

JOB PRINTING

ROSE R. HAND-PRINTERS, BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES, Add in fact, everything in the printing line, executed with rapidity, neatness, and at very low prices. PAMPHLET WORK A SPECIALTY.

Humor of the Day.

A water-spout - A temperance oration. - A goat, like many people, always puts in many "but's." - A tailor to his jour - Sew far, sew good. - A young glazier said: "We're doing a pane business, purty well." - Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite. - The fellow who was much struck by a woman lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow. - Motto of the good collector - Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day. - When a man occupies the sidewalk, do you say he slipped up, or slipped down? - Can it be truly said that the man who has dug one hundred feet into the ground for water gets along well? - A lady being asked by a young clergyman to knit him something nice, she shook her head and knit her brows. - "I'm going to move this spring," said a lady to her neighbor. "Well," said the reply, "I think the spring needs moving."

Blinds on Horses. For years we have condemned the practice of deforming an appearance by injuring physically the horse by the needless and foolish contrivances of blinds. The fabulous practice of carrying a stone in one end of the bag to balance the grain in the other is in balance compared to the relic of barbarism still indulged by teamsters. All the arguments in its favor are mere pretenses to hide such ridiculous practices. The blinds and the internal check reign demand the intercession of Mr. Bergh as the most serious and coolly premeditated wrong and cruelty to a noble animal. The horse is an intelligent animal and enjoys as well as a man the sights about him. And when he is treated rightly and has a full sight of all that is about him is more kind and tractable. Imaginary evils and bugaboos are always more frightful than real ones. Besides the discomfort of the horse, and the disfigurement of his appearance, blinds are injurious to the sight. It causes a sharp current between the closely pressed blinds and the eye - causing the lodgment of dust and dirt in that too tender organ, and it adds in accelerating the too frequent blindness. Think of his patience, his faithful service, his intelligent devotion, and leave off those torturing instruments - the blinds and check reins. Humanity demands it; the progress of the age demands it; but more than all the comfort and safety of that noblest of all animals demands it. - Iowa State Register.

Errors of Matrimony. The man and woman who marry together are bound for life by a solemn compact. If you strip marriage of all its sentimental language what is it but a simple binding arrangement between two persons for the natural advantage of each other? - Apart from the natural instinct that brings the sexes together, the one is looking for a helpmeet to add to his comforts, and the other for someone to sustain and protect her soft life. With these they take all the attendant risks, and trusting in the love they bear to one another, take each other for better for worse. Unfortunately, the warmth of the honeymoon cannot always be maintained; and abiding love must be based on mutual respect. Nothing can be more trying to love than the little faults which crop out after marriage, but as, in a most literal sense, we must take one another for better for worse we should try to look as kindly and as silently on those traits that give us annoyance as we can, knowing that the better we are able to bear them, and the less we are able to think upon them, the better will be for our peace of mind and happiness. Many marriages have turned out unhappy because of the lack of this mutual forbearance. Young people think they have made a mistake in marriage when the mistake is only in their own behavior since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the scolding or intemperate or sullen partner often has but herself to blame for the miser that brightens like the gates of Eden, and Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a life long misery, might, by a little self-denial and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighten like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy, golden days gone by. - A child's greatest enemy is worms. Who can calculate the misery and suffering a child has to endure who is infested with worms? Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will destroy and expel worms from both children and adults. Only 25 cents a bottle.

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DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS

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W. J. WOLFE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Professional Cards.

DAVIS & MARSH, Attorneys-at-Law, (Office over People's Bank) MONROE, N. C. Prompt attention given to all business connected with their care. March 17th, 1881. S. O. H. F.

C. M. T. McCAULEY, Attorney-at-Law, MONROE, N. C. Practices in the Supreme and Superior Courts of the State and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States. Will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Union, Mecklenburg, Stanley, Anson, and Richmond counties. Office in the Fourth District. J. E. TRAYWICK, J. W. STEPHENSON.

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DR. RAMSAY & CROWELL, Having associated themselves in the practice of medicine, tender their service to the citizens of Monroe and surrounding country. Office second door South Ashcroft's Drug Store, Monroe, N. C. Dr. Crowell has made diseases of the Eye a specialty. W. C. RAMSAY, M. D. T. A. CROWELL, M. D. July 31st 1880 8-4-15.

DR. GEO. W. GRAHAM, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Practice limited to the Eye, Ear, and Throat. Office over NISBET & BRO. 7-16-15.

A. H. CROWELL & SON, Dealers in General Merchandise. Depot St., Monroe, N. C. A Full Stock on hand all times, and the Lowest Prices Guaranteed. an26-75

MONUMENTS And Grave-Stone! First-Class Work! Lowest Prices! Designs and Prices sent by mail. S. B. BUIE, At Monroe, N. C.

JNO. M. FAIRLEY, COTTON BUYER, Commission Merchant. Office: Next Door to Post-Office. PAYS THE HIGHEST PRICES IN CASH FOR COTTON. Always buys - Summer and Winter. Will be glad to see his friends when they have Cotton to sell. 13-3m

CHARLOTTE Marble Works MONUMENTS & GRAVESTONES Of Every Description. PRICE LISTS And Drawings Furnished, on Application to JAS. A. JOHNSTON OPPOSITE P. O., CHARLOTTE, N. C. June 26-79

Read This! WE HAVE A SUPPLY OF LONG'S Prepared Chemicals. Ladies who want or have engaged them will please come and get them. It is not too late to compose either for cotton or corn. It is especially recommended by the best farmers for corn. HEATH & BORN, April 17, 1881.

A. T. LATTA.

MONROE BOOK STORE!!

ARITHMETICS, ALGEBRAS, ALBUMS and Abolition Tracts, BIBLES, BIBLE DICTIONARIES, AND COMPLETE HOMER, COPY BOOKS, AC. DICTIONARIES, DANIEL BOONE, DAVID HENRY HOUSE OWNER'S BOOK, ETC. HERMAN, FIRST TO FIFTH GRADES. GEOGRAPHIES, AND GRAMMARS, GOOD SCHOOL BOOKS. HISTORY BOOKS, HISTORIES, HEARTY WELCOME. INDELLIBLE PENCILS, ILLUSTRATED TESTAMENTS. JOHN W. FLETCHER'S TALK, JEFFERSON'S DAVIS, KEY TO ALGEBRA, SPENCEMAN'S KEY TO WRITERS, LIVES OF GREAT MEN, LITTLEWOOD'S MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN. NOTE BOOKS, NEW SCALES, NAPOLEON'S LIFE. OUTLINES OF HISTORY, OUR PETS. POETS, PICTURES, POCKET BOOKS. RACKENBOND'S COMPOSITION AND READERS, READY RECKONERS, AND STATIONERY, SCIENCE IN STORIES, SHERMANS, TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES, UNIVERSAL HISTORY. VIRGINIA ED. MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY. WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES AND SPELLERS, WELLOCK. WYLLIE'S BIBLES, HYMN BOOKS, AND OTHER FINE BOOKS. YOUNG MEN, COME TO MONROE BOOK STORE. YOUNG MEN ARE NOT KEPT AT BOOK STORES.

TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT WELL ACQUAINTED WITH ME I WISH TO SAY THAT, TEN YEARS IN THE SCHOOL ROOM, AND FIVE YEARS IN THE AGENCY BUSINESS, HAS GIVEN ME AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOOKS, AND MANY OF THE LARGEST AND BEST WHOLESALE BOOK PUBLISHERS IN THE UNITED STATES, WHICH HAS QUALIFIED ME FOR THE BOOK TRADE, IN WHICH I AM ENGAGED, HERE AND WHERE TO GET SELLABLE BOOKS ON THE BEST TERMS. A. T. LATTA, April 15th Next to the Post-Office.

PEOPLE

North and South Carolina!

WE HAVE IN STORE AN IMMENSE Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, purchased directly from first hands, which enables us to offer you Goods CHEAPER THAN EVER. Our Clothing, Boot, Shoe, and Hat Department is the LARGEST we have ever before offered in our store. We are offering SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to Country Merchants. We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

GROCERIES,

Also, Dealers in JNO. MERRIMAN & CO'S Ammoniated Dissolved Bone Ash, and other Acid Phosphate. Be Sure to Call and See me when you come to town. Old Stand: Next door to Ashcroft's Drug Store. JAMES E. STACK, Sept 16, 13-3m

FARMERS,

YOU ARE NOW LOOKING AROUND FOR YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES for the coming Winter, and you cannot consult your own interest in a more forcible manner than by examining my stock of ROME-MADE GOODS, before buying elsewhere. I am determined to sell better goods for LESS MONEY, according to quality, than can be bought elsewhere. I can my own leather, and can thus afford to sell at lowest prices. I also keep a good stock of HARNESSES, BRIDLES, &c. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR HIDES, TALLOW, BEESWAX. Bring me your Hides, and I will tan them, and make them up, and sell you the goods at very low prices. It is thus to your own interest to assist in building up home enterprises, and keep the money circulating here in your own county. Remember, I sell you hand-made work, and warrant every piece of it. If your family needs A SEWING MACHINE, it is also to your interest to examine the "DOMESTIC," before buying any other. I can sell you this machine in this section, and can guarantee them to be the best in the market. Be sure to give me a trial whenever you need any goods in my line. In the Old Monroe Hotel Building, South of the Court-house. A. A. LANEY, Oct 17-80

Poetry.

AT THE GATE. APPROPRIATE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Now the moonlight lover Round the moonlight path doth hover That his girl he may discover At the gate, 'tis late, Sharp at half-past eight he meets her, And in ecstasy he greets her, And to kiss her he tries her, Lover's last, last, last, And they swing upon the gate Till the moon's pretty face, Lots of sentimental chattering While he knaps, knaps, knaps, Over that gate, the maiden winning: While he feels against his face This of lace, lace, lace, And the more divine sensation of her tang, bang, bang, And he feels her fingers Where he does not want her to stop, And he feels her dress, whose is rose, rose, rose, And each eye a lovely glory, And her love a merriment, And they swing upon the gate, As with an airy leaping, Just watch that moonlight glow, Like a Western breeze, While the owls in every tree-top loudly hoot, And the parent lark the music of his throat, And the scottish pipers of his throat.

The Story Teller.

A FAIR EXCHANGE. BY JUDGE CLARK.

"Heigh-ho!" yawned Kate Morley "how very altered he is." The subject of the commencement was Granville Noyes, just come back from a year's travel to settle down as a married man pursuant to engagement. This evening he had made his first call on Kate since returning, and for the first time Ellen Talcott had an opportunity of passing judgment on her friend's choice of a sweetheart. "The change can hardly be for the worse," Ellen answered, "for I'm sure he's very good-looking."

Kate's reply was another yawn. The hour was late, and Kate and Ellen, who was the former's visitor, retired to their separate apartments.

Kate Morley and Granville Noyes had known each other from childhood. The intimacy of their families had naturally thrown them much together, and their attachment, in its origin, was one of those boy-and-girl affairs which rarely survive the period of maturity. That their case had proved an exception was due in part, perhaps, to the influence of relatives, in part to the mere force of habit, and in still larger part most likely to the fact that neither, before their engagement, had seen any one to like better.

Whether the change Kate Morley thought she saw in Granville Noyes was really in him or in herself, or how much George Wilbur, with whom she had formed a pleasant acquaintance lately, had to do with it, were questions which, in her own mind, had assumed no definite shape as yet. - Doubtless she still imagined herself a true and loyal, if not a very enthusiastic lover.

It was not till Ellen Talcott one day whispered a certain secret into Kate's ear that the latter had the least suspicion of the state of her own heart. The secret was that of a long-standing engagement between Ellen and George Wilbur, dating almost as far back as that between Kate and Granville Noyes.

Kate started at the name of her friend's affianced. The pallor that, for an instant, overspread her countenance, and the crimson flush that followed it, might have attracted Ellen's notice had she been less absorbed in the importance of her secret.

Kate's propensity to yawn after Granville Noyes' visits grew upon her daily, and at times she could hardly keep from yawning in his presence. Often she excused herself, and turned him over to her friend Ellen, who undertook the task of entertaining him with an obliging willingness for which Kate felt sincerely grateful.

As for the task, Ellen seemed to account it none - Mr. Noyes being, as she declared, most delightful company. At last it seemed almost as if his visits were meant exclusively for Ellen.

One evening Kate and Ellen were invited to a grand entertainment at a friend's house near the city. Many guests thronged the spacious halls and parlors, as well as the ample grounds about the mansion. Kate's companions had left her by herself for the moment, when a gentleman approached and spoke her name.

Kate turned and found herself face to face with George Wilbur, whom she had last met a month before. She blushed as she returned his greeting. An awkward pause followed, which was broken by Mr. Wilbur's inviting Kate to walk through the grounds.

She took his arm mechanically, and the two sauntered along the path comparatively secluded.

"Here's a nice place for a rest and a chat," said Mr. Wilbur, as they approached an arbor at the termination of the walk; and before Kate had time to reply, he led her to a recess at the farther end, which, excepting a narrow entrance, was shut off by a vine-covered trellis.

"A countryman from New Hampshire, who had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston, and when he beheld a youth whirling along on one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: 'Golly ain't that queer. Who'd ever spect to see a man ridin' a hoopskirt.'"

Waste Forces.

How to apply and economize the waste forces of the world are the problems which scientists and mechanics are constantly trying to solve. It is an undisputed fact that the most powerful natural agents have altogether escaped, or but reluctantly succumbed to, the guiding hand of man.

The force the young men expend in twirling their canes listlessly in the air, if seized upon and concentrated, would turn all the grinders in the world, but it wouldn't necessarily sharpen the wits of the cane twirlers.

The amount of breath blown through the lips of the world's whistlers, exclusive of that which shapes itself into a tune, would make a continuous trade wind that would send all the shipping of this country, including the navy, around the world and back.

The amount of wind "drawn in" on the off notes, attached to an automatic pair of forceps, would draw all the aching teeth of the universe, "without pain."

If the quick, jerky motion the young men affect when tipping their hats to their lady acquaintances could be utilized, it would furnish power for a catapult that would send every circus performer in the country clean through the canvas in search of a \$200 prize come.

The time wasted by young ladies in preparing their toilets that they may make a sensation on the streets would give three days extra "grace" to every outstanding liability in the world.

The smoke from cigars, pipes and cigarettes that is now all mingled with the atmosphere to its great detriment, if condensed and used would smoke all the bacon Chicago and Cincinnati cure.

The morning "ebon music" ever kindling the fire, which always results in an unpleasant, cross breakfast, could be adapted into one grand anthem of discord that would establish shouting communication with the moon.

The steady rise and fall of the material hand upon the rear basements of the young hopefuls of the land, all wasted, would furnish a trip hammer with force enough to forge an axle on which the world might turn.

The gentle swaying to and fro of the fan by the women of the world, if harnessed into one grand hurricane would set every windmill in creation running at such a lively rate that all the corn and wheat could be ground in flour by them.

The turning of the gates on their hinges as Arabella and Augustus fondly lean upon them, would furnish power enough to saw all the wood in the country. This doesn't say that Augustus had better be saving wood, but we think he had.

The burning of needless gas and kerosene, even though turned low, for the benefit of our courting population, is an awful waste. If it could be concentrated into one grand caloric furnace it would boil all the potatoes and roast all the meat that the world could eat at a picnic.

The continual steam of beer, gin and whisky that is pouring down the throats of our young men, would turn all the water wheels in creation, and we are not sure but it would, if fed to the Keely Motor, start the solar system along at a more rapid rate.

This list of waste forces could be extended without limit. We only drop these few hints in order to give a practical turn to the minds of those thoughtless individuals who are, for the most part, responsible for the great waste of power that is going on in the world. If you imagine that you were placed in the world for any purpose whatever, look out for the waste forces, and get about the business of your life in an earnest manner; the quicker the better. - Utica Register.

Cured Her at Last.

An old man up in Connecticut had a poor cranky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, and made her peace with Heaven, and then about 8 o'clock she got up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened.

The old man got sick of it finally, and went and bought a coffin, a real nice casker shroud, a wreath of immortals, with "Farewell, Mary Ann," worked in, and a bandful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screw driver besides the collection, he invited her to boller "die" once more.

"Do it," said he "and in you go, and this farewell business is over."

Mary Ann is at this moment cooking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family while they dry apples in the coffin up in the garret.

Origin of the Word "Dun."

The word "dun" is not entirely unfamiliar to the ordinary North American ear. It is not a word of sweet sound or delightful associations. It generally means that a man is undone. The coarse and persistent demand for filthy lucre at a time when we have hunted through every pocket we possess in vain hope of finding even the smallest coin that was ever deposited in a contribution-box is not exactly like a refrain of music. It may, however, be sadly interesting to know the origin of the word. There is a monetary glow of satisfaction in the sight of the maker's name on the saw with which the surgeon amputates your leg. We do not argue that it is a satisfaction that lasts very long, or that it is very profound in its character, but still there is the merest shadow of interest, not to put the matter in an exaggerated way, to the knowledge that the aforementioned saw is of good Sheffield make, and not one of those cheap instruments which a high civilization sometimes deals. In the reign of Henry VII a famous bailiff, named Joe Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. He was extremely dexterous in extorting money from unwilling pockets. When he was invited to "call again" he always accepted the cheerful invitation. Indeed, his habits were so profligate and he was so careless of the courtesies of life that he was apt to call even when no genial invitation had been extended. He was never much farther away than a creditor's shadow. Kate turned and found herself face to face with George Wilbur, whom she had last met a month before. She blushed as she returned his greeting. An awkward pause followed, which was broken by Mr. Wilbur's inviting Kate to walk through the grounds. She took his arm mechanically, and the two sauntered along the path comparatively secluded.

Original Wit.

We visited a colored school not long since. The teacher asked us if we would "zamin de pupile?" "Yes, we will try," we replied. As the grammar class came next he called it up. After hearing them recite, the teacher told us we could now examine them.

We asked one of them to form a sentence with the word "dead" in it. First pupil - "A deaf man can't hear."

Correct. Form a sentence with the word "blind" in it. Second Pupil - "Pull down the blind."

"Next give the definition of a mule?" Third Pupil - "A mule is a bird without wings, with four feet, two kick with and two to walk with."

"Next give the definition of a flea?" Fourth Pupil - "Flea, a little frisky animal always a-fixin and-a-fixin and never gets fixed at last."

Miscellaneous.

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Brought Him in Alive.

A party of soldiers "out West" not having much to do, resolved to go out bear hunting. They had been out about sixteen hours and had not seen a bear, and, being tired and hungry, returned to camp. On their arrival at head quarters they missed one of their companions, but thought nothing of it, one of them remarking: "He will return all right."

They made their camp-fire, and commenced preparing for supper. They had the coffee over the fire; one of them was slicing some potatoes, and the remainder sat around the fire waiting, when they were all startled by a terrible noise that seemed to come nearer to camp. Suddenly the bushes parted, and in rushed the missing man, his hair standing on end, his face deathly white, his gun gone, and his arms flying wildly in the air, as if grasping for imaginary objects, and about two feet behind came a great black bear. The bear was immediately shot by his comrades. The pursued soldier turned when he saw the bear drop, and looking at one of them said breathlessly: "Is he dead?"

"Why didn't you shoot him instead of running?"

"What do you take me for?" replied the missing one. "Do you think I was such a fool as to shoot him when I could bring him in alive?"

Good Advice.

Good Advice. - If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is a good thing, and he will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents a bottle.