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The Centennial.

VOL. I. WARRENTON, N. C., FRIDAY AUGUST 25, 1876. NO. 29.

GATHER THE CLANS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE TILDEN AND VANCE CLUBS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Ye sons of Anglo Saxon sires,
Who waded floods and walked thro' fires,
Who visaged death's for LIBERTY,
Nor stopped till every State was free—
Your Mother! North Carolina calls,
"Fill up my ranks and man my walls!
Shoulder to shoulder! Join your hands!
Gather the clans, men! Gather the clans!

"*Who* are the men, your Peace now mar?
Open new wounds from bleeding scar!
Who agitate in Peace for War?
Union, Peace, Plenty *all* debar!
See! Beauty weeping, sighing stands!
Peace, Mercy holding out both hands!
Shoulder to shoulder! Join your hands!
Gather the clans, men! Gather the clans!

Ye mountaineers! my gallant West!
Sons, daughters of the Hornet's Nest!
We've had enough of bloody wars!
Send 'em some Bourbon and cigars!
Shoulder to shoulder! Join your hands!
Gather the clans, men! Gather the clans!

"Ye lambs in peace, in war ye lions!
Erst know to drive out tyrant Tryons!
Saw Tarleton's back; and vanquished tories!
Have ye forgot your former glories?
'Tis North Carolina thundering calls,
Her face a flame on Freemen's walls!
Shoulder to shoulder! Join your hands!
Gather the clans, men! Gather the clans!

"All ages ever spawn new Tryons,
Of noble sires prove yourselves scions!
Give Grantism *veni vidi fugi*!
Till all mankind shout *Encore, Euge*!
Your Mother! North Carolina! calls!
Up! fill the ranks! Man *all* my walls!
Shoulder to shoulder! Join all hands!
Gather the clans, men! Gather the clans!"

OUR RADIX LETTER.

Our New Colossus--A Good Hand for a Mother--Disappointing the Doctors--Sardanapalus--Philadelphia--The New "Hub" --The Dog Velocipede --A Century Clock.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 18, 1876.

To the Editors of the Centennial:

Like Munich and Detmold of today, and like Rhodes of old, New York is to have her Colossus. Right after the Franco-Prussian war the French government, to show its gratitude for favors shown that suffering realm and in furtherance of the reciprocal good feeling which has existed between the two countries ever since the struggle in which the American Eagle was hatched, voted to give to our metropolis a colossal bronze statute of Liberty to stand before our watery gates and bear aloft in its mighty hand a beacon to warn off danger, while it should greet with a symbolic welcome the voyager to the home of the Star Spangled Banner. But great bodies move slowly, and thus it was not till last fall or several years after the passage of this laudable resolution we began to hear much about steps toward its practical carrying out. Then it was that after choosing Bedloe's Island as the site of the monument work was actively commenced and seen the papers teemed with paragraphs relating to the progress of the work in the Parisian studio, where the figure was being modeled. So rapidly have operations been pushed that there have been received this week at the Custom House, eight enormous boxes, containing as many sections of the gigantic female who is henceforward to preside over our harbor. At last accounts only two of these boxes had been landed, one of which contains the right hand and wrist and the second, the torch which the hand will eventually hold. This hand, while not exactly the sort that a fond lover would yearn to press, would be a positive godsend to any mother with numerous and turbulent offspring; for, beside being fourteen feet long it is six or seven feet broad and weighs a good many pounds, and I have no doubt that in any little case of family discipline, a little of it would go a good way. I haven't been able to find anybody who could give me the correct dimensions of the finished statue, but if your readers are generally familiar with comparative anatomy (as I doubt not is the case) the foregoing figures together with the fact that the thumb nail on this little "flipper" is two feet long, will afford them data enough to enable them to calculate the total height to a nicety. The eight big boxes, forming the first installment, contained one arm only, the frieght on which, from Havre to New York, was a trifle under $500.

Probably at no time in his long and eventful life has Commodore Vanderbilt been the focus of such general and constant attention as now in his last hours—or rather what all the doctors keep insisting *ought* to be his last hours. But as he has had three months of them already and shows no signs yet of an early relinquishment of life these wise descendants of Galen are beginning to recall Mr. O'Conor's resurrection after their fellows had pronounced him to all intents and purposes a dead man, and are commencing to "hedge" a little on their oracular prophecies. Some weeks ago their report was, "Mr. Vanderbilt can hardly last through the night." After ten days or so of this they kindly consented to reprieve the old gentleman for "a week or more," and now the learned brothers gravely announce that "the patient may live for months or even years," but that he has got to go at last. Now, it strikes an impartial observer that the anxious family might get as much information as that out of lots of fellows who would be glad to stand around and "predict" at a couple of dollars a day, instead of paying these owls in broadcloth from one to two thousand per cent. above market rates for very much the same kind of work. Not but what "the patient" is very old and feeble and liable to die at any moment, but when that is going to be, the doctors don't know any more than I do.

During all this time that Mr. V. has been confined to his house the newspapers have reported his condition, surroundings, and conversation so far as they could by any means obtain it, with untiring zeal, varying the enforced monotony of these reports by reprinting all sorts of probable and improbable anecdotes of his life. The Commodore himself to whom one would think all this obituary-flavored attention might be unpleasantly suggestive, takes it all in good part, and even shows considerable interest in the public solicitude. The crowd of reporters and visitors that throng his doors do not seem to trouble him in the least, He directs their questions to be answered and sometimes sends down to them his own opinion of his condition.

Monday, the 14th inst., was a date which had been eagerly anticipated by all lovers of the stage. At Booth's Theatre on that evening, after months of preparation, was rendered for the first time in America Mr. Charles Calvert's masterly stage version of Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus." As might have been safely predicted from the magnitude of these preparation added to the prestige of the management, the piece achieved an instant and so unqualified success that Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer predict for it a greater run than that of "Julius Cæsar."

The dramatic interest of the play centers upon the Assyrian king and his Greek slave Myrrha, respectively personated by Mr. F. C. Bangs (the *Marc Antony* of Julius Cæsar,)" and Mrs. Agnes Booth.

But this interest, although considerable, is overshadowed by the spectacular accessories which positively excel anything of the kind ever before attempted in this country. To produce them required the expenditure of over $60,000 in gold, before the first rising of the curtain. The scenery, which was painted in England, alone cost $10,000. The ballet, which is the finest ever seen in New York, comprises nearly one hundred Italian ladies, the leading star being Mile. Bartoletti, the Taglioni of the present day. In all, four hundred persons, men, women and children, take part in the gorgeous peagants and battle tableaux, while in addition to full orchestra, a mixed chorus of one hundred voices render the appropriate music of the play.

The stage effects throughout are grand in the extreme, but the crowning scene—the immolation of Sardanapalus and Myrrha, surpasses even the thrilling effect of Brutus' funeral pyre in the great Shakespeperian revival.

PHILADELPHIA, August 19th.

A quiet week has been the past at the Hub of the Universe—title loaned by the courtesy of the capital of Massachusetts, for six months only—the average crowd going through the average amount of sight seeing in very much the average manner. Many of them move so lazily, that they seem to long for duplicates of that dog-velocipede in the main building, that triumph of inventive genius which none of your readers who have been here could have failed to notice. I am of the opinion that the designer of that vehicle must have been the identical gentleman who said he wasn't feeling at all well and expressed the conviction that working between meals was ruining his consitution. It is a sort of trotting sulky, without shafts, each of whose two wheels, from the hub nearly to the tire, is a wire cage, entirely similar in operation to one of those whirligig arrangements atttached to squirrel cages, to afford the bushy tailed occupant a chance to settle his breakfast without getting too far from his home. Into these wheels are inserted two unfortunate canines and steam is gotten up by giving the vehicle a gentle push which presents to the astonished "purps" the alternate of either working their passage or turning a good many somersaults. The average dog incautiously chooses the former, and once started is doomed to illustrate perpetual motion till he drops, or till the rider, who, meanwhile, is comfortably seated on the axle, sees fit to release him.

In the excursionists who dosen't take kindly to doing his own locomotion, the contemplation of this invention awakens feeling of envy and delight. Visions of summer trips to be conducted with small labor and expense rise at once before his heated immagination, and as the class alluded to is by no means small, I shall not be surprised if the new style of "dog cart" becomes quite popular. Consider its simplicity and varied utility. With a sigh of relief the city merchant oppressed by hard times, sells off his costly equipage, and with an insignificant fraction of the proceeds purchases the new improvement, catches a couple of the vagrant quadrupeds in the streets, and sails down to business with an applauding conscience. The hunter out for a day's sport, instead of using up his strength in the preliminary tramp, simply puts his faithful hounds into the treadmill and camly reads his paper till the chosen spot is reached, when he releases his steeds and sets them to starting up the game. The tourist or pleasure seeker has only to find a couple of pair of dogs to "spell" each other along the route, and, so long as he can escape Mr. Bergh, may go wherever he will—to Alaska for a week's seal fishing, to the Black Hills for scalps or to New Jersey for mosquitoes, just as he pleases. A little reflection would doubtless suggest hundreds of other possible applications of these new principles, but the instances just cited are sufficient to demonstrate their great importance.

In the Kansas and Colorado building there is on exhibition a "century clock," the only one of the kind in existence. It tells the month of the year, the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour of the day, the minute of the hour, and runs one hundred years at one winding. It works with a weight of ten to one hundred times less power than is required to run any other escapement in the world, and thus comes nearer to perpetual motion than other machine in existence. It would be a good idea to wind it up (by dog-power) at the close of the Exposition and then see if it will tick in our third century.

RADIX.

The abuse of a thief is more to be desired than his praise.

OUR MONTHLY NEW YORK FASHION LETTER.

BY MADAME RADIX.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

My fair readers will oblige me by interpreting the above caption in an extended sense, and by attaching to it a much wider signification than would at first appear, both as to place and as to the range of articles in which fashion is observed. I sympathise fully with the righteous indignation which would be felt by any woman of fashion at the thought of being found within city limits, at the present time, and my remarks upon dress, therefore, should be understood as applying especially to what one may see at Newport, Long Branch, and wherever else may be thought genteel at the present time. New York fashion, indeed, is a poor affair, compared with the styles at fashionable resorts, and to tell the truth, moreover, the getters up of New York fashions have discarded all ideas pertaining to summer, and are toiling in anxious thought over what the morrow will bring forth; that is to say what will be worn next winter.

BATHING SUITS.

Among the various pitfalls which beset the career of an innocent minded man, I know nothing more dangerous than a becoming bathing suit. In the first place it is so perfectly different from other devices, which from oft repetition have become unprofitable, that his attention is at once arrested. A cardinal point is thus gained, and if that suit be wisely chosen, as to the result, why, there may be "millions in it." There is a look of such artless simplicity; the falsities of crinoline, flounces and the like discarded, nor could any one imagine that a more fatal danger lurked in such sweetly unpretending things as Turkish pantelets, a blouse waist; and a short skirt reaching to the knees.

MOUNTAIN COSTUMES.

In my humble opinion there is no more sensible creature in the world, at the present moment, than the Girl of the Period as she goes on a mountain excursion. She puts on a short skirt of serge, grey or black, and overdress in keeping; the comfortable blouse waist confined by a broad belt, to which is attached a satchel, and whatever other conveniences she may require during her campaign; stout shoes, a broad brimmed hat, and gloves of undressed kid complete a costume which is captivating by reason of its entire appropriateness. It may furthermore be added that our Aramintas do not always content themselves with such sober styles as black or grey. It is permitted to the more daring to render these mountain costumes extremely fanciful if it is so desired, but they are fanciful by reason of the selection of brilliant colors, not by the superfluity of adornments, which, let it be understood, are banished on occasion of pedestial excursions, with the exception of two or three modest looking ruffles around the bottom edge of the short skirt, giving, it is true, to the uninitiated, the look of a petticoat, while, be it remembered, it is not a petticoat but an underskirt. Such weighty and important distinctions being duly noted, I would add that sometimes a coquettishly disposed brunette makes choice of an underskirt of bright red serge, while not content with this she adds furthmore a yellow overdress.

HOW TO BE STYLISH.

If you cannot be "Centennial" you must be "Oriental"—if you cannot wear something which your grandmother wore at the Republican Court, then the next best thing is to wear a Persian or an Indian something. If you are at loss to know what, I will make the mild suggestion of a set of tiger's claws, which are just the "loveliest" things I know of. No make-believe claws, but the genuine things, reminding you, on a larger scale of your dear pussy. We have them in all sorts of ways. For a brooch, a mammoth claw, with a golden tiger sitting in a picturesque attitude on the top; for bracelets, successive claws joined together, and in beautifully graduated sizes, etc., etc. I cannot imagine anything more tenderly suggestive of the honeymoon, and so far as appropriateness is concerned, they certainly would make admirable bridal presents. As an inducement to the purchase of a set of claws, I will assure my readers there is plenty of gold about them; poetical looking gold leaves spread themselves on the tops; the sharp ends of all cased in gold, and during a matrimonial probation, the cases being taken off they would, properly handled, form very stylish and effective weapons of war. Not that I mean to insinuate that young ladies generally need to supplement nature's gift to them in this line. O, no! not by any means; but during the Fall we shall certainly have a "grand revival" of weddings, and these few hints are given in advance.

RED BOWS.

If one is too poor to wear tiger's claws, or to pretend to have had a great grand mother, the next thing I would suggest, would be to wear a good many red bows. Now, it is really wonderful about these red bows—you can stick them anywhere, it don't matter—you can wear a red belt if you want to, and if you can find a wide one of your grand mother's hid away anywhere, why just put it right on, and be sure that you have done a wise thing. Not in the evening only, but in broad daylight, we see these bright additions to the costume not only in the house, but in the street, usually with black (black grenadine costumes in particular;) and as I have said, they can be stuck on anywhere. Bonnets too, are some of them lavishly trimmed with red ribbon, and as for the red cherries, I really could not count them. Accounts from Paris tells us that over there they are having red dresses and red parasols. But, please now, don't imagine every one of us going about dressed off in red, or wearing red hats. What I mean to say is that a great deal may be worn without looking conspicuous.

Viewed philosophically, there is a reason for such partiality. It is the absence af all other positive coloring in dress. One sees everywhere such delicacy, or such sobriety of tint, that it does seem a necessity to have something more decided, and nothing is prettier than the dashes of red which are to be observed in the midst of quiet grays and browns. This in dress fabrics, while as to ornamentation, enough has been said.

ORIENTAL MASQUES

Affectionate but erring husbands, who, after feeling all over for the door knob, succeed in laudable attempts to climb the stair case, should be careful how they bestow the kiss of peace on a sleeping Jane or Mary. Such conjugal caress might be expended on an Oriental Masque. In such instances *he* has followed out his manly instincts, as exemplified from grandfather Noah, downwards. *She* has done what every true woman ought to do—tried to improve her beauty. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are the rights of every individual, and if any poor, innocent minded woman finds her happiness increased by sleeping in a masque, besmeared with a magic salve on the inside, she is very easily made content. Enthusiasts also wear gloves to match, scented with a rare perfume, which lasts for days after. An adoring swain, as he lifts the delicate hand of his mistress to his lips, or gazes with rapture on her velvet cheek, may not know how much he owes to the potent results of an Oriental Masque, and *sachet* gloves. Perhaps 'tis better that he never should. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly, etc."

FASHION IN FUNISHING.

As I hinted above, the sway of fashion is by no means confined to matters of dress. The present season of their absence from the city is the time chosen by our wealthy people for refitting their elegant mansions, the selection of furniture and decorations for which has become almost as much subject to the behests of the imperious goddess as is the curve of a bustle or the precise angle of a bonnet. So great are her encroachments in this direction that no article, great or small, may now go into the *salon en regle* which does not obey her laws of harmony or contrast. From the foot stool to the piano nothing must interfere with the symmetry of the whole. The latter article has heretofore been supposed to maintain its position by virtue of the old saw, "Handsome is as handsome does," but in this new era modest merit is not held sufficient for all occasions.

The bare outlines and sombre color which have characterized the pianos of a century are not, indeed, banished entirely, but the demands of improvement have resulted in the introduction of beauty and grace into their outward appearance to a hitherto unknown extent. The spirit of this change has been early and fully caught by our New York house of Hardman & Co., who have attained such wide and sudden prominence since the opening of the Centennial and who, beside their standard styles are casing many of their wonderful instruments in a variety of rich and novel ways. In their specialities of Parlor and upright Grands, the effects of maple, walnut, inlaying, ebony, and the various novelties which they execute to order, enhance greatly the attractiveness of their work and have had their share in building the reputation of the name. Of course Hardman & Co., in common with all other first class makers, produce the plainer styles, but if wealth and culture desire the outside appearance to correspond more nearly with the internal merit, why should they not be gratified? It not only serves to adorn their drawing rooms but tends to popularize things of beauty and is therefore, as much in the interest of Art as of Fashion. Next month I shall be able to announce at least a portion of the Fall styles.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Babcock still held his Government office at last accounts.

A "marching" Tilden and Hendricks Club has been formed in Springfield, Pa.

In Fayette county, Alabama, there are but eight white Republicans, and seven of these are office-holders.

Adams for Governor of Massachusetts seems to be a popular idea with the Democracy of the whole country.

The Tilden and Hendrick's flag-pole in Iuka, Miss., is surmounted by a new broom, the campaign signal suggested by Mr. Watterson's *Courier-Journal*.

The Worcester *Press* says: "Speaking about telegraphing a tune, how do our Republican friends like the tune that was telegraphed from Alabama the other day?"

Bingham the late Republican State Treasurer of Alabama, is now being sued by the State for $75,000 defalcation in accounts. Governor Houston has turned over twenty-eight indictments to the Solicitor of Montgomery county against radical officials for malfeasance in office.

New York *World*: The farmers and property-holders in Livingston county paid in 1864 in taxes to the State $101,354.64. In less than two years under Governor Tilden's administration these taxes have been reduced nearly fifty per cent., or to $52,698,50. Do the Republicans imagine that it would be healthy for their speakers to stand up and tell the farmers of Livingston that Governor Tilden is a "sham reformer?"

The *Southern Home* says of the Democratic nominee for Governor of South Carolina: There is not a purer, nobler, higher-toned man on earth than General Hampton.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Goldsboro *Messenger*: Governor Brogden found his way to the south side of the Neuse on Saturday, and, we learn, delivered himself of one of his characteristic harrangues at Dudley to a small crowd, mostly negroes.

We can win if we only make up our minds that it can and must be done. Nothing can be accomplished without effort, we must enter upon this campaign with the watch-word, "cry aloud and spare not."—*Hon. John Goode, of Va.*

The Asheville *Citizen* asserts upon the most respectable authority, that Billy Smith, in a private conversation at a stockholders' meeting at Salisbury, said: "I'll be damned if I ever spend a dollar or lay a pound of iron on the Ducktown Road, or west of the French Bread River in that direction."

Goldsboro *Messenger*: The several township meetings in this county on Saturday last were all largely attended, and as far as we have heard, the delegations to the county nominating convention are first-class in all essentials. The chief bone of contention seemed to be for the Senatorship, and as a matter of news we deem it not out of place here to say that Mr. I. F. Dortch is certainly the choice of a large majority of the people of Wayne for Senator.

The Monroe *Enquirer* says that honest, sensible Republicans in that section "are now fast forsaking the sinking ship. Every day we hear of prominent ones in different parts of the county cutting loose from the old machine' In every township they are beginning to wake up from their political sleep, and to arouse themselves from the stupor of radical drugs. The disgusting scene of the Radical Convention, run by revenue officers, mail agents, post masters, political divines and negroes, was too much for them, and one of their lead horses has kicked clear out of the tracea.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Wilmington *Star* says that the postmaster at Bell Swamp, Brunswick county, has been removed and the office discontinued, in consequence of the postmaster's trafficking in stamps and stamped envelops, contrary to the regulations of the department.

Up about Durham they are shooting darkies as they emerge from corn fields in the stilly night.

A negro boy called Yellow Sam a Durham institution, was thrown off of a dray, the other day, by the running away of a horse, and had an arm broken.

The Alamance *Gleaner* has re-appeared. Glad to see it.

The Alamance *Gleaner* learns that the needs of the Oxford Orphan Asylum are very great, that some twenty of the orphans have been discharged and others are refused.

Mr. W. J. Murray, of Alamance, had the misfortune to have his tobacco barn burned recently, entailing a loss of about $1,000.

The Shelby *Banner* says that a man named Isler, about 65 years of age, who had just been converted and joined the Baptist Church at Black's Station, fell dead on his way to Antioch Church, Cleaveland county, a few days ago. He had set down to rest, and getting up to start, fell on his face in the sand and never moved.

The criminals of Clay county are sent to the jail of Cherokee, and the Cherokee *Herald*, remarking on the fact that two were received a week ago, says: "The morals of Clay county have hitherto been so good that no jail was necessary."

SARATOGA.

The Conventions--The Republicans Endorse Grant--Some of the Liberals Support Hayes and Others Tilden--Morgan Nominated by the Straight-Outs.

SARATOGA, Aug. 23.—In the afternoon session of the Convention John Francis was chosen permanent chairman.

B. Platt Carpenter, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported, reaffirming the principles declared in the resolutions of the Convention of June 14, 1876, and set forth in the letters of acceptance of Hayes and Wheeler. The resolutions recognize the patriotism and public services o Grant.

The Liberal Republican Convencalled by John Cochrane, Chairman of the Liberal State Committee, and other supporters of Hayes and Wheeler, met to-day, adopted a resolution supporting Hayes and Wheeler, and took a recess.

The Liberal Independents, representing in part 18 counties in the State, who refused to accept the invitation of the Cochrane Liberal Republicans to unite with them in support of Hayes and Wheeler and enter the Republican State Convention, held a conference to-day at which they endorsed Tilden and Hendricks, and adjourned.

After the appointment of a committee to confer with the Liberal Republicans, nominations were made for Governor. Ex. Governor, E. D. Morgan, Wm. M. Evarts, Wm. H. Robertson and Martin J, Townsend, were placed in nomination. Ex. Governor Morgan was nominated on first ballot.

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For catalogue, apply to REV. T. M. JONES, President. N. H. D. WILSON, President Board of Trustees.
June 15, 1876.

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Embracing, Bending Machine, Planing Machine Shaping, Saws, &c. All in good order and will be sold at one third original cost. Apply to
B. F. LONG,
may12 tf Warrenton, N. C.

THOMASVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.
DAVIDSON CO., N. C.
The Twentieth Annual Sessions begins August 28th, 1876.
With a comprehensive and carefully arranged course of study, solid and ornamental, a high standard of scholarship, every facility for thorough instruction, fully competent earnest teachers, added to a remarkably healthful location and careful attention to the health and comfort of the pupils, this Institution offers superior advantages for the highest culture on terms much lower than most female schools of like grade.
Apply for Catalogue to
M. W. REINHART,
jul 14-tf Principal.

WARRENTON FAMILY GROCERY!
If you want anything in the eating line from a Herring to a Ham, call at the
WARRENTON FAMILY GROCERY.
Cook stoves sold at Baltimore wholesale prices, at the
Warrenton Family Grocery.
Farmers send in your chickens, butter, eggs, pigs, hams, potatoes and I will obtain top prices for them.
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Keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of all kinds of FURNITURE, from the common style up to very handsome Walnut.
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Metalic Burial Cases, and Wooden Case and Caskets,
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TIN PLATE AND SHEET
IRON WORKER.
EDWARD SHROYER,
Next door to Dr. J. G. King's Office.
Warrenton, N. C.
Guttering and Roofing done at short notice and in the best manner.
FRUIT CANS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
feb 4-12m

WARRENTON RAIL ROAD
COMPANY.
Organized and Duly Incorporated
May 9th, 1876.
R. KINGSLAND, President.
B. F. LONG, Secretary.
J. M. WADDILL, Treasurer.
DIRECTORS:
COL. WHARTON J. GREEN,
JOHN WHITE,
J. R. JOHNSON,
COL. WM. S. DAVIS,
B. F. LONG,
J. C. MCCRAW.
One half of the capital stock having been subscribed for
SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS
the remaining half are now opened at the Company's office, Warrenton, N. C.
Property owners in town and county who will be benefitted by this Railroad are requested to call and enter their names for as many shares of stock as they can afford to take to facilitate the enterprise, ($25,00 per value of shares.
PROPOSALS will be received until July 1st, for 5,000 Ties and 6,500 feet of heart pine timber, size 4x6 inches 20 feet long, or any part thereof to be delivered at Warrenton Depot or on line of proposed road.
May 12-3m.