

THE SWEETEST MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY HARRY HALL. A dream of poetry, that may not be written or told—exceedingly lovely.—WILLIS.

In a serene, golden afternoon in the mild beautiful Indian summer, the "greater light," that ruleth the day, is rapidly nearing the western horizon, and the blaze of gorgeous sunset is fading along the clouds which fringe the sky, and loosing itself in the calmness which curtains the earth.

All the air a hazy, soft, stillness holds; now and then, the wild, frolicking laugh of children rings up from the deep dale, which lies between the old brick mansion-house that stands in the oak grove on the hill and the slow winding waters of the Reedy Fork.

Edgar, though he was born near Godsey's Springs in another county, was reared on the banks of the classic Alamance, far distant from the cottage-home of Urida. Both were young, yet they were thoughtful and each was a subject of study and reflection to the other.

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an inexperienced girl, in such a situation, so much needs. The place of his business was situated on the street that led to her boarding-house; and, nearly every day, she called, either in going to or returning from school, to while a few moments with him in conversation. Her little girlish wants were freely made known to him, and he promptly supplied them.

At such moments, her thoughts soared from their wonted simplicity and childlike nature to a higher and lovelier grandeur,—she talked like one who had communed with the angels,—as if she had dreamed of an early transit to that glorious home where "the pure in heart see God."

But Fortune, whom the poets have graced with the pretty epithet of rose-fingered, but whom Edgar, then, thought cruel-hearted and iron-handed again turned her wheel and carried him to a distant land.

Edgar was a light-haired, blue-eyed boy of thirteen, full of gaiety and frolicsome moods, and Urida had just passed her eleventh year, "grace" was in all her steps; the lily dove wistfully with the roseate line which blushed out in her cheek, her eyes sparkled like that of a gazelle, her little lips were ruby as the cherry, and her hair waved black as night around her snowy neck.

Kind fortune had brought two congenial natures together, and their tender child hearts were quickly and strongly intertwined in the holiest cousinly affection. His father was a nephew of her mother, and they were both visiting at the house on the hill. This kinship readily dispelled all embarrassment, and the youthful confessions, after the interchange of some glances, stole off into the vale where we just now heard their voices and sported as freely and unrestrainedly as if they had grown up together beneath the same roof.

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no gaudy chaplet" stole softly upon their ears, Urida's "fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along. And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul of song."

But not all her moments were so glad and joyous. She sang some lively and gay pieces of music, yet most of her selections were somewhat sad and mournful, and the enchantment of her voice often rested in the mind of Edgar the sad thought, that Urida was soon to be an angel in a higher and happier sphere.

Sometimes, when her heart was heavy, she herself said, that all her plans for earth would end when her education was completed. Her letters which were generally so cheerful and hopeful, occasionally discovered, though darkly, such a presentiment. "Alas! this time one year hence we will be separated,—where we will be we know not." And, at another time, when asked what she was going to do when she graduated, while others were laughing and talking around her, she calmly and seriously remarked: "I have no plan for the future—I am going to die!" Nor was it other than gain for Urida to die, for she had hope in Jesus.

The third year of their correspondence and of his student-life was closing. He was looking forward to another meeting of Urida,—Urida in all the prime and matchless of young educated womanhood. A letter came and told him she had taken her diploma; and another, that she would be present at his Junior commencement. He had spent a room for her and her lady friend who was to accompany her. But when the day was at hand on which she was expected, she came not;—she had sickened on the road,—she was going to die! And before Edgar had quitted the scenes of the University, the spirit, gentle, lovely, pure, undefiled, of his cousin-sister had passed to the skies and joined the choir of sweeteners around the great white Throne.

She died on the fourth day of the new opening summer and the last day of the first week after her graduation. She was in the very summer-bloom of existence,—she was the object of admiration and hope to all her friends! In life,

"N'er did Grecian chisel trace A nymph, a maid, or a grace Of finer form, or lovelier face!"

—she was as delicate and lovely as the light harebell, that fairest flower which adorns the blue hills of Scotland,—and in death she was enchantingly beautiful! When she was deposited in the graveyard at Buffalo, so natural and exquisitely charming was her white forehead and her slightly flushed face, that those who looked upon her could scarcely believe that she would not arise again from a sweet sleep, but alas! it was the sleep which He giveth his beloved. She died alone,—neither her aged mother, nor her sisters, nor her own brother, or cousin-brother, was present, but her Heavenly Father was with her and took her softly and lovingly to his own bosom.

Edgar's heart sunk within him when he learned that Urida was not of the earth. Indeed, his grief had been madness, could he have realized that he was to see her no more. To him it seemed like an unsubstantial dream,—that she would yet smile him a welcome home, and that curious, strange, doubting, inexplicable state of mind half arranged, his deep and poignant grief. But when he returned,—when he entered the hall where he was wont to meet her, he heard not her elastic foot-falls coming down the stairs, nor greeted she him with her girlish smile, but her friends met him draped in mourning and sorrowing that Urida was not. This was the awful reality forced upon him. *Sera is calata redes* was his saddest, earnest hope,—still it was only cherished to be lost in the blackness of despair!

Nothing is created without design. The least insect, the smallest leaflet, the finest grain of sand, the aroma that is emitted by flowers, the mist that striketh down the robust, the mist which floats through the atmosphere, the light emanating from the sun, the rain-drop out of the cloud, the frost that tints the face of autumn, the star that twinkles farthest away in the universe of God, each, and everything, has an end to subserve in His grand and magnificent scheme on earth. So some noble and beneficent purpose was accomplished by Urida's living. Her lovely and upright walk blessed her friends; her sisterly attachment to Edgar kindled a flame of inexpressible happiness in his melancholic bosom which will burn on into eternity; the early loss of the silver-cord of her life illustrates the transience of all sublunary things; her trust in Him who expired on the cross and her calmness in the hour of her dissolution, while she was yet in the flower of youth, bespeak the wisdom and safety of such a faith; and the unexpected extinguishing of all her hopes admonishes us, that nothing is worth living for except Heaven. Perchance, much more was accomplished by her beautiful life, that human sagacity hath not and cannot comprehend.

In sooth, she lived for a purpose,—she was an almost faultless model of female excellence. All the most winning and lovable traits of human character so clustered in this pure child of the sky as to conceal the defects which lay underneath. She had a form as exquisitely moulded as that of the goddess of Love, a clear, beautiful mind had its temple in that well-chiselled head; her purity of heart beamed out in her own and reflected itself from every face that basked in her smile; her disposition, mild and unassuming, ever engendered her with those who met her and never repelled them coldly or gruffly; her fidelity ever adhered her to those whom she loved with the faithfulness of the wall-flower, no matter how dark was the adversity which had set in upon them; her open-hearted, unostentatious charity scattered in her way, the most blessed courtesies of life; her very voice, in converse, or in the song, wistful and enlivening, the most listless with its ardor and melting sweetness; her queenliness of manner excited in all the most adoring admiration; her sunny, socialness threw a bright halo of happiness around the little circle of friends in which she moved; her modesty, meek as the mountain daisy, hued all these virtues with its blushing and wistful brightness; and her trembling hope in the Redeemer, which she scarce ever expressed, crowned the whole with celestial radiance. Such was Urida, when she

"White-wing'd angels met her On the vestibule of life," and took her to be with them.

Urida, thou child of my morn, thou illumination of my darkest way, "thou art gone from his gaze," yet thy bewitchingly beautiful image still lingereth in the casket of his mind where Edgar hath his rarest treasures! Not thy image only, gentle Urida, is treasured there, but the superlative loveliness of thy character still pleasantly haunts wherever thy idolizing cousin-brother treads the rugged path of life. Thy reign will be eternal in his remembrance, thou sweetest memory of the past!

The sorghum crop in Georgia, says the Atlanta Intelligencer, has been unexampled in her history. Molasses from that species of sugar cane brings only 22 and 23 per gallon in most parts of the State.

THE WARNING.

The belief in signs, dreams, omens, and warnings, which has in our day, almost entirely disappeared, was once so prevalent that it was a rare thing for a death to take place in a family without some member of it having been warned of the coming event in some supernatural way. My revered grandmother was no exception to this ancient belief; on the contrary, she could relate numerous instances of unnatural visitations, and strange appearances, which had occurred in her own family. But her particular forte lay in warnings. None of her kith or kin were ever called to pass through the dark valley of the shadows without her receiving some supernatural intimation, or, as she called it "being warned" of their decease.

I will here state that my grandmother had been a widow for many years, and resided with my mother, as did her two youngest children, Ralph and Alice. Ralph, a spirited lad of seventeen, assisted my father in his business, and Alice, dear aunt Alice's time, was mostly engrossed by "us children."

For several months she had been troubled with a hacking cough, which was in itself warning enough that the time was soon coming when we should be obliged to part with our kind and careful nurse.

After awhile she became unable to sit up all day, and then my mother moved aunt Alice's bed from her chamber into the parlor, as she was no longer able to go up and down the stairs, and it was more convenient to take care of her there; my grandmother slept in a chamber directly over this, through a passage from the parlor passing up the floor into the chimney—thus making her room warm and comfortable.

The night after aunt Alice was removed into the parlor, grandmother received a very decided warning of her death. She said that, after she had been in bed a short time, she was aroused by a light shining upon her face, and opening her eyes, she beheld the form of a new moon arise from one corner, slowly sail across the room and finally disappear behind her bed. She was so sure that she had seen this, and became so nervous and excited about it, my mother thought best to have some one sleep with her the following night; so my sister Mary, a girl of fourteen, shared my grandmother's bed. But, strange to say, they had hardly retired to rest before we were startled by a loud scream from Mary. She, too, had seen the mysterious appearance; just as it came the evening before—a half moon, rising in one corner, passing diagonally across the room, and disappearing behind the bed. The room was left vacant, every body in the house believing it to be haunted.

When this came to the ears of my uncle Ralph, he expressed his decided contempt for the whole affair. It was second nature for grandmother, he said, to see sights, and Mary had no doubt, been so scared at the thought of passing the night in a room where grandmother had seen something, that she had fancied she saw it too. He would sleep in the room himself, and was not at all afraid of being troubled with new moths or old ones either, so he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber. He made no alarm during the night; but at the breakfast table he declined answering any questions. The truth was, he had seen exactly the same thing that had so alarmed his grandmother and Mary; but he was a bold, determined fellow, and had made up his mind to find out the cause of this singular appearance; and, besides he did not like to confess that he had witnessed the same thing that he had scoffed at as a delusion in others.

Six nights in succession he slept in the haunted room, and every night the same thing occurred. On the seventh night, he was lying awake, about midnight, thinking of the strange circumstance, and trying in vain to arrive at a solution of the mystery, when he heard Alice begin to cough in the room below. Immediately, he heard my mother's footsteps coming into Alice's room, as was her custom whenever she had a paroxysm of coughing. At the same time, the supernatural light appeared in the corner, floated slowly across the room, and went down behind his bed. A thought struck him.

"Sarah," he called, "have you got a light?" "Yes," she answered. "Are you standing by Alice's bed?" "Yes," again.

"Well," said he, "walk from her bed to the door with the light in your hand." At once, the half-moon arose from behind his bed, and moved steadily across toward the opposite corner.

"Now come back again," he said. She did so, and, as if following the sound of her footsteps, back sailed the mysterious light.

He sprang out of bed with a hearty laugh. The mystery was solved. The carbon pot through which the stove-pipe passed from the lower into the upper room was too large for the pipe; and a light, passing from the door to the bed in the lower room, cast its reflection through this aperture, and, as it showed on the wall above, was exactly the shape of a new moon. My mother's repeated visits from her room to aunt Alice's bedside, with a light in her hand, had been the cause of my grandmother's supernatural warning; and, but for the boldness and perseverance of her son, would no doubt, have been handed down to successive generations of grandchildren as a solemn warning of aunt Alice's death, which took place some weeks after. Probably all supernatural appearances might be explained as the effect of some natural cause, if people were not too superstitious to risk the trial.

CAUTIONS MEN.—Some men use words as riders on a bullet. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark.—They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, and on, and till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their minds, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost in from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right through the mark like a gun shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

BE CAREFUL.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness.

This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, the gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. All comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of Christianity. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay, and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and pure heart.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in Sersey was sadly annoyed by a tarrant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner which next vitally, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word.

A day or two afterwards, the woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her tarrant had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the tarrant, more enraged. "Do speak; I shall die if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence.

It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is pointless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.

DEAD YET LIVING.—The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive, when its place knows it no more.—There is no statue like it. It is in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will not touch it, and time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transmits its aromatic qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Neville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parsonage. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are still quickening by the "Saints' Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of Olney Hymns.—Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who phoenix-like have started from the funeral pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath-schools go on.

The Japanese possess the art of dwarfing and magnifying vegetable products in an extraordinary manner. A recent traveler states that he saw a plum tree, a cherry tree, and a fig tree growing in a small box not more than six inches long, the plum tree being in blossom; whilst on the other hand, cabbages are grown of such a size that one is as much as a man can lift.

Notice of Removal! DAVID WELSH, PRACTICAL WATCH-MAKER AND REPAIRER, OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE, South-east corner of Public Square, at the sign of the LARGE WATCH, Greensborough, N. C. Thankful for the very liberal patronage received at his former stand, has removed to the more central location on public square where he will be happy to wait on all of his former patrons and as many new ones as may please to patronize him. A splendid stock of all kinds of material on hand, such as jewels, hands, springs, watch glasses, guards and keys. All work warranted 12 months. 34-ly

Insurance Office, Greensborough, N. C. Sept. 10th, 1868. At a meeting of the Directors of this company an assessment of ten per cent, was made and ordered to be collected on all premium notes outstanding on the 1st day of March, 1869. 68-4w PETER ADAMS, Sec.

Musical Instruction.—Prof. W. S. B. Mathers will remain in Greensborough and give private lessons in Music, until further notice. Very particular attention will be given to the instruction of beginners. 67-3m

Furs Wanted.—We wish to purchase any quantity of Furs, for which we will pay 5 cents each for Rabbits; 25 cents for Coon, Fox and Muskrat; and 40 cents each for Mink. J. & F. GARRETT. 41-ff

Wagon for Sale!—One 3 Horse Wagon Apply to A. A. WILLARD, Greensborough, N. C. 68-4w

Notice to Overseers of Roads.—This is to notify the overseers of the roads between Greensborough and Salem, and between Greensborough and Yanceyville, that if they do not repair the said roads, and put them in condition rendering it safe for the travelling public, that legal proceedings will be instituted compelling them to discharge their duties. M. JORDAN, 72-5w Mail Contractor.

For Sale.—One fine four year old MARE COLT, well broken to harness, for sale, perfectly sound. Apply to CHARLES R. KING, Greensborough, N. C. 69-4w

AN OFFERING IN MEMORY OF SAM THOMPSON.

Spirit lyrics I strike thy strings, And lend my feeble breath, To spread the glad glory sings Around a martyr's death.

Hushed within a lonely grave, Hallie sleeps in a stranger's land, He died, our struggling South to save, From a tyrant's bloody hand.

He has crossed death's waters o'er, In answer to the angel's call; The home-stead threshold never more Will echo his foot-fall.

Loved one look on the vacant chair, Beside the stricken hearth, And weep to know he is not there, With his cheerful song and mirth.

But though in death lo Hallie sleeps, Within his death-hood's home, Fond hearts his treasured image keep In memory's sacred dome.

And other hearts, outside the pale Of kindred's circle dear, Felt a pang and gave a wail Above his ill-timed bier.

The cannon's roar nor drum's "long roll" Will disturb him never more, War's ratings cannot reach his soul Upon Eternity's vast shore.

When our glorious South is free, We'll twine a garland for the slain, And 'neath the heroes there shall be In richest buds, lo! Hallie's name.

Written for the Patriot. TIME. There is something solemn in the roaring wind, It wakes the dormant scenes that are left behind; A pleasant melancholy steals the mind, And makes it wail.

The scenes in which we long had found delight Had lent remotest rapture to the sight, But now we sink beneath the sweeping blight In sorrow clad.

Yet time rolls on destroying a'it goes, Removing all our pleasures with our woes, Our dearest friends, and most malignant foes, And nothing leaves.

Though pleasures spring again like budding flowers, As soon are swept away by passing hours; And ere we raise again our drooping powers, Again it grieves.

O what is there on earth that's worth our hearts, Where pleasures come so soon and sooner parts, Where all who are dear and lovely leave such smart, When they are gone?

Where scenes are passing, quickly from the view, And hopes are falling, never to renew; While hopes and joys and friends are few, To rest upon.

Before the course of time's ingathering sweep No pleasure is secure, nor can we keep; Ourselves from falling, soon we fall asleep And are no more.

As life is surely waning, quickly take The precious hour, which time can never break; That which at last, will you most glorious make. When life is o'er. G. E. W. GREENSBORO, N. C.

100 Mules at Auction.—On Saturday the 24th of October, I will sell to the highest bidder at public auction, 100 mules before the Court House in Greensborough, sale to begin at 12 o'clock. Terms cash. GEORGE WHITEFIELD. 60-22 72-1w*tr

WANTED AT THE Manassas Gap Rail Road Shops, near the Depot Greensborough, N. C.: KITCHEN GREASE, LARD, TALLOW, SPOILED BACON, OLD BRASS, OLD COPPER, CAST STEEL, BACON, PORK, CORN, AND CORN MEAL, for which the highest CASH PRICES will be paid. 60-22 72-12m

Latent Schedule!—The Greensborough Steam Mills will run as follows until further notice. Saw Mill on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, Grist Mill, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. JOHN SLOAN, Proprietor. 72-2w

North Carolina, Alamance Co. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Sept. Term, 1868. Mary Ripley vs. Sidney Albert and others. PETITION FOR DOWER. In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that William Jones and wife Eliza are not inhabitants of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Greensborough Patriot a paper published in the town of Greensborough, N. C., for six successive weeks notifying said defendants to appear at next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Alamance at the Court House in Graham on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of November next, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, or otherwise the case will be heard ex parte as to them. Witness, John Faucett, clerk of said Court at office in Graham, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in August, 1868. 72-5w sly\$19 J. FAUCETT, C. C. C.

Doit and Shoe Makers Wanted.—Liberal prices will be paid. Apply immediately to L. L. THOMAS & Co. 71-6w Thomasville, N. C.

County Salt.—A large lot of salt is now on hand and ready for distribution. A meeting of the agents will be held in the Court House at 12 o'clock on Tuesday of our Superior Court to attend to business pertaining to their office. ALL the Magistrates of the County are earnestly requested to be in attendance on the same occasion, as matters of the utmost importance will be brought before them. JED H. LINDSAY, Chairman, G. O. C. 70-2w

Salem Hack.—I am now running a HACK between Greensborough and Salem, leaving Greensborough Tuesdays and Fridays, and leaving Salem Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons wishing conveyance between these points will find this comfortable and expeditious line—making the trips by day-light. M. JORDAN, 67-ff

Writing Ink.—The best made in the Confederacy, and warranted equal to any ever brought from the North. For sale at the Patriot office. 67-ff