

Over 40,000 tons of steel rails were sold last week in Philadelphia, within the limits of \$38 and \$39. As they can be made for \$32 per ton, this is a pretty fair profit, though not equal to the \$75 a ton which they brought not many years ago.

—Arcadia, Louisiana, was visited Monday, by a most destructive hail storm. The ground was literally covered with hail stones, some of which were of enormous size, weighing three-quarters of a pound and measuring eleven inches in circumference and four inches in diameter.

—We regret now that we didn't take the Wilmington Review's advice and steer clear of "Washburn & Co., 287 Broadway, New York." After being "sucked" for \$32,000 we are constrained to believe that the concern is a fraud. "Salicylics" is the medicine they advertise, and if it is as great a humbug as the advertisers we fear some of our subscribers have been "sucked" too.

—The cow that derailed the train on the N. C. R. R., causing engineer Gayles' death, was too poor to make a shadow. Now we have a similar performance in Texas. A special construction train on the Texas & Pacific Railroad, ran into a steer yesterday, near Fort Worth, throwing two head cars from the track, killing Simmons, civil engineer; Price Johnson, brakeman, and J. T. Bond, one of the workmen, and seriously wounding three others.

—The Philadelphia Press says that Randall, in his canvass for Speaker, claims half the Indiana delegation, four from Ohio, two from Alabama, two-thirds of the Louisiana delegation, two each from Mississippi and West Virginia, and half the members from Tennessee.

Of course this is only the extra force he expects to command, as nothing is said about his own State, but unless we are in error we think he may safely add one vote at least from North Carolina.

—Unless mis-informed, we can add three more from North Carolina, but they will hardly feel complimented by the Journal's reference. If we mistake not the men, Mr. Randall could hardly "expect to command" their votes.

—The recent terrible cyclone in Mississippi has been taken advantage of by a shrewd old negro woman named Martha Hughes, who says she is called by the Lord to announce the coming of the end of the world in the wreck of matter and the loss of souls not enrolled in the churches of the Lord, to all of which the Wesson cyclone was a forerunner. The colored preachers have closed their churches to her, and she delivers her harangues in the open air by the side of camp fires, where she is surrounded by thousands of followers. All the negroes around Jackson are demoralized. They are quitting work and getting ready for the garments in which they are to ascend to glory, under the pilotage of the dusky Martha.

—Our State chemist is "stuck" on Kainite. It is pronounced a specific against rust in cotton, and is believed to possess great value with old field peas as an improver of the soil. The crude Kainite, which we get, is a natural product. It is mined along with a variety of other useful and interesting salts at the salt mines near Staßfurt, in North Germany. The salt is crushed and is ready for the market. It is transported from Staßfurt to Hamburg by water or rail, and is shipped thence to our shores as bulk-cargo. Kainite is quoted now at Staßfurt at \$5.00 per long ton (2,240 pounds). As a superior fertilizing agency it is highly recommended for cotton, corn, peas, clover, the grasses, Irish and sweet potatoes and rice. Dr. Dabney says Kainite is destined to be the foundation rock of all improvement in swamp lands, and upon the light, piney, sandy soils it possesses great possibilities.

—Senator Vest says:— I am a Democrat, and for a revenue tariff. I believe that any other tariff is unconstitutional, but I also believe that any other tariff for any amount is necessarily protective, and I believe also that such a tariff should be equally distributed amongst all the industries of all the sections which need protection. I do not care whether you call it a tariff for revenue, which is incidental protection, or a tariff with discrimination in favor of American industries, or a judicious tariff, as Jackson termed it; but every tariff must protect to the extent to which it is levied or imposed. So said Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Benton, and every other Democrat of distinction, including Calhoun. I can afford to let the little doctrinaires of tariff literature bark at me whilst in such company.

That is the true Democratic position. It is the position of the Democratic party in North Carolina. It is the position of Samuel J. Randall, whose election to the speakership of the 48th Congress, it is said, means the dissolution of the Democratic party. Perhaps it will be news to some of our State contemporaries to be informed that Randall's Ways and Means committee in the 46th Congress prepared a tariff bill based upon the identical principles enunciated by Senator Vest. Then what folly and nonsense is such talk.

—Within six weeks Asheville will have direct connection with Cincinnati via Paint Rock and Knoxville over the Kentucky Central railroad.

—Trent River has been dredged by the government, and last week steamers went 35 miles up the river through a country that has never before been reached by navigation.

—Did you ever know a girl who did not sometimes wish she were a boy?—Press.

—No, not exactly, but we have known a girl who always wished to be as near a boy as possible.

—The Blackwell Manufacturing Company, Durham, will ship one million pounds of smoking tobacco this month and have orders for two million pounds more.

—All advices received at the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture confirm the belief that very little damage has been done the fruit in this State by the slight frosts that have nipped it so far.

—The Yancey county mica mines are doing well. From the Ray mine last week a block of mica was taken out that yielded \$800 worth of glass, and from the Young mine \$1,000 was the result of a week's work.

—"I need to hear it said that the meanest thing in the world was stealing the cents off a dead man's eyes," remarked the expert who examined the Tewksbury almshouse books, "but there seems to be a state of affairs here which throws that old saying away in the shade."

—It is said that the severe frosts of last winter killed the seed corn in Wisconsin and Minnesota so that it will not germinate. Corn was planted earlier than usual this year, and, not coming up, investigation was made, and the kernels were discovered to be rotting. It is believed that this will be disastrous to the corn crops in these States, as it is impossible to get new seed which will do well.

—A Georgia judge who has been considering the wonderful development of the telephone believes the time will come when a man may sit in Atlanta, witness a theatrical performance in Cincinnati, eat half-a-dozen raw in Baltimore, inhale the fragrance of roses in New Orleans and shake hands with a friend in Chicago, all at the same time. We infer that the esteemed judge is a Presbyterian of the strictest sect, who has faith equal to a grain of mustard seed. To such, we are told, nothing is impossible.

—Eliza Pinkston lies dead in a Mississippi jail where she had been committed for petty larceny. Of the historic actors in that infernal farce, in which, over the body of this dusky victim of a brutal negro ruff, Garfield and Stoughton and Sherman called upon the gods of discord to make it a cover for the great political crime of the age, only Sherman remains. He must be getting lonely. The "visiting statesmen," as they were called, had, in this negro, who knew neither love nor conscience, nor right, nor wrong, a fit instrument for a dark deed. Did they know the perjury of which they reaped the benefit?

—The present prospect is that we are to have a good crop of wheat this year, even if it is not a superior one. Without counting in exigencies, such as insects and weather, the probabilities are that the quantity of wheat produced will not be so much diminished as to effect our export trade, and therefore that the market price will not be subject to any variation. The crop was reported as standing, for the entire country, at 80 on the 1st of April, against 104 a year ago, and 85 two years ago. The local, or State, reports are happily improving this statement, and the market responds accordingly.

—A special to the New Orleans Times-Democrat says:— Carlisle and Blackburn, the two Kentucky candidates for Speaker, are still in the field. The Democratic State convention of Kentucky closed next month, and it is believed that the friends of both the candidates have agreed to submit their claims to the convention and to abide by the decision reached.

The Kentuckians are taking a deal of trouble for nothing. There is the barest possibility that either Blackburn or Carlisle can be elected Speaker. Personally we might prefer either of them to Randall, but considerations of a higher character demand Randall's election.

—A special dispatch to the Times-Democrat from Minden, La., says: "A terrible cyclone visited this parish, seven or eight miles above here, on Saturday evening, passing from the northeast to the southwest over a length of track extending fifteen miles. The wind was of such terrific force that not a house, a tree or other obstruction is left. On 40 acres of heavy timbered land not a tree is left standing. The fences on the place were blown away and not a vestige of corn or fodder is left. Most miraculous escapes are reported. Several negroes who were blown across a field alighted unharmed. No one was killed or mortally wounded, but few dwellings being directly in the track of the tornado.

PROFITABLE MANAGEMENT OF BEES. EDITOR PATRIOT:—Within the past few years great advancement has been made in the production of honey and in the management of bees. Not only have we forsaken the log gums of our fathers and given these busy little workers neat houses with moveable frames to contain their comb, but we have taught them to store their surplus comb-honey in small sectional boxes, so that it can be easily taken from the hives when full, and marketed in convenient shape. When it shall become generally known that bee-keeping may be made a safe and highly profitable business, then we may expect to see this pursuit as sure its proper position among the business interests of the country.

Adam Grimm, of Wisconsin, states that he has thirty-six thousand dollars out at interest, over half of which is net profits from his bees in five years.

Capt. Hetherington, of New York, sold sixty thousand pounds of honey at 30 cents per pound, all gathered in one season.

A Florida bee-keeper states that he started the season of 1881 with 35 colonies which increased during the year to eighty-six, and that he took from them 6,500 pounds of honey.

Prof. Cook, of Michigan, reports \$80 profits from a single swarm of bees in one season.

I have given the above to show beyond a doubt that bees will pay when properly managed, and that farmers will find them the most profitable stock they can keep. Bee-keeping requires intelligent attention and aptitude for the business. Those who undertake it without applying the proper means are as likely to fail in this pursuit as in others. To insure success, in the first place, we must have the Italian bee, it being more prolific, more hardy and superior to the common black bee in every respect. A good hive, in the second place, is of prime importance. The essential requisites of a good hive are that it gives the keeper entire control of the comb without injury to the bees, and furnishes the means for securing a large amount of surplus honey, and the successful wintering of bees.

The colonies should be kept strong in number and rich in stores. A good bee-keeper should always be acquainted with the condition of every one of his colonies, and he should know how and when to make artificial swarms.

If your bees do not work successfully in their new houses, it is the fault of the keeper and not the bees. Study some good work on bees. Quite a number of books have been written, giving the history of the bee, its habits, the flowers it frequents and also describing the manipulation necessary to secure good results. Among the foremost of late works are A. I. Root's A. B. C. and Prof. Cook's Manual of the Apiculture. Guilford County, May 1st, 1883.

A SCOUNDREL'S FATE. Congressman Thompson, of Kentucky, Kills His Wife's Destroyer.

HARRODSBURG, Ky., April 27.—The Hon. Phillip B. Thompson, Congressman from this district, this morning at 6 o'clock shot and killed Walter H. Davis, a conspicuous business and society man of this place. When quite young Thompson married a girl who inherited a passion for strong drink; but her inclinations were curbed while she was under the influence of her husband. In December last, when Thompson went to Washington, she began to drink beyond moderation, and from this vice originated today's tragedy. On his way to Washington, Thompson, at his wife's request, took her to Cincinnati, where he left her with Mrs. Buckner, a relative, at the St. Clair Hotel. The next day Davis, who was a cousin of Mrs. Thompson, arrived in Cincinnati, registered at the Palace, and, seeing Mrs. Thompson on the street, followed her to the St. Clair, where he registered as "H. Davis." In the afternoon he took her out to drive, and returned with her partly drunk. After supper he asked her to go to the opera, and they left the hotel for that purpose. At about 9 o'clock they returned. Mrs. Thompson, being too drunk to find her way alone, asked to be carried to Mrs. Buckner's room, but Davis carried her to his own room and detained her for over an hour. The night watchman reported these facts to Mr. Roth, proprietor of the hotel, who was prevented by his wife from expelling them from the house. When Mrs. Thompson came from Davis's room into the corridor she was so drunk that she could not walk, and was carried to Mrs. Buckner's room by the watchman. Davis returned home early the next morning, and Mrs. Thompson was sent home soon afterward. Miss Jennie Buckner, cousin of Mrs. Thompson, wrote him about the disgrace of his wife in being left in the hotel in a drunken condition, but did not acquaint him with all of the facts. These he learned from the proprietor and watchman of the hotel. On Wednesday Mr. Thompson came home, and was here two days, but did not meet Davis.

This morning Thompson started for Lexington to look after a barrel factory he has there. On the same

train Davis started for Chicago. Four miles from Harrodsburg the passengers change cars. On the first train they did not meet. Thompson entered the second train first and took a seat about four seats from the door. Davis afterward entered the car, and, advancing toward Thompson, extended his hand and said: "How do you do, Phil?" Thompson arose, drew his pistol and said: "You—don't—you speak to me."

Davis ran out of the car, slamming the door. As he reached the steps to get off Thompson fired at Davis through the glass. The ball entered the base of his brain and lodged there. Davis fell from the car and rolled down the embankment. Thompson came back to Harrodsburg, and at 10 o'clock he went into court and surrendered to the Judge. As he did so he said: "May it please your Honor, I know it is not customary on occasions of this kind for the person appearing before the court to make any statements of the facts, but I deem it due to myself, the position I occupy, the community in which I have lived so long, and who have so often honored me, that I should say something in reference to this unfortunate affair. I need not point to my long life and unblemished character for honor before this people as a justification of what I do, but I do feel that they should know from me, or hear from me, a portion at least of the history of the case. Last December, being called to Washington by the duties growing out of my position, I was accompanied by my wife to Cincinnati, and being anxious to get to Washington as soon as possible, I left that city on Monday, the same day of my arrival there, and left her with friends. The next day Mr. Davis, the deceased, came to Cincinnati, and, having met her upon the street, registered himself at a hotel, and learning from her and the lady who accompanied her to the hotel, that she was the wife of St. Clair Hotel, he followed her there, where he registered himself again under an assumed name, and took a room. He then took her out, and having plied her with drink against the protest of her friends, until she was utterly besotted, well knowing her infirmity in that regard, continued his application until he carried her to his room, debauched her, made her the victim, in her unfortunate condition, of his degraded lust, then turned her out to wander where she would until picked up by the night watchman and carried to her friends. Having accomplished his dishonor, he left the house before breakfast. While in the room, he was informed of some of the facts relating to her intoxication, and that he was the cause of her public exposure and degradation at the hotel, I did not know the extent of the wrong until on Tuesday night last, as I came home. I was fully informed of the infamy which he had heaped upon her and my family. I do not believe that I will receive the measure of this people, but whatever is the will of the court I will bow to and bear with as becomes a good citizen. This has broken up and destroyed my domestic relations, my peace and happiness. My daughter, dearer to me than all else on earth, is an exile from home, an outcast from society. She has sold her beauty and her honor, and under this great calamity, part of which only she feels. This blood is not a feeble atonement for her tears, and if he had a hundred lives all of them would not atone for this great wrong. For the first time, this morning I met him, and I feel that I did what every man who has a home which he loves, and a daughter dear to him, would do if he has the courage to defend them from wrong. In this I expect and feel that I will receive the sympathy of the good and virtuous, and now submit to the action of the court."

There was a profound silence in court, and few dry eyes while Mr. Thompson was speaking.

Judge Harlin said: "It is perhaps improper in me, occupying the position of Judge, to express to Mr. Thompson the sympathy I feel for him as a man. Under my official duty I am compelled to hold him to answer any charge the Grand Jury may find. I will allow him to give bail in the sum of \$5,000."

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son, the facetious witt of the Burlington Hackney has of counselling young men to thrift. Men seldom work so hard as on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes; but it is because they quit work at 6 P. M. and don't get home until 2 A. M. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it gives you energy to slumber; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son—young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, and who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots, and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month; and who will go to the striff's to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioners for a marriage license. So find out what you want to be and do to, son, and take off your coat and make success in the world. The busier you are, the less evil you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holiday, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

Politics and Farming. (New York Journal.)

Among the shipments of peas on the Shenandoah on Friday was a lot of one hundred and seventy-two boxes shipped by Jesse Brooks, one of the well-to-do colored farmers of this county. Jesse bought a plantation about nine years ago and promised to pay \$75,000 for it a few years after making his purchase here was a county commissioner, and of course had to deal more or less with politics, and says during that time he had trouble in making his payments, but since he has quit politics he doesn't find much trouble in coming to time, and owes only about \$2,000 on his plantation. He says farming and politics won't work well together.

STATE NEWS. —Mr. J. B. Bradsher, of Rose Hill, has a "chick" with four legs, all distinct.

—Clinton Cavalcade: We learn that Rev. John B. Oliver died yesterday at the house of his brother, Mr. J. F. Oliver, in Mt. Olive.

—Newbern Journal: We hear that the experts to examine and report upon the old broken down mill road have put in the modest little charge of fifty dollars per day for their work. Seven hundred dollars each for fourteen days work!

—Wilmington Review: One of the best farmers of Faison's town ship, Duplin county, informs us that there have been two frosts this week in that section, but that they have done no damage to any of the young crops in his vicinity.

—New Bern Journal: Red Anderson and David Wilkins, Esq., killed a muskrat weighing forty-five pounds at Wilkesboro, Hyde county, a few days ago; several shots were fired at the animal. You may talk about your large hogs, but G. Z. Harris, of Hyde county, killed five and the largest weighed 496 pounds, the smallest 425 pounds at nine months old.

—Wilson Advance: When in Wilmington a few days ago, in conversation with President Bridges, he said that he thought there was no doubt but that the Wilson and Florida Railroad would be built, and that work would be commenced on it during the summer. A party of surveyors were near Wilson last week for the purpose of making a slight change in the line.

—Moore Gazette: Mr. John Gaston Seawell returned to Moore county on the 22d of January, 1883. He left this county for the northern States about nine years ago, and has travelled over many States and seen a good portion of the world. He says, to take everything on an average, advantages and disadvantages, that North Carolina is as good a State as he has been in.

—Raleigh Spirit of the Age: There is a novel case in one of the eastern counties of North Carolina. It is a suit brought by a father against a liquor seller who sold liquor to his son, the drinking of which killed that son. A severe wind storm visited Morehead City on Monday, and the wind struck an unoccupied house leveling it with the ground. In falling it struck another house, carrying it down also. In the latter house there were three women, one girl and a boy. Strange as it may appear, all escaped unhurt.

—Winston Sentinel: A number of our fruit growers complain that the young peaches are dropping off, in consequence of the recent changeable weather. —Dr. Silas Westford died near Dalton on the 22d, in the 49th year of his age. He was a man well known in this section, having practiced medicine in this place before the war, and representing Stokes county in the Legislature at its close. —The new Side's bridge over Muldy Creek, near Clemmonsville, was partly washed away by the flood Sunday night. Also the Boyer bridge, across the same stream, was badly damaged, and the bridge at Old Town swept away. In the eastern part of the county the streams were still higher. I. A. Robinson's mill-dam, on Belew's Creek, was broken, while every bridge on Town Fork and some of the smaller ones were washed away. —A difficulty occurred on Friday evening at Robinsonville, Martin county, between Gus Robinson and a photographer named Badger, during which pistols were drawn and five shots exchanged. Badger received two shots and is thought to be fatally wounded.

Spring Eccentricities. (New York Herald April 30.)

April showers bring spring flowers, but April snows freeze the nose.

It would be idle to attempt to point the disappointments which dominated the city yesterday. The bridge the parks and the tempting urbanities beyond metropolitan limit had held out inviting hands during all the week and many plans took hold upon the Sabbath as a day of rest from toil and of reasonable recreation. Alas! poor humanity, now little it knows even with Old Prohibition to coach it! Five o'clock, six, seven and eight o'clock, snow, snow, snow! Children, rampant for a day's outing, rushed seriously into their mother's room shouting, "mamma, mamma, it snows, it snows, and now we can't have no fun!" Maidens who had anticipated "paralyzing" their "young men" by a sudden display of new spring toilets which in stollen silence on their virginal pillows. Dudes fresh from tailor, shoemaker and shirt fitter struggled in the endeavor to comprehend the situation. The entire city was "one vast cess," and nobody saw a ray of hope except the coal dealers and men whose winter cap coats still do service. There was no let up to the snow, and really looked as if it had come to stay. Livery men cast wistful glances at the lofts in which their sleighs and cutters were stored. Car drivers thought things had come to a pretty pass, and newsmen vowed that of all the dirty tricks in their great and varied experience this was the worst.

To a Lady with Her Back to Me. I know thy face is fresh and bright, Thy smile is sweet, thy eyes are bright, I caught one glimpse of angel white, I saw one shadow on thy brow.

Oh, would the whirling ripple breathe The thought that vainly strives To show the light that shines within thy eyes, Black, cross-eyed, sandy-five!

The Truck Trade. (New York Journal.)

The Old Dominion wharf was a live place on yesterday. A continual stream of carts were pouring in up to the hour of the Shenandoah's leaving, loaded with peas. There were several buyers on the wharf and the bidding was quite spirited. Prices ranged from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per box. The heaviest shipment of peas, turnips and cabbage will be made during the next ten days if the weather will permit the gathering. Already twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars worth have gone forward and if prices will hold up for a few days longer, the bulk of the peas will be sold at a handsome profit. These exhausted, then will come the beans and potatoes which are promising at present both in the appearance of the crop and prices.

Accidents Crimes and Casualties. —Danbury Reporter: A young man by the name of Nelson who lived a few miles north of Danbury was killed by a tree falling on him.

—Winston Leader: Henry Leonard was knocked down, severely wounded about the head and robbed of \$8, on Tuesday night last, on Fourth street.

—Clinton Cavalcade: Mr. Moses Hubbard had his left ankle either dislocated or broken while playing leap-frog with his school mates at the noon recess last Tuesday.

—Laurinburg Enterprise: Mr. Robert Lewis, a student in the Laurinburg High School, received quite a painful injury on Wednesday last by a door falling on his head.

—New Bern Post: On Friday Mr. P. S. Ewell, of Swift Creek, brought his little three-year old daughter to have her arm set, she having accidentally broken it.

On Saturday last, Earnest, a little son of Mr. Lemuel S. Wood, while playing in a flat, accidentally fell and broke his arm.

—Carthage Gazette: Jo Tyson's while son Charlie, on the 23d inst., while making an effort to get in a wagon, was badly kicked in the face by the horse that was hitched to it. In a few minutes after that Mr. Josse Larkins came for treatment of a wound which he received on his leg by a horse.

—Congr. Register: Last week John Crayton, Stanly county, fired a gun at a dove. The discharge blew the breech pin out of the barrel and it entered his head, puncturing it to a depth of an inch and a half. Mr. Crayton pulled the pin out of the wound, his skull the doctor took a dollar, from the fracture. The latest information is unfavorable for his recovery.

—Tarboro Southerner: Wm. Lett and Wilson Whitfield got drunk and engaged in a fatal affray. Lett first knocked Whitfield down with his fist and then seized a fence rail and delivered a crushing blow on Whitfield's head, killing him.

From all accounts the velocity of the wind at Rocky Mount Monday evening must have been unparalleled in the history of tornadoes. Captain Clark informs us that every lamp was blown out of the corporate limits of the town, some of them being carried over a mile. Mr. Bryan's (Dempsey) account of the storm is stranger still. A carpenter on his way home carrying his tools, was forced to lie prone upon the ground, his tools being deposited in a pile, were blown away by the wind. The hand saw has not yet been found. The chisel was found sticking in a tree near by.

—Charlotte Journal: W. H. Hearse, a well known citizen of Albemarle, was accidentally shot in the shoulder by an old colored man named Matt Cole, while out turkey mauling last Friday. The old turkey's gun was loaded to kill turkeys and contained a heavy charge. Mr. Hearse's shoulders were filled full of shot. —There were two robberies in the city Sunday night, the first one having been committed to obtain the tools to commit the second robbery. —Preston Jenkins, storekeeper for John Gamble's still near Gastonia, was brutally assaulted by a negro, who struck him on the head with an axe, knocking him insensible. The skull was badly fractured by the blow, and at our last accounts, he was still in an insensible condition.

John Craig had his leg broken the same day by his horse falling on him. —Mag Partee, a colored woman, was brutally assaulted on the public road near China Grove Monday morning. The murderer or escaped in the direction of Salisbury. —The wheat and oat crop is promising an unusual good harvest throughout Rowan county. If nothing further occurs to damage the crop, the yield will be unprecedented in the history of the county. Corn and potatoes in ground is very much behind and the ground is still wet and cold. Many farmers are much discouraged by the outlook. The prospect for the tobacco crop is not good, although the average will be unusually large. The peach crop will be very large.

Church Intelligence. —Nine persons have just united with the Methodist church at Rocky Mount.

The General assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church convenes in Lexington, Ky., on the 17th of May.

—Toisnot Home: The revival meeting at the Methodist church still continues with unabated interest. Up to this writing some thirty persons have connected themselves with the church.

—Raleigh Recorder: Our meeting at South Fork, Watauga county, closed on the fourth Sunday in March. The Lord gave us a good meeting. The church was much revived. Fifteen united with the church and others will follow.

—The Christian Advocate takes pleasure in announcing to pessimists, agnostics, infidels and unbelievers of every degree, that the past winter has been a wonderful time for conversions, payment of church debts, erection of new churches and Christian enterprise generally.

—At Mt. Vernon Methodist Episcopal church, Baltimore, Rev. C. E. Felton pastor, responsive services were recited at morning worship Sunday by the congregation, including Apostles Creed and the Psalter. This is a new departure in Methodist worship in Baltimore, and gives rise to comment by the old-fashioned Wesleyan Methodists. With the Mount Vernon congregation and the trustees of the church the change, it is said, is popular and approved.

A Calf in Cap and Tassel. (Buffalo Express.)

A cow belonging to Mrs. Catherine Steinhardt, of Suspension Bridge, has given birth to a calf which has no horns, but a tassel covering it, the horns, and also a tassel on its back. The calf's formation ever seen. It is in shape and appearance of a skull-cap with a little tassel on one side. This skull-cap is fast to the head in front, but lies loose on the balance of the head, and can be turned over like a flap. Mr. Davis, of the Falls, has offered \$225 and Mr. Barnum \$400 for the calf.

Revenue Abolitionists Yesterday. —REVENUE, May 1.—Otis H. Rusk, collector of internal revenue for this district, has issued since midnight stamps under the new law for nearly two million pounds of manufactured tobacco, four million cigarettes and one million cigars, the tax aggregating in round numbers \$163,000. Special fast freight trains began moving transporting tobacco south, east and west the large orders which the manufacturers have been holding back awaiting the change in the tax. Applications for rebate on tobacco upon which the old tax was paid will be comparatively few and mainly confined to small manufacturers and dealers.

LYNCHBURG, VA., April 31.—The greatest movement in manufactured tobacco took place here to-day that was ever recorded in the history of the city. Nearly \$60,000 in stamps were issued, aggregating about 800,000 pounds. One firm shipped 120,000 pounds. But for a damaging strike of operatives the shipment from this point would exceed one million pounds.

DANVILLE, VA., May 1st.—The office of internal revenue here was opened at midnight last night. The value of the stamps issued was \$94,426.88; which was the tax on 1,184,336 pounds of manufactured tobacco.

In addition, the special tax collections amounted to \$1,356.80, which made the total collections of the day \$95,783.68.

Early this morning wagons loaded with manufactured tobacco were passing along the streets to the railroad depots.

Supreme Court Decisions. (From advance sheets of the 88th N. C. Reports.)

State vs. Roper. 1. An indictment for burning a house under the act of 1874-75, chapter 225, which falls to charge, because a having been felon guilty only once, is defective. The statute makes it a felony.

2. The indictment is under Bat. Rev., chap. 32, sec. 93, for burning an outhouse used as a storehouse, and the proof is that it was an old building located at a cross roads, and occupied as a storehouse, but not enclosed or used in any way as a dwelling house. Held, a fatal variance. The statute makes the offense a misdemeanor.

3. An outhouse is one that belongs to a dwelling house and is in some respects parcel