

The Monroe Enquirer.

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THE MONROE ENQUIRER

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William C. Wolfe,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Three Months, 50

ADVERTISING RATES:
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Obituaries, Fifty Cents per square.

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No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.

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D. A. Covington,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MONROE, N. C.

Will practice in all the Courts of this and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the collection of claims, and all business entrusted to his care promptly executed. Office over People's Bank.

Jas. F. Payne,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will practice in all the Courts of Union and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office Up-Stairs in the Court House.

C. M. T. McCauley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
MONROE, N. C.

Practices in the Superior and Supreme Courts of this State, and the Federal Courts.

DR. W. C. RAMSAY
Practicing Physician,

Having located in Monroe, offers his professional services to the citizens of Monroe and vicinity, and solicits a share of public patronage.

B. S. TRAYWICK & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS,

Having located in Monroe, offer their professional services to the public. One of them can always be found at the office, and the other will visit patients in the country when desired.

Office in the rooms over the People's Drug Store.

HORACE SMITH,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
FINE JEWELRY, FINE WATCHES, STERLING SILVER-WARE, SILVER PLATED WARE, SPECIALLY MADE.

MONROE, N. C.

FINE WATCHES repaired faithfully, and sent home as warranted.

Fresh Arrivals!
A LOT of Imported Wines and Brands just received at the well known and long-established First-class Drug Store of
W. H. SMITH & CO.

41-42.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING claims against the Estate of Harvey E. Stack, dec'd will present the same for payment without delay.

SARAH A. STACK, Adm'rs.
A. F. STEVENS, }
June 7, 1875. 2-42

WANTED.
A LOT of fat Beef Cattle and Sheep, for which the highest market prices will be paid.

AUSTIN & HOUSTON.
May 13, 1875-51-42.

FOR RENT!
A new and convenient Dwelling House, containing three rooms, with a fire-place in each room. Apply to
OGBURN & ARMFIELD.
June 5, 1875-2-42.

TOBACCO.
40 Boxes common to best grades for sale cheap for cash.
By A. F. STEVENS & CO.
48-42.

Selected Poetry.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrops, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight,
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hush! Oh,
hush!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn;
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone."

Selected Story.

NELLY'S SUBSCRIPTION;

OR, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"If you please, mem. Mrs. Dean Pinkney's in the parlor, and wants to speak with you."

Nelly waters threw up both her hands in dismay.

"Mrs. Dean Pinkney? Oh, I know, it's that odious subscription paper again, for the sufferers from the Chesington fire. What shall I do?"

"Be frank with her at once," said Laura Lisle, who was spending the morning with her friend, "and tell her you can't afford it."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Everybody else gives something and I should be mortified to death to have Mrs. Ross Richards or Marian Huntington call me mean and stingy."

"I don't believe in giving your coat according to your neighbor's cloth," said Laura, dryly.

"Nor I either—but what is a body to do? Oh, I must give something! And so Nelly went down stairs into the neatly furnished little parlor, where sat Mrs. Dean Pinkney, a prodigious old lady with a mole under the side of her nose, a visible beard on her upper lip, and such an amount of jewelry hung about her that she looked like a captive in black velvet and gilded chains.

"You'll excuse my calling on you at such a very early hour, Miss Waters," said Mrs. Dean Pinkney, surveying her victim through a gold eye-glass.

"Oh, not all," said Nelly, feebly.

"But," went on the old lady, "I thought you would esteem it a privilege to contribute your mite towards the needs of suffering humanity."

"Of course," said Nelly, nersily twisting the turquoise ring upon her finger, around and around.

"Here is the paper," said Mrs. Dean Pinkney. "The other ladies of the church have contributed liberally, as you will see. I hope that your hand and heart will be open also."

And Mrs. Dean Pinkney folded her beaded arms, and looked heavenward.

Nelly Waters glanced nervously over the paper. Mrs. Sylvester had put down twenty-five dollars—Mrs. Wrightlesley, twenty—Marian Huntington, twenty—Helen Canoble, ten—the other names became blurred before her eyes in the excitement and anxiety of the moment. She had supposed that a dollar or two would have been the extent of the contribution expected from her—but with all these antecedents before her eyes, how could she venture to inscribe her name for such a pitiful sum? And so, with shaking pencil, she wrote down "Ellen Waters, \$5.00," and gave back the paper, feeling inoffensibly small in the eyes of Mrs. Dean Pinkney.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said that lady, with a scarcely discernible ring of contempt in her smooth accents.

"Would it be convenient to you to pay the subscription now? Because," with a sort of grim chuckle, "I am quite a business woman, and I am making a ready-money transaction of it."

Nelly Waters blushed scarlet. When she had written down her subscription, she had intended to meet it at some future time—this sudden demand took her entirely unawares.—Mortified and bitterly embarrassed, she was about to mutter forth some excuse, when she suddenly remembered that her father had that morning given her five dollars to pay Bridget the laundress, and that the bill still lay in her pocket.

"Certainly—of course," she assented, with a little catch in her breath,

as, drawing forth the money, she saw it absorbed in Mrs. Dean Pinkney's great, gold-clasped portemonnaie.

So the great lady waddled out, and gliding into her chamber, told the coachman to drive to the house of her next victim, and Nelly Waters returned up stairs, feeling very like a squeezed orange.

"How much did you give?" asked Laura Lisle.

"Five dollars," Nelly answered.—"Exactly five times more than I could afford; but everybody else put down at least double that, and I was ashamed to appear stingy or poverty-stricken."

"Charity begins at home," said Laura, gravely.

And when Bridget Reilly came, Nelly was forced to put her off with excuses instead of cash.

"I'm so sorry, Bridget—but you shall certainly have the money next week."

Bridget's honest face clouded over. "But, Miss Nelly, the master told me I could have it to-day, sure. And the rent is due—and the board for my sister's ailing baby in the country, and—"

The consciousness of having done wrong did not sweeten Nelly's temper.

"There, there, Bridget, don't be insolent," said she, biting her lip. "I have told you once that you could not have the money until next week. If you will come then, I will try to accommodate you."

So Bridget went away, with slow steps and a heavy heart.

"Poor thing!" said Laura Lisle. "She looked as if she wanted the money. I am sorry for her."

"So am I," said Nelly, striving to speak lightly. "But what could I do?"

"I can't let you have the rent to-night, Mr. Nolan," said Bridget, sadly, when the little hump-backed man of whom she rented her one room made his appearance, as usual, at her door. Michael Nolan did not carry out the general idea of the "stern and griping landlord," being a mild, easy-going old man, whose heart was open to every piteous appeal.

"Not let me have it? But, Bridget, woman, I must have it!" cried he. "I can't make out the money for Jimmy's California passage without it—and the wife and children that are coming down to San Francisco to meet him, will be on expense another week. You promised me, Bridget, and I depended on your word."

"I know that, sir," said Bridget, meekly; "and if every one, gentle or simple, kept their word, there'd be less trouble in this world of ours. Miss Waters disappointed me, sir—and I'm as sorry as you can be."

"Not quite, I guess," said Michael Nolan, slowly. "Because my Jimmy's a wild lad, and has got into bad company, and another week among those lads won't do him any good. I was in hopes I could have got him off by the steamer that sails to-morrow, but if I can't I can't, and so there's an end of it."

And he turned away with a heavy sigh.

"Let me see the list," said old Mr. Gilsey, taking it from his wife's hand and scrutinizing it with eager spectacled eyes. "Ah! ah! yes, Ellen Waters, five dollars. And after Waters only this morning telling me he was 'straining every nerve to meet his necessary expenses,' and actually having the face to ask me for another five-thousand-dollar loan to tide over this tight place in his business affairs. I wonder if he calls this a necessary expense?"

"My dear, my dear," argued his wife "you forgot that this is in charity."

"Charity! Stuff and nonsense!" barked out the old gentleman, using Laura Lisle's very words; "charity begins at home. Well, at any rate, my eyes are opened. Waters may go elsewhere for his money, and I shall at once call in what I have already been fool enough to lend him."

Mr. Gilsey was as good—or rather as bad as his word—and two or three days afterwards poor Josiah Waters came home from his store with bowed head and melancholy face.

"Papa," cried Nelly, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Heartsick, child," the merchant answered. "Nelly, you must make up your mind to a great change in life. I have failed!"

"Failed papa?"

"George Gilsey, upon whom I depended for financial aid and tolerance, has suddenly turned against me. With his aid I might possibly have weathered the storm; without it my poor little ship has gone to ruin. I had told him how hard I was pressed; but it seems he caught sight of some charity subscription, in which your name was put down for a larger amount than he judged wise or judicious, and—"

"Oh! papa," sobbed out Nelly, "it was Mrs. Dean Pinkney's subscription. But I have ruined you."

"Don't fret my dear," said the old man, kindly. "You'll be wiser some of these days. And it's no use crying for spilt milk."

Poor Nelly! She was punished quite sufficiently for her sin. It was well that she did not read the paragraph in the daily paper wherein was chronicled the sad death of Michael Nolan's never-do-well son, who was killed in a drunken brawl on the evening of the very day on which he was to have sailed for California, had Ellen Waters paid the laundress, and the five dollars which went into Mrs. Dean Pinkney's purse for so-called charity.

And that was the history of Nelly Waters's subscription.

Miscellaneous.

Ring for the Water Boy.

A good story is told of a verdant one who was passenger in a railway express train, and became thirsty.

"Where's that 'ere boy with the water can?" he queried of his next neighbor.

"He's gone forward to the baggage-car, I suppose," was the reply.

"Well, d'ye s'pose I kin get him back here agin?"

"Certainly," said the other, "you have only to ring for him," and he nodded toward the bell line that ran above their heads.

No sooner said than done. Before any one could say "Alas!" the bell had seized the line and gave it a tremendous tug. The consequences were at once obvious; three shrill whistles were heard, half dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand still with a suddenness that startled half the passengers with astonishment, and caused every man near a window to hoist it and look out to see what was the matter.

In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came foaming into the car to know who pulled the bell rope.

"Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the offender, drawing all eyes upon him.

"You!" said the conductor. "What did you do it for?"

"Cos I wanted some water."

"Wanted some water?"

"Sartin; I wanted the water boy and my partner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him, as we do at the hotel, an' so I yanked the rope. Will he be along soon? An' by what in the thunder be you stoppin' for?"

The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession, was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait until he had got his train under way before he explained the mysteries of the bell rope to his verdant customer.

How TO GET ALONE.—Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, let it be a place of business. A large number of men get rich by sitting around the stores and saloons.

Never fool in business matters. Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick every stone in your path.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

A Successful Trick.

A young and skillful disciple of Robert London was some time ago traveling in the northern provinces of France, giving exhibitions in natural magic, in company with a young wag, now director of a printing establishment in Paris. In their wanderings they arrived at the town of R—, more renowned for its manufactures than for the natural brilliancy of its inhabitants. Here the receipts of the magician were absolutely nothing, and despair reigned in the hearts of our two adventurers. What was now to be done?

"By my faith!" exclaimed the assistant magician, "it will never do to say that we did not make our expenses! I have it! Let me write a poster for one or more entertainments, and if the attraction don't answer call me no assistant for a high priest of the large and intelligent audiences of our former entertainments, we have consented to perform the astounding feat of making the cathedral bell ring any hour indicated by any of the audience. To take place this evening. There, how will that do?"

"But how are you to fulfil the promise?"

"O, never mind. Am I not a worthy pupil of a skillful master? Leave that to me."

Night came, and with it a crowd of the curious. All went off well, and now came the feature of the evening. And one was asked to name a number.

"Four!" came from the crowd.

In fear and trembling the mighty magician extended his hands toward the cathedral, when one! two! three! four! boomed from the cupola. The cold perspiration started on the exhibitor's brow, and the audience shouted with delight and surprise.

"Encore! encore!" resounded from all parts of the room. "Again! What was to be done? But a voice from behind the curtain said—

"Go ahead, old boy—it's all right!"

With a shrill shriek the exhibitor repeated the feat, and again, and the spectators departed, filled with enthusiasm.

"What in the name of wonder have you been doing?" exclaimed the puzzled principal to his laughing assistant, as soon as the doors were closed.

"Why, I gave the bell-ringer five francs to stay in the belfry and ring as many times as I placed candles in the window, and I think it succeeded pretty well," replied the other, shaking the well-filled cash-box.

The next day, as they were starting in the cars, one of the city councillors came to them and begged that they would explain the miracle.

"It is magnetism, my friend," said the magician, with a grand flourish of his hand; and the magistrate departed, much edified.

KEPCHNER & CALDER BRO.,
Wilmington, N. C.

Sugar, Coffee and Tobacco.
20 Barrels Sugar,
75 Bags Coffee,
100 Boxes Tobacco.

For sale by
KEPCHNER & CALDER BROS.,
Wilmington, N. C.

Announcement.

Many citizens of Monroe Township not having been notified of the meeting alleged to have been held on the 10th inst. for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace in said Township, and considering the action of said meeting to be expressive of the sentiment of the people, would respectfully announce S. S. McCauley, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace.

MANY CITIZENS.
July 14, 1875.

1875. AGAIN! 1875

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY

AN ODD WAGON.—Jones, who is a very small man, bet Smith who is a tall man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the proceeding.

"Now, Smith, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What staid myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry you, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But Smith was indelible. He blushed at the bare thought of showing himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Jones—had won the bet.

A Good Story.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, N. H.:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cask. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it, and exclaimed:

"Why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again.

"There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole of it you needn't have it—I'll take a part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim cheese at the rate of forty-four cents a pound, the price of the wool.

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bed-room and wait a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I've accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare; so if one of you will step into No. 11, you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucerpan somewhere; but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travelers was the "odd man out."

DEAD IN A CRYSTAL COFFIN.—An interesting but melancholy discovery was made the other day at the foot of Mont Blanc. A block of ice, separated from the mass of the mountain by the thaw, rolled down into the valley. Upon closer examination it was found to contain enclosed the remains of the American John Blackford, who about three years since attempted an ascent, and has never since been heard of.

He evidently met with his death on that occasion, and has since laid in his cold crystalline coffin, which has preserved his body and clothing admirably. When found his features were unchanged, as if he had only breathed his last half an hour before.

FRANKLIN'S JOKE.—Tradition has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a young lad, he began the study of natural philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some marine acéphalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and, suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with some warm water, and the hired man rushed in with a garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened, sure." When they were out, Benjamin explained, that the articles alluded to were merely oysters.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

A good hymn for the Centennial would be Old Hundred.

About the best three physicians known are said to be Drs. Diet, Quiet, and Merryman.

An assessor asked a woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, proceeded to count them. She took him to the bee-hive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees.

"We have a line of bonds here that we should like to dispose of," said the mayor of an Indiana village to a railroad president. "What are they?" asked the president. "Vagabonds," answered the mayor.

Upon the death of her husband a woman married his brother, and when a friend saw the portrait of the first husband in the house, he asked, "Is this a member of your family?" "It is my poor brother-in-law," she said.

EXCLUDING AND INCLUDING.—A wag one day asked his friend; "How many knives do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself?" repeated the other in a heat. "Do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

A professor who stated that one cannot taste in the dark, as nature intends us to see our food, was disconcerted by a student's exclaiming, "How about a blind man's dinner?" But he recovered himself, and answered, "Nature has provided him with eye-teeth, sir?"

A young man in the vicinity of Mooresville carried his girl to Charlotte to see the Centennial, and while in one of his reckless moods, bought a ginger cake for himself, a package of snuff for his girl, and remarked, as he moved off Independence Square, "Sasie, if pap knowed what a spree I'm on he'd break my neck."

GRASS WIRE.—A short time since, two young ladies near Camberwell, England, were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husband's faces in a pail of water; which being brought, they exclaimed: "We only see our own faces!"

"Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.—"Ah, if I were only half as good a man as she is a woman!" said a loving husband to himself, tenderly regarding his wife through the crack of the half-open door of the room, where she was sitting with clasped hands and closed eyes, as if in holy communion with her Maker. "What a picture for an artist, just as she looks now—praying, no doubt, for her pastor!" Then he stole softly into the apartment, hoping not to arouse her, but she sprang toward him, eagerly exclaiming, "O, Charlie! 'I've been thinking ever so much if I hadn't better send that bonnet back to be retrimmed."

He was sitting upon the curbstone, holding the paper up before him, side-ways, and trying to read some advertisements. He didn't know anything about the goat coming toward him until he saw his head pop through the paper, and felt it land just about amidships. He was the sickest looking ducky for about half an hour that he ever saw, and when they got him warm and limber enough to see and breathe, he looked up and said, "Gomenen, dat's de third boat dat's bust her bilers an' sent me ashore. Is I gwine to git ober dis?"

FRANKLIN'S JOKE.—Tradition has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a young lad, he began the study of natural philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some marine acéphalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and, suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with some warm water, and the hired man rushed in with a garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened, sure." When they were out, Benjamin explained, that the articles alluded to were merely oysters.