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TOBACCO CULTURE

Preparation and Care of Plant Beds.

[R. B. Davis, Jr., Prop., Catawba County, N. C.]

To the planter an early and abundant supply of tobacco plants is the thing of prime importance. To secure this the seed may be sown at any time between the 15th of December and the 15th of March, the earlier the better and allowing 100 square yards of seed-bed to every 10,000 plants that will be needed. The ground selected for the purpose should be virgin, soil, of sandy texture, rich and moist, with full exposure to the sun, but sheltered to the north and west by rising ground or growing timber, against the cold winds of early spring. Such spots can be readily found in wooded hills, at the foot of hills, and near to or alongside some water course. Other things being equal, the farther into the woods the spot selected is the better in order to escape the bug.

BURNING THE PLANT BED.

The ground having been well chosen, the next thing is to rake it cleanly, and then burn it thoroughly so as to kill all germs of vegetation. The burning can be at a single blast, if done with dry brush, heaped upon the entire bed a height of some four feet. A better but costlier method is to burn wood laid upon green poles, which serve the purpose of ventilation, in which case the wood should be piled the whole length of the bed, and of convenient width, say six feet, and after the pile has been well kindled, it should be allowed to burn some two hours, or until the poles underneath are burnt up. The burning wood and fire coals should not be moved by using old hoes fastened upon long handles, and again spread a convenient width and fresh wood added, which should burn until the ground underneath has been burnt as thoroughly as before, and so on until the entire bed has been burnt over. So soon as the ground has cooled enough to walk upon it, and without removing the ashes, it should be broken deeply and finely with the mattock, care being taken not to invert the soil, and then chopped with weeding hoes and raked until clean of roots and well pulverized—for which reason land should never be burnt when too wet.

SOWING THE SEED.

The bed is now ready for seeding. The variety of seed recommended is the Yellow Orinoco. The quantity sown should be one and a half table-spoonful to every 100 square yards and in that exact proportion for each fraction or multiple thereof. Great care should be taken to sow the seed as regularly as possible, so as to prevent some spots from being too thin, and what is worse, other spots from being too thick. To do so the seed should be carefully measured and then thoroughly mixed in a convenient quantity of dry ashes and the mixture divided into two equal parts. The bed should be marked off into convenient sowing breadths by lines four feet apart and sown entirely over with one half of the seed and in one direction, and then over again with the other half and in the opposite direction, the sower retracing his steps. The seed should be left upon the surface and neither hoed nor raked into the soil, but trodden in with the foot, or pressed in with the back of a weeding hoe, or better still, by passing a light roller over the bed. To prevent drifting or puddling of the seed by washing rains, where the ground is rolling, trenches slightly inclined and two inches deep and four feet apart should be made with the mattock across the bed. Where the ground is flat and subject to being sodded, it should be thoroughly drained, as nothing drowns more easily than the tobacco plant.

For the three-fold purpose of warmth, moisture and fertility, the bed should now be top-dressed with a covering half inch thick of good stable manure broken fine, the fresher the better, but in any case free of grass seed. When such stable manure is not convenient, that from the hen house or hog-pen will answer, hog hair also making an excellent top-dressing. If neither of these is at hand, some strongly ammoniated fertilizer should be applied at the rate of half bushel of it to every 100 square yards, and raked into the soil before seeding. The bed should now be thickly covered with fine brush to prevent both dry-

A PICTURE OF THE WAR.

A Touching Scene At a Court-Martial.

In the winter of 1863-64 the following touching scene occurred at a court-martial in the Army of Northern Virginia:

The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the prisoner observed that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied: "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, he was asked, "Have you no defence?" It is possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it." The letter was opened, it was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. The judge advocate read the letter as the defence of the prisoner. It was in these words:

Dear Edward—I have always been proud of you, since your connection with the Confederate army. I have been proud of you ever since before I saw you. I have always been proud of you, since before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said, "What is the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she grows thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

Your Mary.

The prisoner was asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected; and that night, as I wandered to and fro in the camp thinking of my home, the mild eye of Lucy looking up to me, and with the burning words of Mary sinking into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had been fired upon me. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered: 'Oh, Edward, I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and, catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? Oh! Edward, go back! go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave; but oh, for Heaven's sake save the honor of our name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by the great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding General, and upon the record was written: "Headquarters, A. N. V. The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.—R. E. LEE, General."

President Cleveland's idea of tariff reform is to give the laboring man profitable work, and to divide up the enormous bounties of a few spongeconsumers of the whole land.

FOOLING WITH A MACHINE.

It was on the public square on Canal street, New Orleans. A young man had a rude stand covered with packages of candy, and a couple of kerosene torches lighted up the darkness around him. Near him was a piece of furniture hard to describe. There was an armchair, a canopy over it, and some sort of machinery concealed under the chair, there was a bell which kept ringing, the sound of a music box hidden away, and now and then a drum beat and a faint bugle blast. When a dozen or more spectators had gathered near, the young man opened business by saying: "Two packages of these good drops for ten cents, and please don't fool with the machine!"

When he had repeated this statement in a singsong manner about twenty times, a white man came along, lalied, and queried: "What machine do you refer to?" "Two packages ten cents, and please don't fool with the machine!" "Mighty fine of your old machine it appears?" growled the man as he approached the object. "I'm down here from Illinois to attend this new show, and if there is anything new in machinery I want to see it. What was she built for, anyhow?"

The young man didn't seem to see him. He kept his eyes on the crowd of dark faces in front of him and monotonously repeated: "Two packages for ten cents—only ten cents, and don't fool with the machine!"

"Who's bin foolin' with it?" muttered the man from Illinois. "Don't be so pert over your old invention! I'm some on patents myself, and I believe this 'ere thing is a fraud, either as a later digger or a corn sheller. What did you sling her together for, anyhow?"

"And it's two packages for only ten cents, and don't fool with the machine!" called the vender, as he waved a package high in air.

"Nobody wants to fool with it, as I know you," remarked the Illinoisan. "However, I'm goin' to see what dam' good it'll do me."

He took the package, and, looking clear, wonderingly opened it.

"Cures your cough in half an hour, and don't fool with the machine!" drawled the young man, as he made change for a quarter.

"Who's a foolin'?" snarled the man, as he approached closer. "If I'm goin' to know it, or my name ain't Grundy. Here goes to try it."

"As I have been saying," remarked the young man, "I give you two packages for ten cents, and—" There was a wild yell from the crowd and a rush. The man from Illinois had no sooner seated himself than he jumped two feet high, pitched forward, and rolled head over heels in the dust, while a bell rang, a drum beat, and a bugle blew a "trot, trot!" The young man never turned his head. Not a soul was left in front of him, but he monotonously continued:

"And I warrant 'em to cure your cough in half an hour! Who takes the next package, and please don't fool with the machine!"

The Illinoisan got up after a moment, brushed off some of the dust and dirt, and then hastened around to the rude counter and fiercely shouted:

"You are an infernal liar and deceiver. Come out here and I'll mop you over two acres of ground in three minutes! You put up that job a purpose on me! Come out and be licked!"

There was laughing and shouting and a great uproar, but the young man never changed countenance, never cast a look at the man as he waved a package in each hand and sang out:

"Sure to cure consumption in its first stages! Two packages for ten cents—don't fool with the machine!"

The victim backed off, cursing and blowing, and as he reached the sidewalk he shook his fist in a vigorous manner and shouted: "I'll lick ye, if I have to wait 100 years!"

And the reply came back: "Warranted the best in the market, and don't fool with the machine!"

The "Good" Sometimes fails.

The other evening, while a number of good people were gathered at a prayer meeting in H. — and an unexpected shower of rain fell. Being somewhat out of season, it covered all objects exposed to its influence around him. Near him was a piece of furniture hard to describe. There was an armchair, a canopy over it, and some sort of machinery concealed under the chair, there was a bell which kept ringing, the sound of a music box hidden away, and now and then a drum beat and a faint bugle blast. When a dozen or more spectators had gathered near, the young man opened business by saying: "Two packages of these good drops for ten cents, and please don't fool with the machine!"

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MISS BAYARD'S DEATH.

A great sensation was caused in Washington Saturday afternoon by the announcement of the sudden death of Miss Katherine Bayard, the eldest daughter of the Secretary of State. When the news was first heard upon the streets it came in very sensational shape. It was said that she had fallen dead at the White House during the afternoon reception. An evening paper, which was on the street at 4 o'clock, said that she had fallen dead while receiving guests in her father's house. The true story of her death is much less sensational. She was found dead at 10 o'clock by her sister, Miss Louise Bayard. During the season Miss Katherine Bayard has made it a habit to remain in bed until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Ordinarily she has not been able to retire before 2 o'clock in the morning. She was invited to attend Miss Gove's ball at the White House on the 19th of this afternoon. She was kept up to an unusual late hour this morning, following the regular Friday evening reception at her father's house. She had left word to be called at 2 o'clock, so as to have time to dress and go to the ball. Miss Louise Bayard entered the bedroom she found her sister, as she supposed, still sleeping. When she attempted to awake her, she found that she was senseless. She endeavored to rouse her, but without success, and she called for help, which she perceived by the drawn look of her face and its waxen color that something terrible had happened. She rushed out of the room and hurriedly sent a colored messenger for Dr. Gardner, whose office is on Fourteenth street, within five minutes the doctor came. He entered the bedroom where Miss Bayard was lying, made a brief examination and shook his head. He said he could do nothing for her death, and had been so some time, although the lady was then warm. In response to the appeals of the family, he said it was evident that her death had been caused by some bad trouble. This was the hurried opinion which he gave at that time.

COL. COWLEY'S BILL.

To Abolish Fees and Perquisites to Federal Officers. United States Marshals, Clerks, Commissioners and Deputy Marshals.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That in lieu of all salaries, fees, commissions, mileage, allowances and compensations now allowed by the law to the officers of the United States government hereinafter named, said officers shall receive salaries as follows:

District Attorneys shall receive an annual salary of twenty-five hundred dollars.

United States marshals shall receive an annual salary of two thousand dollars.

Clerks of the District and Circuit Courts shall each receive an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars.

Commissioners appointed by the District or Circuit Courts of the United States, having any jurisdiction as committing magistrates or otherwise of offences against the laws of the United States known as Internal Revenue laws, shall each receive an annual salary of two hundred dollars.

Deputy marshals of the United States shall each receive an annual salary of four hundred dollars.

SEC. 2. There shall be no more commissioners or deputy marshals than are actually necessary for the administration and execution of the law by said courts, which number shall be certified by the judges or marshals making the appointment and filed by the District Court clerk as hereinafter provided, and in no case but one of each to a county, except in counties where by reason of population and the great amount of business in said courts it be certified by the district attorney in case of commissioners, and approved by the judge of the district wherein such additional appointments are required to be made as are actually necessary for the administration of law, and the number of such commissioners or deputy marshals shall be certified. In case of deputy marshals where more than one is required to a county to perform the duties properly devolving on the office of deputy marshals, it shall be so certified by the marshal of the district to be actually necessary, and the lowest number actually required for the proper execution of the law and approved by the judge of the district. Said certificates shall be in writing and filed with the clerk of the District Court wherein said additional appointments are made, whose duty it shall be to keep said certificates as a record in his court, transcribing them in the proper docket, and furnish a copy of the Attorney General with a copy of each, and the judge of the district in the case of commissioners and the marshal in the case of deputy marshals may appoint in accordance with said certificates.

SEC. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any officer provided for with salary in this act to receive any other fees, allowance or compensation for any service rendered by virtue of his office other than the salary provided for in this act.

SEC. 4. The salaries provided for in this act shall be paid, quarterly, out of the Treasury of the United States, on the first day of July, October, January and April of each year.

SEC. 5. All fees and compensations allowed in bills of costs as taxed under existing law, to any of the officers mentioned in this act, shall hereafter be taxed only against defendants who may be found guilty on trial in accordance with law, for the benefit of the United States government, collected as is now provided by law and paid into the treasury of the United States by the clerk of the Federal Court wherein the record is made up.

SEC. 6. All laws, clauses and sections of law coming in conflict with this are hereby repealed.

SEC. 7. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Landlord—Well, what do you think of the house? Fine neighbor hood, eh? Prospective Tenant—I like it. But the rooms—look at 'em! Why, I couldn't swing a cat around if I wanted to. Landlord (cheerfully)—Oh, yes, you could! There is no objection to your swinging around as many cats as you please. I don't care what a little thing like that, and if necessary I'll provide the cats.—*Phil. Call.*

A Wadsworth Sensation.

For some time past the Wadsworth papers, the *Times* and *Intelligencer*, have been at daggers' points. A statement was made by the former that Mr. S. W. Henley, the editor of the latter was selling under false colors; in other words, that his real name was not Henley, and that he was in hiding. In this week's issue of the *Times* affixing, &c., are published, to the effect that Henley's name is really Sperry W. Hearn, and that he came from Tappanhamock, Va.

In this week's *Intelligencer*, published the same day as the *Times*, editor Henley in an article three columns in length relates his whole history, and acknowledges that "Sperry W. Hearn is his proper name. The story he tells is a strange one. In substance it is that fifteen years ago Hearn or Hearn as he must now be called) was a printer at Tappanhamock, in the employment of J. C. Cannon, editor of the Essex Gazette. There he fell in love with a pretty school girl and from this simple and ordinary beginning all his future troubles dated, he claims. In 1874 a dark cloud came between the girl and himself and he attempted to commit suicide. He had a rival, an ex-Union officer, and sought to force him into a duel or even a street fight. For two months he kept the town in a state of turmoil. This aroused the indignation of the people and all his friends save one deserted him. Finally their anger abated, but he kept them at a distance. He became disgusted at what he terms his own folly and decided to leave the place forever. In October, 1874, he left Tappanhamock for Baltimore, and there assumed the name S. W. Henley, which until now he has borne. Since that time the people of Tappanhamock have not known aught of his whereabouts. For years they thought him dead. Recently he was compelled to prove his title to some property there to secure it. He says that there was universal rejoicing when the Tappanhamock people discovered that he was not dead, and they have since been seeking to ascertain his whereabouts. In conclusion he says: "I have now had my say. I have endeavored to tell the whole and entire truth, and I have little fear that the people of Anson County will think less of me now that they know the secret of my life, than they did when they knew me simply as S. W. Henley, but knew nothing of my antecedents. Having said this much, I am done. Forever adjuring the name of S. W. Henley, thus laying aside the mask under which for nearly twelve years I have hid my boyish folly, I subscribe myself, as I desire in future to be called,

"SPERRY W. HEARN."

A Singular Epidemic.

At San Salvador, in the Bahamas, there is at present one of the most wonderful religious outbreaks on record.

Some months ago a young girl imagined that she saw visions. Her excitement seemed to be contagious, and in the course of a few weeks some twenty girls were similarly affected. They organized meetings, and all who participated were seized by a kind of frenzy. Altogether some five hundred people fell victims to this epidemic of hysteria. Work was generally neglected and for months everybody went to the meetings.

A remarkable feature about the visions was the accuracy with which these dreamers saw and reported the actions of persons who were many miles away. The pastors of the churches have been at a loss as to the proper course to pursue. They regard the movement as an unaccountable craze, and yet there is a good deal of genuine earnestness at the bottom of it. A pastor, however, will be recalled, occurred in Kentucky during the early part of the present century. The fanaticism was then soon come to an end, and it is not likely that they will create any lasting impressions other than good or bad.—*Atlantic Constitution.*

Senator Beck, it is said, can repeat "The Lady of the Lake" from memory, knows Burns by heart, and talks there are no novels equal to those of Walter Scott. In addition to his literary attainments, the Senator is very fond of horse races, and is as well versed in horse lore as any man in Kentucky.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 8.—Some one recently sent to Jefferson Davis an anti-Masonic newspaper clipping, to the effect that Burr, Arnold and Davis, arch traitors and rebels, were all free and accepted Masons, and that his Masonry had much to do in securing Davis' pardon. Mr. Davis inclosed the paragraphs to a friend with a letter of reply, in which he says:

First—I am not a Mason. Second—As a citizen of the Sovereign State of Mississippi, I obey her commands, and as sovereigns cannot rebel, I neither led nor followed a rebellion. Third—Masonry could not have aided in securing my pardon, as I have never been pardoned nor applied for a pardon, nor appealed to Masonry to secure to me the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus, that I might have the constitutional right of every American citizen, to be confronted with his accusers. To exclude possible inference, I will add that my father was a Mason, and I was reared to regard the fraternity with respect, and have never felt any disapproval of it, except that which pertains to every secret society."

FROST-BITES.

Dr. Lapatin, in the "Proceedings of the Caucasian Medical Society," advises that fingers and toes which have been slightly frosted, and which subsequently suffer from burning and itching sensations should be painted, at first once and afterwards twice a day, with a mixture of diluted nitric acid and peppermint water, in equal proportions. After the application has been made for three or four days the skin becomes darkened and the epidemia is shed; healthy skin appearing under it. The cure is effected in from ten to fourteen days. The author has found this plan very effectual amongst soldiers, who were unable to wear their boots in consequence of having had frozen feet. They were in this way soon rendered capable of returning to duty.

Two New York Widows.

Two of the richest widows in the city have died during the past year. Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt and Mrs. Edward D. Morgan. The former was the most remarkable instance of conjugal influence on record. She married a covetous old man who held his immense wealth with a grip that had always been proof against every appeal, but she triumphed over this confirmed parsimony in two notable instances. One was the purchase of a church for her pastor, (C. F. Deems), who has his free use during life, and the other was a gift of a million to the Nashville University. The beauty of this work is the disinterestedness. She never attempted to get control of her husband's wealth, but only sought to move him to deeds of beneficence. This was a noble record and deserves grateful remembrance. Mrs. E. D. Morgan was a kind hearted woman, who rose with her husband to wealth and social rank, but always preserved the simplicity of early life and was deeply beloved by all who knew her. Her benefactions to the Women's Hospital and other important institutions are too well known to require further reference, but personally speaking I shall always remember her for her kind acts done to a friendless boy who served her husband as clerk and who lived in the family, thus coming directly under her domestic influence, which she cherishes in grateful memory.

Boils and Carbuncles.

These are the volcanoes of the human system. They proceed from impure blood and from a riotous demoralization of the digestive organs. They are annoying, painful, and sometimes dangerous. They can be driven out by toning up the system, and this can best be done by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Messrs. Handy & Rullman, Druggists, Annapolis, Md., say, "We sell lots of Brown's Iron Bitters. All who use it see pleased. We hear not one complaint."

The Richest Man in the South.

The death of Col. Edward Richardson, lately announced by telegraph, removes from earth the richest man ever born in North Carolina. His estate is said to be worth at least \$3,000,000. He was possibly the richest man in the South. He was born in Caldwell county, the 28th of January, 1818. His father was a country merchant and farmer. He went to Jackson, Miss., in 1840, and first clerked for a living. He prospered and married a sister of ex-Gov. Patton, of Alabama. In 1852 he removed to New Orleans. In person Col. Richardson was of commanding presence, over six feet in height and stout in proportion. In his domestic life he was fortunate and happy, and he leaves behind him a widow, four sons and a daughter.—*Washington Star.*

Dr. D. D. Fowler's Remedy for Hydrops.

Would be catarrhed with strong nitric acid, and then dressed with a draught of belladonna ointment and 75 drachms of resin.

In the case of an adult the following internal remedy is to be taken:

Ball iodine.....3 drachms.
Tinct. Guaiacum.....2 ozs.
Syrup. Simplex.....4 ozs.
One tablespoonful after each meal.

For children: from 1 to 7 years old half a teaspoonful is a sufficient dose, and for children from 7 to 12 years old, from one to two teaspoonfuls. Put it in other words, two to five grains for one under ten years of age. This treatment is to be followed for one week even when the dog is not mad, as the virus of an angry dog produces hydrophobia.

When rabies is manifest the treatment is to be continued for three weeks. In such a case the fluid can be injected with good effect in doses of from fifteen to thirty grains every two hours.

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