Carolina Wathman. anưasday, Jene 17,1 18s6. The State's Experimental Farm.
While in Raleigh last week, among



| inerease, and they looked grave as they declared that the higher prices of the outside world would draw the balk of those commodities from their doors. The women wore terror in their eyes, and some wept, wringing their hands as they cried: the train might run over our children in the streets.' They locked themselves in. The town was in black until the road was located at Morehead City. The remedy was worse than the disease. Since then they have settled down to a sweet, unbroken content." <br> This week the North Carolina Press Association is holding its annual session in the Atlantie, Hotel, which is the place of places at Morehead. Messrs Cocke \& Foster Bros., the young proprietors, have employed a chef de cuisine that would grace Delmonico's. Those editors are feeding on thé best the sea affords. Broiled Spanish mackerel, delicate soft shell crabs, \&c. Morehead voted "wet," and those editors wha decline to run for the Legislature since the election in Raleigh, have gone to Morehead with impunity. They probably rely upon the native yeopon, an excellent tonic in malarial districts, though thid reliance may have to be sup- |
| :---: |





## 

Eg
than he does about experimental farm iag, and if he has not made the foreg

