

Subscription Rates: One Year, Cash in Advance, \$1.50. Six Months, " " .75. Four Months, " " .50.

Address: correspondence to "THE HERALD," Smithfield, N. C.

WHAT THE WORLD DOES WEEKLY.

INTERESTING ITEMS RELATED BRIEFLY.

News Items Which Are Gleaned From Various Sources And Prepared For Our Readers.

Billy Mahone has got two black eyes now.

The Republican ticket was defeated in Philadelphia.

There are 18,000 female students in the various colleges in this country.

The coal miners' strike at Evansville, Ind., was renewed recently.

Dakota voted largely against a division of the Territory into two States.

Mr. O'Brien has been sent to the prison infirmary by order of the doctor.

The Chicago Railway Age estimates that 9408 miles of railroad have been laid this year.

In Mississippi the straightout Democrats won the day in opposition to a few Independents.

Several arrests have been made in Chicago of men charged with conspiring to use force to prevent the execution of the anarchists.

The comptroller of Currency has authorized the First National Bank of Durham, N. C., to begin business with a capital of \$100,000.

The ringleaders of the Saddy Mine troubles, have been arrested, and the mountaineers have retired to the mountains, afraid to attack the sheriff's posse.

The only way to bring about reform and have right principles to prevail is to proclaim the truth and advocate fearlessly and consistently what you hold to be right.

The Duke of Marlborough has been sued in this country for using his tongue too freely. Dukes are no more in this country than any other "big dog" with a title.

The clergy of Indianapolis have snubbed Rev. Dr. Parker, of London. Upon a vote to invite him to attend the City Ministerial Association, it was voted down by 30 to 3.

A granite tile on exhibition in a show window at Detroit is over 800 years old, and said to have been taken from the tomb of William the Conqueror at Caen, Normandy.

At the mint at Hamberg, Germany, they are at present coining 25,000,000 pieces of bronze coins for the kingdom of Siam, Indo-China. The bronze plates are supplied by a Rhenish factory.

Washington is trying to be the most moral city in the country. She bounced all the gamblers, then tried on the Edmunds Mormon law, and now proposes to break up the pool betting on races.

Frank Moxie, of Dakota, was about to be married, but was busy with a game of poker. The minister who was to perform the ceremony went to inform him that the company was waiting, got interested and took a hand, and the wedding had to be postponed.

A favorite pastime of some Southern editors is making taffy for Northern pencil drivers. A favorite is nose in the dirt; and the favorite music is groans of computation and crying "melan, unclean." This pleases the North they think.

At Tucson, Arizona, recently, Gen. Miles was presented with a beautiful sword on behalf of the citizens of Arizona as a token of their gratitude for his services in the campaign against the Apaches. Gen. Miles made a graceful speech, expressing his appreciation.

A general strike of the masters employed in the malt houses not connected with the breweries was inaugurated in Milwaukee recently. The number of masters involved in the strike is about 125. The strike is for the purpose of enforcing a demand for an increase of about \$5 per month in wages.

Chas. O'Reilly, treasurer of the Irish National League, has issued an address appealing for aid for the struggle for Irish home rule. He says a roll of honor, containing a list of the names of all subscribers, is to be established, and that every subscriber will be furnished with a list of honor, membership.

Ten years ago the eighteen principal wall paper manufacturers in this country formed a pool, and held to uniformity in prices till last July, when the pool was broken. But the disastrous effect on the smaller concerns predicted at the time has not followed, and prices for standard goods have not altered a hair. Cheaper grades, however, have not been so low in price in twenty years as at present.

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

Established 1882.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

Subscription \$1.50.

VOLUME 6.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

NUMBER 23.

WHAT INVENTOR EDISON SAYS.

(New York Mail and Express.)

I asked Edison "What is to be the tendency of invention during the next quarter of a century?"

"The next invention, I think," he said, "is likely to be the turning of coal into motive power without the mediation of steam. I am now at work on a machine call the pyro-magnetic dynamo for this purpose—to get electricity direct from coal. We get it out at a terrible waste. As four-fifths of the heat in a fire place goes up the chimney and only one-fifth out into the room where it is wanted, so about three-fourths of the energy in coal is lost in getting at the other fourth. Coal can be turned immediately into electricity—I have demonstrated that—and I will know in a short time whether it can be done commercially—that is, without costing more than it comes to. If my idea can be realized, a steamer that now burns a hundred and fifty tons of coal a day will burn twenty five tons instead. Very certain I am that the whole tendency of invention for the last thirteen years of this century will be directed toward economy of motive power."

"What do you think of the Keady motor?"

"I have never seen it, so I have no opinion about it. But all the results he is said to have obtained can be got from compressed air. All the air in this room can be condensed into a liquid that could be carried into a fibrous shell, and its explosive force would be tremendous. Skillfully released and reconstructed it would make a great machine."

"When motive power gets to be four times as cheap as it is, Mr. Edison, what will become of the laboring man?"

"He will be enriched by it. Machinery will be his slave. See how machinery has multiplied in the last fifty years. As a direct result, workmen get double the wages they did then and the necessities of life cost only half as much. In other words, a hard worker can to-day buy four times as much with four hours of work as his father could fifty years ago. For the first time in the world's history a skilled mechanic can buy a barrel of flour with a single day's work. The machinery in the United States represents the labor of 1,000,000,000 men—or fifty times as much labor as that of all the men in the country. When motive power is still further cheapened—say in another generation—I believe that the unskilled laborer, if sober and industrious, can have a house of his own, and a horse and carriage, and a library and a piano. It is terrible stupidity that leads some laboring men to suppose that machinery is their foe. It is the thing that gives them independence and even freedom. Without machinery society would drift into the condition of master and slave; the multiplication of machinery means for every worker more food, better clothes, better house, less work. In fact, I believe that the indefinite increase of machinery is going to solve what folks call 'the labor question'—that is, the desire of hand workers to get a bigger slice of the margin of profit."

Home Industries.

(Textile Record.)

It is clearly evident to most Americans that the advantage of this country lies in multiplying domestic industries rather than in diminishing them. Every new industry that can be maintained, which supplies a want felt by the people, is a clear gain in every way, as employing workmen, keeping profits at home, using materials produced here, paying wages that are spent here, and tending to make us industriously independent. The very highest form of national life is that which exists with the widest possible diversification of industry. England suffers to-day because she has intensified her manufactures and neglected to cultivate her soil thoroughly. Ireland and India suffer because they have agriculture without manufactures. We give our people a chance in every direction, and the most robust national life.

The Cannon Ball Train.

(Charlotte Chronicle.)

The running of the "cannon ball" train on the Richmond & Danville road is to be commenced on November 13th, and the schedule for the train has already been made out. The train will be run solid between New York and New Orleans and will be composed exclusively of drawing room and sleeping cars. It will pass Charlotte going south at 11 a. m., and returning North will pass here at 6:30 p. m. An extra train will be put on the road to do the local work, so that there will be three daily trains on the Richmond & Danville road, instead of two as at present. Between Danville and Charlotte the "cannon ball" will make but two stops, one at Salisbury and one at Greensboro, and between Charlotte and Atlanta only four stops will be made.

RED HEADED GIRLS.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The fact that wherever a red-headed girl is seen a white horse may be found near by is explained by the Louisville Courier Journal upon a theory not heretofore advanced. It points out that among the Greeks and Egyptians red-headed girls were decided belles, and instances Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, as among the fortunate possessors of auburn curls. The gallants of those days became enamored of their red heads, and carried on over them just as any love-stricken swain would do in the year of grace. 1887. But all fresh being grass, these Greek and Egyptian ludes had to die when their times came, and being unwilling to part with the aforesaid red heads, under the system in vogue at that day of transmigration of souls, they took the shape at death of white horses, and continued to follow the red-headed girls around. And the Courier-Journal doesn't blame them, for it has a weakness that way itself. It describes the red-headed girl in a manner worthy of the State of old Bourbon, as follows:

There is no denying the fact that when a red-headed girl is pretty she is pretty—pretty enough to fascinate a white horse or any other living thing—such a red-headed girl, for instance, as we have the authority of Soule Smith for saying abundantly in Kentucky. "Her skin is softer than satin and whiter than snow. Her form falls away in voluptuous curves that make a man dream of the apples of Paradise bending down upon their golden boughs and dumbly pleading to be eaten. Her brown eyes are bright with a latent fire quickly enkindled from the touch of love, and burning with a soft heat that melts the heart of man amid the sweet savors of delicious spices. Her walk is light, but languorous. The violets upon which her little foot presses die in ecstatic pain about her instep, joying to have been so blessed before annihilation; and the red blood which mantles her rounded velvet lips makes them glow until the roses turn pale in shame at the dullness of their colors."

Surely a man of taste, whether in the form of a horse or not, would follow such a girl as long as he had the power of locomotion.

Farming That Pays.

(N. Y. Star.)

Every farmer should aim to raise all the farm products needed for domestic use first. The independence of farm lies here. He grows every supply for his table, so far as his soil and climate permits, under his own eye. He is dependent on no one for the necessities of life, or even for the luxuries of his table. Every variety of fruit suited to his locality should be produced for his own use, let him live near or remote from the city. Then, let him increase the acreage of every variety that pays in the market to his ability to handle it without loss—his losses will often over-balance profit. It is not wise for the grower to put himself at the mercy of others. If he does, he will often find their tenacity cruel. They will let his perishable property go to waste, unless they can secure the lion's share of the profits.

Besides grain crops and stock growing as a branch of farming, every farm adapted to it should have growing on it an orchard of every variety of fruit demanded by the market at paying prices. Do not run so much to one kind of fruit that you would suffer heavy embarrassment if it fails. All kinds of fruit seldom fail in one year.

The October Fire Waste.

(New York Herald.)

About the only comfort to be derived from the fire record of the month just closed is that it is not quite so large as that of the corresponding month of last year. The closing of the tenth month, however, of this year, brings the loss up to over \$100,000,000, or an average loss per month of more than \$10,000,000—figures that are truly startling. The only other bit of comfort is that, considering the growth of wealth, or rather of property that can be burned, the proportion of loss is probably growing relatively smaller. Nevertheless, the loss is absolute, and, barring conflagrations, no other country on earth could stand or would endure such an appalling waste. Only three months out of the ten just passed show a better record than October. The files of the New York Commercial Bulletin show that in the United States and Canada there were 171 fires during the month where the loss was \$10,000,000 and over, and the total loss there by was \$8,495,000. Canada's share in this loss is not so large as in August or September, the twelve large fires causing a loss of only \$305,000, while 14 fires in September caused a loss of \$1,504,000. Deducting Canada's October loss, and there remains for the United States a loss by large fires \$8,190,500.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL GOSSIP.

(Chicago Tribune.)

NATIONAL TOPICS REPORTED WEEKLY.

Our Correspondent Writes About The City—Who Are There And What They Are Doing.

As the time for the assembling of Congress draws near, Washington has emerged from her summer siesta and is in the midst of an era of preparation for the advent of assembled wisdom at the Capitol. The dawn of the approaching "season" is unusually radiant. It already reflects its glow over the whole city, and is prophetic of a reign of politics and gaiety such as will cast a shadow over remembrances of preceding Congressional sessions. Many of the people who possess wealth, culture, and leisure, make Washington their winter resort, and have already returned. They will soon be followed by a general rush from all parts of the country. Then the ball begins. Congress and society will vie for supremacy. The former will interest, the latter will dazzle. The power of society in Washington has to be seen to be appreciated. It exerts a strong control even over official life, and its power cannot be broken or dissembled. It reigns over Congress, in that it lures both Representative and Senator away from their duties at the Capitol. Not infrequently does the House of Representatives await a quorum until its truant members can be arrested in the enjoyment of a "high tea" or ball at Mrs. Secretary So-and-So's, and returned captive by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The monarchs of this power—the society leaders—will strain every nerve this season to increase its magnetism, and they promise a succession of entertainments on a scale that has not heretofore been attempted. Gossip is the ambassador and minister plenipotentiary of the social world. This year she tells of the mysterious costumes and surprises that will astound the oldest inhabitants, and add greatly to the splendor of the display. Between Vanity Fair and the National Legislature, there will be nothing dormant in Washington the coming Fall and Winter, from the first whirl after Monday, December 5th, to the intermission which ensues when the mantle of Lent is thrown over society.

All Washington, and by that I mean the combination of social and official life at the Capitol, has been to the races the past week. The race season is indeed a gala time here. Fashion, with its modern tastes, is a great patron of the turf, and fashion nowhere rules with greater sway than in her own stronghold at the Capitol of the Nation. Here a comparatively great proportion of the population can afford to enjoy themselves without regard to cost. Ergo, they all go to the races and lose their money. Heads of Departments, Chiefs of Bureau, down to the \$900 clerk, may all be seen hovering about the book-makers, or posing on the quarter-street for the admiration of the ladies on the grand stand, while the diplomatic dudes promenade with usual wont in front of the crowd. As they strutted up and down the past week, they seemed to feel that every eye was upon them; nor were they mistaken. The cut of their trousers, the shape of their collars, and their kaleidoscopic neckties usually afford much amusement. The diplomat must be classed in the eccentric family of the genus homo. Both in his face and dress he seems to present in combination the fashions of Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Appropos of the races, the fact is lately developed that there are as many fine teams and handsome equipages in Washington as are to be found anywhere. Time was when a handsome turnout or fine span of horses was a rarity upon the streets of the Capitol, and one involuntarily turned to look after the unusual sight. Now, however, such a state of things no longer exists. The miles of asphalt and smooth pavements are fairly alive during the winter, the elegant teams driven for the best part by their respective owners. General Beall, on his fine farm just outside the city limits, keeps so many fine horses that, were he so minded, it would be possible to appear with a new team every day for a considerable length of time. The President has a handsome team of blacks, and Secretary Bayard's favorite steed is a large powerful bay, mounted upon which it is not infrequent sight to see him riding quietly along some unfrequented country road, half the time with his own thoughts for sole companions.

The President is engaged in the preparation of his annual message to Congress. It goes without saying, that his chief topic will be the tariff problem and the question of the reduction of the surplus. It is also probable that there will again be something said upon Civil Service Reform.

A DAKOTA STATESMAN.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Some years ago, when the Dakota Legislature met at Yankton, at the beginning of one session a man from Armstrong county named Edmunds contested another man's seat. A committee was appointed to look into the matter. After examining the case for some time it went into executive session, and one of the members said: "Mr. Chairman, there seems to be no question but that this man Edmunds is entitled to the seat. He got the most votes, the people evidently want him, and Yandell simply got in through the rancid fraud."

The other members seemed to look at it in about the same light, but, after they got through, the chairman arose and said: "Gentlemen, I presume what you have said is all so. I don't know anything about it, but while you have been investigating the votes, I have looked up the men themselves. I met this Edmunds out here this morning, and I proposed a little game of poker to pass away the time. 'I never gamble,' says he, 'I consider it a pernicious practice.' 'Ah,' says I, 'come over and have a drink then.' 'I never drink,' he replied, 'I do not consider it right.' 'Oh, well,' says I, 'take a cigar with me, then.' 'I never use tobacco in any form,' says he, 'I consider it injurious to the health.' I was beat for a minute, but I braced up, and said: 'Mr. Edmunds, come out to the barn with me and we'll get a bite of hay. Don't be backward, I'll stand it, the hay is on me this time.' 'My dear sir,' says he, 'I haven't taken a mouthful of hay for over twelve years. I do not consider it fit food for a man.' Now, this is straight talk, and that's just what he said, and I say we don't want him in the Dakota Legislature. He hasn't the first qualification, gentlemen; he don't play poker. Now, Yandell does. Yandell is a statesman. Yandell isn't afraid to stay in a jack pot, and I tell you, old Joe Yandell is the man we want, and Edmunds ought to be warned to leave town." The chairman's revelations settled it, and Yandell had his seat.

A Wise Rule.

(Ellerton (Ga.) Leader.)

It is a wise rule to let the mind rest at intervals upon some reason for devout thankfulness just before lying down to sleep at night. Even if the day has been crowded with cares, and even if sorrow have overshadowed its passing hours, the devout soul will be able to recall, in looking back, some occasion for gratitude, some memory that proves afresh the goodness and mercy of the Heavenly Father. When one falls to sleep thus with soothing and gracious thoughts in the mind, not only in slumber sweeter and invigorating, but also the morning waking in more courageous and helpful. The day's tasks, however hard, appear less formidable. Hardships seem to have dwindled over night, and blessings to have brightened and multiplied. To be at peace within will nerve one to meet the fiercest conflict without. Inward composure and happiness are proportioned to the degree of our recognition of God's presence in and control over our lives, and this depends greatly upon our training our minds to dwell upon Him and his goodness, especially at times when there is little or nothing to draw off our attention.

The Son of His Pa.

(Union Observer.)

"The Republican party has never claimed that Colonel Grant ought to be elected simply because he was General Grant's son," says the Elmira Advertiser. Non-sense. That very claim was put forward on the day Colonel Grant was nominated. The Republican Buffalo Express voiced it on the day after the Republican convention when it printed this paragraph: "Hurrah for the son of his father!" There were at least 100 men in the Republican convention who were better entitled to the nomination for Secretary of State than Grant by virtue of individual party services and ability. But he was taken because he bore the name of Grant and for no other reason, and his election is now demanded because he is the son of Ulysses S. Grant. Those who undertake to dispute this honest proposition only find themselves worse off than ever for arguments in favor of Colonel Fred's election!

Church Etiquette.

(New York Herald.)

A little hesitancy as to the proper thing to do sometimes disturbs a gentleman when strangers are ushered into a church pew which he with one or more ladies is occupying. Therefore, it might not be amiss to say that if the strangers are a lady or ladies, accompanied by a gentleman, all that is necessary is for the first party to move toward the inner end of the pew and make room for them, but if the newcomers are ladies alone, the gentleman should step into the aisle and allow them to pass in first.

STRUGGLE WITH A PANTHER.

(Atlantic Constitution.)

John Patterson and James Arrandale, while on their return from North Carolina, were attacked by a large panther, about one half mile from Clayton. Patterson having lived in a country infested with this ferocious beast, took in the situation at once. It seems that the animal fell upon Patterson for its prey, due to the fact, no doubt, that he attempted flight upon its discovering. The struggle that ensued, and the frantic effort of Patterson to extricate himself from the clutch of his unexpected assailant, was witnessed by his partner.

The huge beast, with glaring eyes sprang with its forepaws upon Mr. Patterson, circling him with a hug which almost bulged out his eyes. The panther would first shake itself to one side and then to the other, evidently with the purpose of throwing its victim to the ground. Patterson knew that if he fell he would be instantly torn to pieces, so learned against a chestnut tree by which he stood, he did his best to pose himself so as to maintain his balance. After hard endeavors he managed to get his knife from his pocket, which he opened by clasping arms around the panther's body. In doing so he had to squeeze the animal sharply. The panther seemed to catch the idea of the old "backhand wrestle" from this movement, and entwining its hind legs around Patterson's waist, there was for a minute or two as pretty a wrestling match as was ever witnessed on the arena. It ended in a "dogfall," both coming down at once, and rolling over each other.

Arrandale, in the meantime, was not idle. He was unarmed, and for a moment was in a quandary as to what to do. He saw no means of attacking the animal, but was too brave to think of deserting his friend in such emergency. He ran over the ground looking for some weapon. It seemed as if the ground had been swept of every offensive object. At last he found a long piece of granite, sharpened on one side and heavy on the other. With this he determined upon a hand-to-hand struggle with the monster. Running up just in time to find his friend giving away from exhaustion, he belivered one stunning blow on the panther's head. This attack, from an unexpected quarter, evidently aroused the fear of the panther, for releasing its embrace upon Patterson, it made one spring across the road, and with a parcing cry disappeared in the dense of the forest beyond.

As soon as Patterson had recovered sufficiently to do so, the journey home was continued. He did not sustain a scratch, but says that from the vice like grip of the panther, he feels as if every bone in his body had been broken. The panther on the night following occupied the front yard of Mrs. York, a widow lady. She had no arms of attack, but had to close doors, bars windows, and sit up in terror all night, while the beast outside filled the air with its mournful lamentations.

Jeff Davis' Bed of Roses.

(Ellerton (Ga.) Leader.)

A Gainesville lady related to us recently a bit of unwritten Confederate history. Away back in the sixties, when the struggles between the North and those of the South were raging upon the fields of gore and glory, Jefferson Davis was being tossed upon the waves of adversity and blown about by every contrary wind, while millions of loyal Southerners prayed and worked for him and his cause. In those trying days a lady of wealth and refinement lived in Atlanta, Ga., only a short distance from where the Hill monument now stands, which Mr. Davis saw unveiled. This lady cultivated a yard of beautiful flowers of various kinds, and once when the summer roses bloomed and wasted their order on the desert air she gathered them and made for her honored chieftain a literal bed of roses. This incident has never appeared in print, but such devotion on the part of southern womanhood to a cause in which her dear ones sacrificed their lives is worthy of narration. The solace of such a woman's sympathy must have cheered the president of a dying infant nation even if he never slept on a bed of roses made by tender and loving hands.

Household Hints.

(New York Herald.)

A RECEIPT FOR MAKING PIE MELON PRESERVES.—Take the pulp of the melon, clear of seeds, soak in salt and water one night, then, scald in alum water, then soak in fresh water for 5 hours then to one pound of the pulp (cut in pieces to suit) one pound of white sugar, about one pint of water to every four pounds of sugar, season with mace or lemon and cook to suit. Housekeepers will find this excellent preserves.

Advertising Rates: One Column, One Year, \$50. Half Column, One Year, 45. Quarter Column, One Year, 25.

All kinds of book and job printing done in first-class style.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS BUDGET.

WHAT HAPPENS WORTH MENTIONING.

Choice Items Taken From Our Exchanges And Boiled Down For The Herald Readers.

Eight negroes were sent to the penitentiary from Wilson County.

A joint stock company is being organized at Statesville to build a \$400,000 cotton factory.

On the Western North Carolina Railroad the Swanannoa tunnel, "the largest on the road," has caved in.

The Baptist Church at LaGrange is nearing completion, and is intended to be used on the fourth Sunday in this month.

Greensboro Patriot: The report in regard to the progress of exploring the coal fields near Walnut Cove is highly satisfactory, and the indications point unmistakably to valuable discoveries.

There is in the library at Trinity college a large German bible, three hundred years old, with huge wooden backs and grotesque wood cut illustrations. It contains pictures of Luther and family on the frontispiece and is said to be the oldest book in the State.

Mr. C. A. Roper sustained a heavy loss by fire at Laurinburg. His ginhouse, with two gins, cotton press, fifteen bales of seed cotton and three thousand bushels of cotton seed were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$2,700, with an insurance of \$1,200.

Rockingham Spirit: Ice formed in this locality last Wednesday morning, although the thermometer indicated a temperature of 38 degrees. This we know to be a fact, for we saw the ice and personally examined the thermometer, which is a standard instrument.

Naxton's Carolina Union: Mr. J. P. Smith, of our town, will gather from 25 acres 400 bushels of corn, besides 200 bushels of peas. He will make 25 bags of cotton, besides potatoes in abundance. This will do pretty well for a two horse crop, on our lands.

Durham Daily Recorder: Over six hundred delegates will attend the Baptist State Convention in Durham, November 15th. This does not include visitors. But Durham is always equal to the emergency, and Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians unite in extending a hearty welcome to their Baptist brethren.

The peanut crop of this year is now estimated at 2,825,000 bushels, of which North Carolina raises 75,000 bushels. Our crop last year was 109,000 bushels, and the total crop of the peanut raising States, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, was 2,650,000 bushels. The largest crop raised since the war was that of '81 3,550,000 bushels.

It may not be generally known that a bull dog is held as a deadly weapon by the laws of this State, but such is the case. Under the decision of the Supreme Court made some time since, Justice Barbee issued a warrant for the arrest of John Knight, charged with committing an assault with a deadly weapon, to-wit: "a certain vicious and large bulldog."

Greensboro Patriot: It is said that illicit distilleries in certain parts of Chatham county are very lawless. As a result a band of a dozen, disguised, attempted a few nights since to lynch a good citizen. They believe that the people inform the revenue authorities of their unlawful work; hence their anger. They are regularly organized, and are a menace to good order.

Mr. Noah Deaton tells us of a curious freak of nature which came under his observation a few days since. It was a sheep which had four well developed horns. Two of them growing straight up from the top of the head while the two others grew at the side and were curved. The sheep was an ewe and of medium size, and from the horns was like any other. All of the horns are about six inches long and well developed.—Carthage Blade.

Exchange: The State Treasurer, on Saturday, issued a fertilizer license to Baugh & Sons, of Baltimore, which makes the thirty-eighth for the fiscal year so far. This makes an addition of \$34,000 for the maintenance of the agricultural department. It is nearly a year yet before the fiscal year will close, and during that time the licenses of three other fertilizer companies, doing large business in the State, will expire. These will probably renew and will increase the fund to \$35,500. The total number of license for the year will probably reach 71. The experiment station is continuing the analysis of different brands of fertilizers sold in the State. Preparations are being made to commence publishing the analysis next month.