hand cordially, took a chair, rolled a cigarette, and told me what he was doing and how he was now the chief of the brigands. Let me allow the famous captain to speak for himself."  
"When I left the mine," he told me, "I was badly afflicted, both physically and mentally, and at one time I thought I must soon render an account of my life and my crime to my Maker. But my companions were as kind and devoted to me as my relatives and friends had been hard and pitiless. At first they took me into a part of the mountains unknown even to the inhabitants of the region, where I might be sure of a shelter from justice. There they confided me to the care of one of their wives who bestowed upon me all the attention and solicitude of a sister. Every day at their return from work my companions, one and all, came to see me, and to keep me company a few minutes some bringing me fruit, others a book, all remembering me with some trifle. These friendly fellows, indeed, displayed an affection for me that I could not repay with my life. After three months of intelligent and assiduous care I got well enough to go out, and went for short walks into the mountains now and then. It was dangerous, for I knew I was always hunted, but my companions kept so close a watch over me that I could not be taken. I was, however, thought of resuming my work, and at last I was able to do so. My strength and health were restored. I was happy in the affection and devotion of the worthy fellows who surrounded me, and with forgetfulness and contempt for the infidelities of the past my cunning of mind and heart returned. I was going to return to the mine, when one evening an unusual number of my companions invaded my hut and asked me to listen to a spokesman, who had a communication to make to me in the name of all. One of them advanced and said:  
"Listen, comrade. We have done for you all that a brother might do, and we know that you are grateful and ready to do as much for us; but what we ask of you to-day is a service of another kind. You are wrong in thinking to return to work. You would fall ill again, and this time our care might be unavailing. Your hands were never made to dig in the mines, they are better made to hold a weapon and guide a horse. Society pursues you for a crime of which you were not wilfully guilty; a price is set upon your head; you are hunted like a wild beast; you have no family but ours; be then our brother, our chief; to-morrow we will bring you arms and the horse that you wish to ride into the mountains. Be our chief, and when we need you we shall count on your strong arm and courage, as you may count on our blind devotion and obedience."  
"Could I refuse? I accepted. I accepted even with pride and gratitude this way of acquiring myself toward these kind-hearted fellows. From that moment I was treated like a lord, and provided luxuriously and abundantly with all that could augment the pleasure of life and flatter self-love."  
"Not long afterward the same companion who had offered me the command, and who was to be my lieutenant, told me that the time had come to put into effect the head of my men and make a strike, on which depended the future of the band. It was to assist the landing of a ship loaded with smuggled goods which had arrived off the coast of Maraballo the night before. The royal troops had been warned, and were to oppose the landing of the goods by force. Our plan was to surprise the latter by a sudden and bold attack, while a certain number of us got the goods ashore and hurried them into the mountains. It was an audacious scheme, the resistance was likely to be terrible, but we numbered nearly 100 men, and the custom-house officers could not be more numerous, and we were certain of the neutrality of the people on the shore."  
"On the day appointed we employed the time in fixing our weapons, distributing ammunition, and instructing each man in his duty. At dusk I took the head of my troops, and we soon arrived at a short distance from the landing, where, thanks to the formation of the ground, we could easily hide ourselves and scatter in little groups so as not to raise an alarm. At midnight a cannon fired from the brig announced that the boats had quit the ships, and soon, indeed, black masses which advanced in the shadow could be seen on the horizon. At the same time we approached the shore, and then, all at once, when the soldiers in ambush were on the point of throwing themselves upon the boats, which almost gained the shore, we rushed upon them with a formidable war cry, and after a short but desperate battle we were masters of the field. In a twinkling the goods were landed and loaded on mules and men, and the boats regained the ship, which at once raised its anchor and disappeared in the night."  
"Only a few men failed to respond to the morning roll-call; we had brought off our wounded, and the affair, cleverly directed and bravely executed, brought us nearly 50,000 francs."  
"For my companions from that time I was Capt. Samarra, the chief, whom they loved and would have followed to the end of the world; the famous bandit on whose head a price is set, but who, if heaven please, will never fall alive into the hands of the law, for he will never be sold by his companions."  
Such was the history of Samarra as I related by himself.  
Some days later, I learned that the band was going to Granada. I determined to again seek the wonders of the Alhambra under the illuminations of a fête.  
The mountains had been infested with brigands, but at this moment it was reported that Samarra—with all his band—had departed for a distant province. Nevertheless, I went to see my new friend, M. C., informed him of my project, and admitted that I thought of asking of his government for an escort.  
"Do nothing so foolish," he said at once. "Besides being swindled outrageously at all the inns, you would attract attention and infallibly be robbed and abducted— you and your unhappy companions. Since you are bound to go, I will get four good, strong fellows, with whom you will have nothing to fear, to go with you."  
Thus attended by the escort, provided, I set forth on my journey. All went well the first day; we lunched at an inn on an omelette, with tomato sauce, a piece of sausage, that excellent bread that everybody eats in Spain, and some fruit. The landscape was charming, the temperature very mild, for the road runs along the sea and passes at the foot of the mountains through some of the most picturesque scenery I have ever beheld. We lodged at a comfortable hotel, and resumed our journey at an early hour in the morning.  
We were now in the very midst of the Sierra Nevada. The country became more and more savage. The road wound around the mountain side with fathomless chasms on one side and a wall of perpendicular rocks on the other. At each turn a new panorama met the eye, and I passed from one enchantment to another. From time to time I perceived some armed men on the heights who seemed to be sentinels, but having questioned my attendants they told me they were shepherds watching their flocks. All at once a turn in the road I saw a horseman a few steps before me, escorted by two men similarly mounted and armed. I pressed up my horse and coming up with him I wished him good-day. The horseman who had himself left to continue his journey along the road with me, said in excellent French: "I am delighted, sir, to meet a stranger, and above all a Frenchman." I had no right to doubt his origin. As I went along I noticed that my unknown horse with much distinction carried a handsome costume of garnet velvet lined with black, that his leggings were finely embroidered, and that his arms were magnificent.  
"Then you have no fear of meeting brigands," he asked.  
"Why," I replied, "I have heard of none but Samarra's band, and according to what I have heard of him I believe I have no reason to fear a meeting with him. I am a foreigner. I have no great amount of money, and Samarra would reap no great profit or glory by robbing me. Besides, I am a friend of one of his friends who formerly gave him work in his mine when he was pursued by the officers of the law, and should I command myself to him I believe he would do me no harm. Samarra is a gentleman. I myself am an old soldier and officer, and I am told that it would only be necessary to show him my passport to be immediately set at liberty."  
"You may be right as to yourself," he returned, "but as I am a Spaniard I have no wish to meet him, and I hope as long as we travel together we shall not have

that ill luck. However, do not delude yourself as to your personal arm, for resistance would be absurd and useless; my men and yours would be of no avail before an attack by a force ten times their number."  
The conversation continued thus for nearly two hours. My companion was marvelously familiar with the country. He told me the names of the different peaks, showed me in the distance Granada and the Sierra Nevada with its crests of snow in midsummer. Finally he said that before quitting us he wanted to offer me some refreshments.  
We went into an inn at the edge of the bed of the Cucha, a little stream usually dry, where he ordered a sort of biscuit, which he placed in a glass of fresh water, making a drink that I found to be delicious. He took a like drink himself, and then threw a piece of gold on the table.  
Without waiting for the change, we re-mounted, and at the next turn of the road saw a Spanish soldier at the Alhambra, then returned to Malaga by rail, and with my journey through the mountains and bewildered by the splendor of Granada.  
I hurried to thank M. C. and to assure him of my perfect satisfaction with my traveling companions. I praised their ferocious appearance, and declared that they would have defended me most valiantly if I had encountered the brigands led even by the famous Samarra himself.  
"Really," he replied, "it seems to me that you have no right to complain of my terrible friend who offered you refreshments and with whom you were so confident. On my word you have made a conquest, and to-day you can travel through the whole country with no risk of harm."  
"What," I cried, "my unknown companion?"  
"Was Samarra himself. And this is what you said to him."  
He then repeated the conversation with the general stranger so accurately that I realized at once that only the latter could have related it to him. The following winter, at Seville, I narrated my adventure to several friends.  
"It is easy to prove the identity of your companion," said one of them. "Come with me to-morrow, and I will show you a portrait of Samarra. His photograph is in the hands of the authorities."  
The next day I recognized my mountain traveler perfectly, and felt that I could count on one protector more in the world. In Spain it is prudent to believe in brigands, and wise to say nothing ill of them. —Paris Figaro.

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Compiled by CHARLES MCKEE & CO., HOPKINSVILLE, KY., May 5, 1886.

Wheat	1.00
Barley	.80
Oats	.70
Hay	1.20
Butter	1.50
Eggs	.15
Flour	1.00
Beans	.80
Peas	.70
Apples	.50
Oranges	.60
Lemons	.70
Strawberries	.40
Raspberries	.30
Blackberries	.20
Cherries	.30
Peaches	.40
Plums	.30
Apricots	.20
Quinces	.10
Grapes	.20
Figs	.10
Dates	.10
Almonds	.20
Chestnuts	.10
Walnuts	.10
Pistachios	.10
Macadamia	.10
Cashews	.10
Peanuts	.10
Soybeans	.10
Linseed	.10
Cottonseed	.10
Sunflower	.10
Mustard	.10
Turnips	.10
Carrots	.10
Beets	.10
Onions	.10
Potatoes	.10
Cucumbers	.10
Eggplants	.10
Peppers	.10
Tomatoes	.10
Cauliflower	.10
Brussels	.10
Kale	.10
Spinach	.10
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Kale	.10
Spinach	.10
Lettuce	.10
Cabbage	.10

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**AVERY'S CAST AND STEEL PLOWS,**  
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**LONE STAR STEEL PLOWS,**  
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