RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE LIVING PRESENT is published every Friday, on the following terms:

One copy, 1 year, - - - $3 00
" 6 months, - - - 1 50
" 3 " - - - 1 00

CLUB RATES.

5 copies, to one address, - - 12 00
8 " " " - - 18 00
10 " " " - - 20 00

Those who want the paper and cannot spare the money, can pay for it in country produce at market prices.

TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

AGENTS wanted in every County in this State to extend the circulation of the THE LIVING PRESENT.

THE LIVING PRESENT.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, POLITICS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1. WARRENTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 24, 1869 NO. 37

ADVERTISING RATES:

(10 LINES OR LESS CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.)

1 square one insertion,	$1 00
1 Each subsequent insertion,	50
1 square one month,	2 50
1 square two months,	5 00
1 square three months,	7 50
1 square six months,	10 00
One square one year,	15 00
Half column " "	65 00

Special notices, under a special head will be charged one dollar per square for each insertion.

Funeral and obituary notices will be inserted at fifty cents per square.

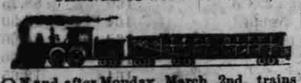
The simple announcement of a death or marriage will not be charged.

RAILROADS.

SEABOARD RAILROAD.

OFFICE S. & R. RAILROAD CO., Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 29th, 1868.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.



ON and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will leave Weldon daily, (Sundays excepted,) as follows:

Accommoda'n and Freight Train at 3 a. m.
Mail Train at 3 p, m.

ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH:

Accomm'n and Freight Train at 11,15 a. m.
Mail Train at 6 15 p. m.

Mail Train connects at Weldon with the trains of the Wilmington and Weldon, Raleigh and Gaston and Petersburg railroads; at Portsmouth with the Bay Line Steamers for Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at Franklin with Steamers from Edenton, Plymouth and landings on the Blackwater and Chowan Rivers.

Apr-24-tc E. G. GHIO, Supt. Trans.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD CO.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., July 1st,, 1869.

On and after October 15th, 1867, Trains will run on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad as follows:

Mail Train leaves Raleigh..... 6 50 A. M.
Arrives at Weldon..... 2 00 P. M.
Mail Train leaves Weldon..... 10, 10 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh..... 4, 45 P. M.
Freight Train leaves Raleigh... 8 30 P. M.
" " arrives at Raleigh.. 12 00 P. M.

The Mail Trains make THROUGH connections with all points North.

A. B. ANDREWS, Supt. of Trans.

No. 28–tf.

PETERSBURG RAILROAD,
PETERSBURG VA.

GREAT THROUGH ROUTE.

THE PETERSBURG RAILROAD HAS BEEN

Completed to the Steamres Wharf

ON THE APPOMATOX RIVER,

Thereby avoiding all Drayage

THROUGH THE CITY.

ALL FREIGHTS

CONSIGNED

Care Agent Petersburg Railroad, Petersburg Va.,

WILL BE

Forwarded Free of Extra Charge

TO DESTINATION,

North or South!

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE

Petersburg at 6,00 a m, and 4 20 p m
Arrive at Weldon at 9,30 a m and 7,30 p m
Leave Weldon at 6,00 a m, and 3,00 p m
Arrive in Petersbug 9,10 a m, and 6,20 p m

No Change of Passenger Cars between

Weldon and Acquia Creek,

OR BETWEEN

WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK

R. B. PIGRAM, Gen'l Supt., Petersburg Virginia.

SCHOOLS.

Mrs Jones & Mrs Twitty's

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

WARRENTON N. C.

THE fall Session of this School will commence on Monday, July 26, 1869.

Competent Teachers will be employed, and every branch of female education thoroughly taught

Payment for half the Session required during the first week, and for the latter half of the session, the last week.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

THE Fall Session of this Institution will commence on the 18th day of August prox., and continue twenty weeks. Preparatory and Normal Departments, and a General Course of University Lectures will be opened. Entire expense, including board, $65 to $100. All the benefits of the Institution are offered, free of charge, to a limited number of residents in the State. Apply to the President.

SOLOMON POOL, Chapel Hill, July 9th, 1869. 6..

TAYLOE MARTIN & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

IRON, STEEL, BELTING

PACKING, WAGON, MATERIAL, &C.

Steam-Boat Rail Road and Mill SUPPLIES.

Corner Main St., and Market Square, NORFOLK VA.

No.-1-3m.

I Will Not Be With You Long.

Mother, place me at the window,
Let me see the morning sun,
For I'm dying, mother, dying,
Ere my life hath yet begun:
Place me where the birds are singing,
Let me hear again their song;
Mother' I shall soon be yonder!
I will not be with you long.
Angels now are 'round me singing:
Mother, hear you not their song?
See them all around me singing—
I will not be with you long.

Mother, press me to your bosom,
Shield me from the world's alarms;
You have been a constant lover—
'Round your daughter fold your arms;
For I am so weak and weary,
I who once was gay and strong:
Dearest mother, draw thee near me,
For I will not be with you long.

Oh! how well I now remember—
Dry thy tears, oh do not weep!
When you used to teach your daughter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Come and kiss me dearest mother,
Pardon every girlish wrong,
Ere the turf my form shall cover—
For I will not be with you long.

Ellen Mooney's Story.

BY MRS. L. K. BECKER.

Mrs. Jenny Brown was a teacher in the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, near New York city. Her room was in the southern corner of the great building, and from her window she could see the spires and domes of the great city, the steamers that go back and forth upon the Harlem and East Rivers, the sloping shores of Ward's Island, with its hospitals, and the narrow channel between the two islands, full of rocks and shoals—little Hurl Gate Rapids, whose noisy waters were never still, except when the tide was high.

It was an autumn night, cold and windy, and a bright fire cast its cheerful pictures on the walls, doubly inviting the cosy room where the young teacher sat.

A slight sound caused her to open the door. A dark figure was crouching there, that was recognized in a moment, as she said,

'Why, Ellen, come in, it is too cold for you in the hall; I did not hear your rap.'

I did not rap; I thought you might not want me, so I just curled down by the door.'

'O yes, I don't mind you, Ellen, at almost any time;' and so the poor child came in; a slight, frail girl of ten or possibly twelve years of age, with a fair face, large, blue eyes, more serious in their expression, even, than the mouth, that never smiled but in a kind of pitiful quivering of the lips, little like a beartsome, childish laugh.

She wore a dark calico dress, the uniform of the house, and strong stockings and shoes, much too large for her little feet. Her pretty hair was braided, but each stray hair took upon itself to protest against such a disposition of its golden treasure, by curling itself up close out of the way. She sat down in the corner, by the fire, and Miss Brown thought, as the light shadows played over her face, she had never seen a more interesting one.—Suddenly she said,

'Ellen, tell me your story.'

'Please tell me would Miss Brown like to hear it.'

'Why, yes, I would like to know what you ever did to be sent here; you do not seem to me to be a bad girl,' said the young lady.

The child's voice was hardly more than a whisper, as she answered, 'They said that I stole, but I didn't.'

'They? Who?'

'The man and woman I lived with.'

'Tell me all about it.'

'Nobody believes me.'

'Perhaps I shall.'

'It was only across the river, there,' she said, nodding her head in that direction, 'and though I don't like to stay here very well, sometimes I am so afraid Mis' Strong will come and take me away that I don't know what to do; but I'm not so 'fraid as I used to be at first, for I've been here two years, and I guess she won't come for me, now.'

'Did she treat you ill?'

'She used to beat me for everything, so I tried to run away; but she always found me and locked me up, and would give me nothing to eat for ever so long; and I was small then, and I got sick; then she tried to send me back to the Alms House—there's where she found me, first—but they wouldn't keep me, and so I staid a while longer, until, one day, she asked me where was the candlestick that belonged in her room. I didn't know, but she wouldn't believe me, and took me away to the city, into court or something, and a man there asked me if I stole the candlestick, and I said no, for I didn't and then he sent me here.

'O, how I cried, for Mis' Strong told me they'd half kill me here; but they haven't; everybody's good to me, only they don't believe me.'

'But had you no friends, Ellen?'

'I had a father and mother, and we used to live in Maine, and sometimes I try to find on the maps just where we lived, but I can't remember. I was so small when I came away, only it was in a country place. You see, my father went away from home, out west or somewhere, and while he was gone my mother took me and came to New York, and she fell sick and they sent her away, to a hospital, I suppose, and me to the Alms House, and I shall never see my father or mother again, if they are alive—for they can't find me and I can't find them—but I don't think I shall live long, anyway, so I don't feel so bad about it.'

'Poor child, it is a sad story,' said Miss Brown.

'Please tell me do you believe it?' she said, anxiously.

'Yes, Ellen, I believe you have told me what you think is the truth; but there must be some mistake, somewhere.'

Little more was said by either, for the bell rung for chapel, and with a kind good night, teacher and pupil separated. But, not long after, the teacher took occasion to visit the Alms House, where most of the children are received, and found that five years before Ellen Mooney had been bound out to Mrs. Strong, of —— street. She then went to this residence, but Mrs. Strong had moved away.

Remembering that the year referred to was one unusual for cholera, she visited those hospitals where most patients were received, and here, too, she was successful in learning that Mary Mooney was received and discharged.

Then she had not died; but it seemed unavailing to try to find her, and perhaps, if found, Ellen might not be benefited. You see Miss Brown was accustomed to strange stories and with strange people in the House of Refuge. Everybody sent there was suspected, and so she said nothing, only once or twice she asked Ellen if she couldn't remember the name of the place where they lived, in Maine.

'No, she remembered only that they lived in a red house in the country, and it was somewhere in Maine.

One beautiful November day, a plain man and woman were shown into the school room.

'These persons wish to see Ellen Mooney,' said the officer; 'let her be called.'

The girls were all in the yard, nearly a hundred of them, scattered in groups, walking up and down in the pleasant sunshine. But Ellen Mooney, when wanted, was found by herself, looking dreamily off over the water, and mingling no more with those about her than the first day she entered.

When called by the matron she came up.

'A man and woman are here, Ellen, to see you.'

She gave a frightened look 'Not—not Mis' Strong. Please tell me;' and she caught the matron's dress.

'These people say they once had a little girl whose name was Ellen Mooney.'

'O, please tell me where they are,' and the words were almost a groan, as she followed the matron.

'Here, my child,' as she opened the door where the visitors had been shown. The woman stood with her back toward the door, looking through the window. She turned—She gave but one look, and, seemingly, but one step, and, without a word, clasped the child in her arms.

'I closed the door,' said the matron, 'thinking that a sight too sacred for strangers to gaze upon. Not a sound broke the stillness but suppressed sobs.

'Half an hour after, I opened the door to say the time of the visit had expired, and Ellen was sitting on her father's knee, one arm around his neck, while the other was clasped in the mother's trembling hands, and now and then kissed by the lips that could not trust themselves with words. One braid of hair had fallen loose, and the golden strand rippled over the father's dusty, well-worn coat as though it rejoiced in being free.'

Ellen went with her father and mother, down the broad walk bordered with the still lingering autumn flowers, in the soft, November sunshine, and was seen no more.

Handkerchiefs made from the ramie fibre are extensively old and used in New Orleans. They equal linen in softness and fineness of texture. The cultivation of the plant has commenced in Louisiana on a large scale.

Josh Billings Paper.

THE RACCOON AND THE PETIFOGGER.

The Raccoon iz a resident ov the United States ov America; he emigrated tew this country soon after its discovery by Columbus, without a cent, and nothing but his claws tew get a living with.

He iz one ov them kind ov persons whose hide iz worth more than all the rest ov him.

He resides among the hollo trees, and cultivates the cornfields and nabring gorden sass for sustenance, and understands his bizness.

His family consists ov a wife and three children, who live with him on the inside ov a tree.

He can alwus be found at home during the day, reddy tew receive calls, but his nights are devoted tew looking after his own affairs.

He dresses in soft fur, and his tail, which iz round, has rings on it.

These rings are ov the same material that the tail iz, and are worn on all occasions.

During the winter he ties himself up in a hard not, and lays down by his fireside.

When spring opens he opens, and goes out to see how the chickens hav wintered.

His life is as free from labor as a new penny, and if it wasn't for the dogs and the rest ov mankind the rackcoon would find what everybody else has lost—heaven upon earth.

But the dogs tree him and the men skin him, and what there is left ov him ain't worth a cuss.

He iz not a natral vagabond, like the hedgehog and the alligator, but luvs to be civilized and liv among folks, but he haz one vice that the smartest missionary on earth kan't redeem, and that iz the art ov steeling.

He iz seckond only tew the crow in petite larceney, will steal what he kant eat nor hide.

He will turn over a barrel ov apple sass just for the fun ov mauling the sass with his feet, and will pull out the plug out ov the molassis, not be he can't luge enuff enny better than the molassis has got a good daub tew it.

I hav studied animal deviltry for 18 years; be kause the more deviltry in an animal, the more human he is.

I can't find, by sarching the passenger list, that Noah had a conn on board, but I am willing tew bet 10 pound ov mutton sassage that mister coon and hiz wife commuted by stealing a ride.

I never knu a rackcoon tew want ennything long that he could steal quick.

Ennyboddy who has ever looked a coon right square in the face will bet yu a dollar that he iz a dead beat, or under five hundred dollar bonds not tew go into the bizziness for the next ninety days.

I hav had tame coons by the dozen—they are az easy tew tame as a child if yu take them young enuff, but I kant advise ennybody to cultivate coons; they want as mutch looking after az a blind mule on a tow-path, and there aint enny more profit in them than thar iz in a stock dividend on the Erie railroad.

I never waz out ov a pet animal since I kan remember till now, but I hav gone out ov the trade forever; lately I discovered that it was a good deal like making a whissel out of a cat's tail, ruining a comfortable tale, and reaping a kursid mean whissel.

Rackcoons liv tew be sixty-five years old if they miss the society ov men and dogs enuff; but thare aint but few ov them die ov old age. The Northwestern Fur Company are the grate undertakers of the coon family.

I feel sorry for coons, for with a trifle more brains they would make respectable pettifoggers before a justice ov the peace; but even this would not save them from final perdishun.

Nature don't make enne mistakes after all; she hits the bull right in the eye every time. When she wants a rackcoon with rings on his tail she makes him, and when she wants a pettifogger she knows how tew make him without spileing a good coon.

Pettifoggers, no doubt, have a destiny tew fill, and they may enable a justiss ov the peace, in a cloudy day, tew know a good deal less ov the law than he otherwise would; still for all this, if I was obliged tew pray for one or the other, I think now I should say, give us a little more coon and a good deal less pettifogger.

If the rackcoon would only give his whole attenshun to politics thar ain't but few can beat him. He is at home on the stump; and menny on us old coons kan rekolekt how, in 1840, with nothing but a hard cider diet, he swept the country from north to the south pole like a cargo ov epsom saltz.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Josh Billings on George.

Josh Billings relateth his first experience with the gong thusly:

I can never eradicate holi from my memory the sound of the first gong I ever heard—I was setten on the front stupe of a tavern in the sitty ov Buffelo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevens fur and nere were blushing at the performance. The Ery Kanal, with its gulden waters, was on its way tu Albany, and I was pensin the line ov hoss a hosin it, and thinkin or Italy (where I used to live) and her gondolers. My entire sole, as it were, woz in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actualy grew. There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with; there are times when a man breks luse from himself, when he sees spirits, when he can almost tuch the muse, and feels as tho he cud fil both hands with the stars ov heven—almost aware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the course ov true love never did run smuth (this was Shakespear's opinion, too). Just as I wos doing my best—dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, rip, whang, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dummer, dum—with one tremenjus jump, I struc the center of the sidewok, with another I stood in the middle of the street, snorting like an Injine pony at a band of musik. Gasin in wild despair at the tavern stand mi hart swelled up as big as an out door oven, mi teeth were as luse as a string of bedes. I thought all the crockery in the tavern had fell down. I thot ov fenomenons. I thot of Gabrel and his horn. I was just on the pint ov thinking ov something else, when the landlord kum out to the front stupe ov the tavern, holding by a string the bottom of an old brass kettle. He kawled me gently with his hand, I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my feeres, he sed it wuz a gong, I saw the cussed thing. he sed supper wuz reddy, he asked me if I wud hav black or green tea, and I sed I wud.

The other evening there was a learned dissertation upon "bedbugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago I took a bedding to an iron foundry, and dropping it in a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constantly for the last six years, and the other day it broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen? that'ere insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been layin' like a frog, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs! 'But,' added he, by way of parenthesis, 'By George gentlemen, he looked mighty pale.'"

A Marriage Maker.

When Aytoun was making proposals for his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady informed him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject; you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. The anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words: "With the author's compliments."

Leading Southern railroads have agreed to pass delegates and honorary members of the Commercial Convention free. The Committee for arrangements for the Louisville convention have sent circulars to other roads asking favorable rates for delegates.

An itinerant merchant meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever feed him! that's a good 'un," was the reply. "He's got a bundle and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got no time to eat em."

A prominent physicial of Portage county, Ohio, relates a case within his knowledge where a boy, now some 15 years old, has used tobacco since the age of five months old, being a nervous and fretful child, a plug of tobacco was placed in his mouth, and produced a soothing effect. The remedy was often used during infancy and through the teething period, and before the child could talk plainly, he was a confirmed tobacco-chewer.

The Holy Sepulchre, which furnished the ostensible pretext for the Crimean war, is again breeding trouble, the priests of the Latin church declining to comply with the terms of the treaty which guarantees to the Greek church the sole possession of the new cupola, which has been recently enriched with a magnificent golden cross.

A Miss Grey, of Washington county N. Y., a milliner, thirty years old, was engaged to a young Englishman a few years ago. He died before the time fixed for the marriage, and left her seventeen millions of dollars. The natural heirs of the young man contested the will, but in vain, and the young lady is to receive the first installment of her large possessions in December next. Five millions of dollars are to be sent to her then, and the balance as soon as possible.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the style of Burrows and Williams, is this day disolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the firm are requested to come forward and settle with J. W. Williams,

Warrenton, June 1st, 1869.

BURROWS & WILLIAMS.

NEW FIRM.

THE public are respectfully informed that the business of ' by J. W. Williams, under the firm and style of J. W. Williams. The business will be complete in all of its departments, and no pains will be spared to give our patrons full and entire satisfaction. Our terms will be positively, *cash*. There will be no deviation from this rule—the basis of our business. J. W. WILLIAMS.

June-11-1869.

NOTICE.

FURNITURE,

Metallic Burial Cases,

Wooden Coffins!

OF all descriptions, made to order, and for sale, by E. C. WADDILL.

Warrenton, Jan. 5, 1869. 6m1

1869 SPRING GOODS. 1869

GEORGE R. SLEDGE,

AT HIS OLD STAND,

(Established February, 1843.)

CORNER OF MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS,

WARRENTON, N. C.,

Is now receiving from the North, where he purchased them in person, a complete variety stock, consisting of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Provisions,
Boots,
Shoes,
Hats,
Caps,
Tin and other wares,
Confectioneries,
Toys,
Fancy Goods,
Cigars and Tobacco,
and many other articles too numerous to mention.

The Public

Are respectfully invited to call and

EXAMINE HIS STOCK

The subscriber facilities for buying goods are surpassed by none, and with twenty-five years experience in business, he risks nothing in saying that cash buyers will find it to their advantage to examine his stock, before buying elsewhere.

April—24—1y GEO. R. SLEDGE.

DR. G. A. FOOTE

Has removed to his former residence on the lot formerly occupied by Mr. S. N. Mills, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.

INSURANCE.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

NOW AT

92, 94, 96, & 98 BROADWAY.

PERMANENT OFFICES,

Nos. 116, 118, 120, 122 & 124

BROADWAY.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, President. H. B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Treasurer. J. W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

HUTCHINSON BURROUGHS & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

This Company the most vigorous and progressive in the world, offers to the public all the real advantages which can with safety be conceded to any Company,

ITS RESOURCES EMBRACE

$7,000,000,

CASH ASSETS.

ITS ANNUAL INCOME, AMOUNTS TO

THE PRINCELY SUM OF

$4,500,000.

Its investments are confined by law to the most solid and reliable securities.

Its thrift and progress are unparalleled in the whole history of

LIFE INSURANCE.

All the profits of the Society, are annual- and may be used to reduce their second and subsequent

ANNUAL PREMIUMS.

It is prompt in the payment of all losses, having never contested a claim.

IT DEALS ONLY IN CASH,

neither receiving notes nor paying them out, in liew of CASH, when its policies become claims.

It issues all the most desirable kinds of Life and

ENDOWMENT POLICIES.

Such policies, may be drawn in favor of the assured, or of relatives, or of creditors, or others, with profits; and after the specified time, have a cash value of a very considerable proportion of the amount of premiums therein paid.

Policies in NOTE COMPANIES, have comparatively no cash value whatever.

For further information, rates &c., apply to Wm. J. WHITE, Agent, Warrenton, N. C.
DR. THOS. E. WILSON, Examining Physician.

No 3-1y.

1869. Spring Goods. 1869.

I WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM my patrons and friends, and the public generally, that I am now receiving and opening a new supply of SPRING and SUMMER DRESS GOODS, of the latest styles, Lady's Hats and Shakers. Also a general assortment of Gentlemen's furnishing goods, Ready-made clothing, Hats, Boots, and Shoes, Hosiery, Notions, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery &c.

GROCERIES.

A FRESH supply of Sugar, Coffee, Table Salt, fresh corned Herrings, and Shad, Cod Fish, Bacon, Lard Flour, Molases, (always on hand) fresh Corn Meal at the lowest prices, all kinds of Soaps, Tea, Pepper and Spice, Moco, Concentrated Lye, Bladder and Bale Snuff, Powder and Shot, Musket and Gun Caps, Starch &c., &c.

CONFECTIONARIES.

CANDIES, Cakes, raisins, Pea-nuts, Sardines, fresh cove Oysters, Pickles, and every thing usually kept in a variety Store, which I am selling at the lowest prices for cash.

Thankful for past favors, I hope to continue to merit the same by strict attention to business, and an upright deportment.

JOHN A. HYMAN,

1 door West of Hyman & Arringtons, old store, Warrenton, N. C.

April-30-no-17-tf.

NOTICE

I have on hand several sets of Harness, which I am offering at low rates, for Cash, or Country produce at market price.

I guarantee entire satisfaction, having had 13 years experience in the business.

RICHARD ROWLETT.

No.-1-tf.