

The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. III.

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THE MONROE ENQUIRER.

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No deviation from the terms under any circumstances.

Contract advertisements inserted at low rates.

VANCE, ADAMS & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MONROE, N. C.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Collections a specialty.
Office in the Court House.
Oct. 11, 1875-21-17.

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

Will practice in all the Courts of this and adjacent counties. Special attention given to the collection of claims, and to all business entrusted to his care promptly executed. Office up stairs, in Court House.
Oct. 11, 1875-21-17.

O. M. T. McCauley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MONROE, N. C.

And Solicitor in Bankruptcy.
Practice in the Superior and Federal Courts of this State, and the Federal Courts.

W. W. 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.
Oct. 11, 1875-21-17.

HORACE SMITH,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
FINE JEWELRY, SILVER WATCHES, STERLING SILVER, PLATED WARE, SPEC. TABLES, &c.
MONROE, N. C.
FINE WATCHES repaired faithfully, and promptly returned.
Oct. 11, 1875-21-17.

Just Received
A LOT OF MILES' Ladies Shoes,
BOTH LEATHER AND CLOTH.
ALSO
Blasting Powder & Fuse.
A. F. STEVENS & CO.
Aug. 6, 1875-11-17.

BURGESS NICHOLS & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FURNITURE, BEDDING, &c., &c.
Chamber and
Parlor Sets, Bed-
rooms, Bookcases, Wash-
stands, Bibles, Chairs,
&c., of every description.
A full assortment of everything pertaining to our business. We carry a large stock, and our offer induces the trade. We solicit a call.
5 West Trade Street.
R. L. OTTE, N. C.
Oct. 11, 1875-21-17.

Monroe High School,
Next Session begins January 10th, 1876.
Building new, large and well adapted. Health
proverbial. Pupils prepared for any College
or University. Board, \$40 per term at 20
weeks. Tuition \$15 to \$30.
For circular giving further particulars, ad-
dress,
J. D. HODGES, Principal.
Dec. 8, 1875-22-17.

MALE AND FEMALE

THE OLD
Elina Life Insurance Co.
With her \$200,000 Assets, and ready
cash of \$100,000 to pay Dividends
in full. 100 to 1000, does, offers
for 15c per day will give \$1,000, at 50 yrs of age.
100 to 1000, at 52, 1,000, at 55,
100 to 1000, at 58, 2,000, at 60,
100 to 1000, at 65, 3,000, at 70,
100 to 1000, at 75, 4,000, at 80,
100 to 1000, at 85, 5,000, at 90,
100 to 1000, at 95, 6,000, at 100,
Address me at Charlotte, N. C., for further
information.
J. N. F. BUTT, Agent.
Dec. 7-27-17.

Fresh Fish & Oyster Depot.
Fresh Fish and Oysters for sale or
served up in all styles, daily, at
J. N. WILLIAMS & CO'S.
Nov. 2-23-17.

Advertise in the ENQUIRER.

OGBURN & ARMFIELD,

MONROE, N. C.
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
The undersigned give notice that they are
still in the above business, at Monroe, and
have constantly on hand a fine lot of

HORSES AND MULES,
Of all grades, from the noble trotter and
steady pacer to the sturdy team and draft
horse. Our Mules are intelligent, as faithful
and diligent, as can be found in any
equine collection, and we feel warranted in
assuring the public that we can give as
good bargains in horses as can be obtained
anywhere in the State.

EXCHANGING
Besides the business of selling horses, we
also buy and swap. While we don't deny
that we can be beaten in a swap, yet to keep
things lively we are always ready for a trade.
So give us a call, all you who wish to buy, sell
or swap.

HORSE DROVERS
Will, at all times, find ample accommodations
for our stable for their guests, and we have
clean, airy stables, plenty of provender,
and reasonable charges.

LIVERY DEPARTMENT.
Horses and Vehicles hired, and carriages
driven to convey travelers to any point.
This branch of our business is never neglected,
and we are prepared at all times to
furnish any saddle horse, or team, and
carriage, at the most favorable prices.
Jan. 25th 30-17

THE "NATCHELLES"
AND MADE AT
BURDETTOGANS
HERIE, PENN.

Sent to the Burdett Organ Company, Erie, Penn.
for circulation.

P. P. TOALE,
Manufacturer of
Doors, Sash, Blinds,
FLOORING, &c.
DEALER IN
Builders' Hardware,
Paints, Oils, &c.
Sole Agent for
THE
National Mixed Paint Co.
THE GREAT AMERICAN
Fire Extinguisher Co.
Page Machine Belting Co.
SEND FOR PRICES
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES,
Nos. 20 & 22 Wayne, & 33 & 35 Pinckney Sts.
FACTORY AND YARDS,
Ashley River, West End Broad Street,
Charleston, S. C.
Oct. 5, 75-19-17.

OLD EYES MADE NEW!
"From experience, we know that
every person

OLD
enough to use G.
great difficulty in seeing such as
will prove satisfactory. Elderly
GENTS AND LADIES
can get rid of this difficulty by going
to H. SMITH'S JEWELRY STORE, where
they will find a great quantity of
Spectacles

MADE
expressly to save the eyes from
losing their sight, and any one procuring
a pair of those fine pebble glasses
will see as when

YOUNG.
A great quantity on hand from
which to select a pair, and at prices
ranging from 25 cents to \$3.00.
H. SMITH.
Dec. 7-27-17.

THE OLD
Elina Life Insurance Co.
With her \$200,000 Assets, and ready
cash of \$100,000 to pay Dividends
in full. 100 to 1000, does, offers
for 15c per day will give \$1,000, at 50 yrs of age.
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Nov. 2-23-17.

Advertise in the ENQUIRER.

OUR CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Somehow, and yet I can't tell how,
I fell so very queer;
Oh, yes! I think I have it now—
'Twas that last drink of beer.

You know a fellow has to taste
Whatever is set out,
And then, it would be rude to waste
Good things, beyond a doubt.

So as I trudge about the town
To make my Christmas bow,
The people all, will gather round
And treat me anyhow.

No wonder, then, I feel so queer,
As still I plunge along
Right in the midst of Christmas cheer,
Whistling my Carrier's song.

Nobody ever turns me off,
But all seem glad to see
A chap like me, his bowler doff,
To claim the Carrier's fee.

They know how oft, mid snow and sleet
And rain and mud and sleet,
I've brought the Enquirer's well-filled
sheet.

To poor as well as rich.
I've brought them news of every sort,
About all kinds of things:
How men have quarrelled and then
fought,
And nations changed their kings.

I've told of accident by flood
And accident by storm,
Of armies shedding human blood,
And crime in every form.

I've been the first to bring the news
Of victory or defeat,
When at the polls the people choose,
To fill a vacant seat.

Our roosters may have crowed too soon
Upon some frosty morn,
And people said they bayed the moon
Or else, they wanted—corn.

But notwithstanding, none can say
We have not faithful been,
In gathering items every day,
For those who took them in.

Of corn and cotton, chops and chicks,
I've told the price each week;
Of bacon, butter, bread and bricks,
I've never failed to speak.

Sometimes a circus comes to town,
And people want to know
Whether it has a decent clown,
Before they care to go.

Sometimes a strolling vagabond
Will ring the court house bell
And not a soul can there be found
His worthlessness to tell.

Then 'tis I come to let you know
The truth and nothing less,
And if I can't be very sure
At least I make a guess.

I know you could not do without
The Enquirer in this strain
And therefore 'tis I bring it out
And throw it in your gate.

You like the paper well, I know,
And wish to "stop it"—never;
Though "men may come and men
may go,"
Let it "go on forever."

'Twill help you lovers, one and all,
To watch its columns well,
For sometime, ere the coming Fall,
Your fortune it may tell.

'Twill help the ladies, bless their hearts,
To read with strict attention
The murders caused
Too soon.

But it will help me more than all
To have each one remember
The faithful carrier's Christmas call
This morning in December.

Don't think, with all my other faults,
I'm rich as any Jacob Astor
Nor that I live on Epsom Salts
And munch on oil of Castor.

Like other boys, I have a taste
For turkey and for candy
And when I have to dine in haste
Relish whatever's handy.

And now for this sublime Address
I only charge a quarter,
And pay it, or in deep distress
I'll always think you sorter.

An old farmer, who feared neither
God nor man, hired a devoted negro,
and to get some Sunday work out
of him he would always plan a case of
"necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday
would put that point to the man's
rectitude; he would "work no more
on Sundays." The master then
argued with him that it was a case of
necessity; that the Scriptures allowed
a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath
day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes,
mass'r," rejoined the black, "but not
if he spend Saturday in digging de pit
for de very purpose."

Miscellaneous.

"DISHAROONS."
Years ago, in a town on the Ohio
River, a man named Disharoons kept
a restaurant, and, as an attractive
feature of it, he had his name beauti-
fully embellished on the front of the
place, and tastefully festooned in the
show-windows with ruits and game,
and rare, luscious things that lured
hungry men. One day a tall, cadaver-
ous-looking chap came in from
Graves county on his way to the
Legislature, of which he was a newly-
elected member. He was dressed in
Kentucky jeans of the pale yellow
shade known as "fried jeans," and he
had a pair of saddle-bags on his arm,
containing a Bible, an almanac, pub-
lic documents, country papers, red
bandanna handkerchiefs, articles of
clothing, a twist of tobacco, and a
bottle of whiskey, besides some herbs
to make tea if he got sick at the State
Capital. He had never been so far
away from home before; everything
was new, and he was as uneasy as a
cat in a strange garret. He stood
on the street-corners, staring at the
long streets and blocks of buildings
in wondering awe, in the great city of
ten thousand inhabitants; his country
town of seven hundred souls was the
largest he had ever seen before. He
was hungry all over; his eyes were
hungry for sights; his ears for strange
sounds; and there was a gnawing in
his bread-basket for some of the de-
licacies of the restaurants he had read
of, but never seen; so, when his eyes
rested on "Disharoons," he was rivet-
ed to the spot—nailed to the sidewalk.
Now he had heard that folks
eat mushrooms in cities, and he sup-
posed disharoons were synonymous;
so he reached out with his long feet,
and went into that restaurant with
the stride of a gorilla, and, spreading
his saddle-bags and hat and overcoat
over the chairs, he said he'd take a
plate of disharoons.

The waiter thought he wanted to
see the proprietor, and told him he'd
have to wait a while until he came in.
Neither of them understood the other,
so the Graves county representative
waited, as he supposed, for the cook-
ing of the delicacy. The time drag-
ged on, and the representative got
tired of waiting, so he bawled out:
"Got darn it, why don't you bring
them disharoons along? You could
have cooked a pumpkin by this
time."

The waiter grabbed up his hat, and
started out to Disharoons. He
found him just preparing for a drive
with a young lady, and told him there
was a man waiting to see him, and
was mad as blazes because he had to
wait so long.

Disharoons told the young lady he
would return in half an hour, and
then he dashed off to see what the
fellow wanted of him.

"Well, what is it my friend?" in-
quired Disharoons of the gentleman
from Graves.

"What is it? Why, dog on it, I've
been waiting here half an hour for
them disharoons, and they ain't come
yet."

"Why, yes, I'm here. What do you
want?"

"Want? Why, got darn it all, I
want that plate of disharoons."

"Plate of what?" inquired Disharoons,
in astonishment.

"Plate of fried disharoons. By
golly! if you haint got any of them,
what the dence you got 'em on your
sign for?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Disharoons, with
a diabolical smile on his face, "that
is what you want; that's what I had
to give up my drive with a young lady
and come down here for, is it? Well,
you shall have a plate of disharoons
in five minutes; and out to the kitchen
the proprietor went, where he had
a fine, large Indian turp which a
friend had given him. Now, some-
body might not know what an Indian turp
is, but a Western man knows that if
you take a bite of Indian turp,
Cayenne pepper would then seem as
cold as snow, or a red-hot poker
would freeze your mouth up."

In five minutes Disharoons had
that turp sliced up on a plate and
all festooned with chowchow and bits
of cheese, attractive enough to tempt
the gentleman from Graves to the
ruin.

"You may find the disharoons a lit-
tle hot, my friend," said the proprie-

tor, apologetically. "Sometimes they
are pulled a little fresh."

"Oh! I'm sure hot things, you bet,
replied, the representative from
Graves, as he took up the knife and
fork for the anticipated delicious meal,
while the proprietor made himself
scarce in a remarkably short time."

The representative from Graves
county picked out a large slice and
laid back the top of his head, while
his paw rested on the table, and he
started that turp under his grind-
ers, and closed on it like a tankard
crusher. Then he gave one long-
drawn, terrific yell, and upset the
table and chairs, and he went through
a frantic war dance that would have
been the envy of a Comanche savage.

He walked around that saloon on his
toes; he banged things around with
his long arms; he howled like a dog
with his tail caught in a door; he
emptied vinegar-crucets and salad-bot-
tles down his throat; he crumpled his
mouth with butter, and he would have
turned the Falls of Niagara down his
throat if he had it there. At last
seventeen men got him still, and
swabbed him out with cream and
sweet oil; and then, with his mouth
feeling like a coal-mine that had been
on fire for six weeks, he grabbed his
saddle-bags, and coat and hat, and
struck a bee-line for the Louisville
steamboat; but the joke followed him
to the State capital, and ruined his
usefulness for that session. The best
of the joke, however, is, that he is
now a Congressman from another
district in Kentucky, and if you want
to arouse in him "thoughts that
breathe and words that hurt," just
say "disharoons" to him.

Mis-spent Evenings.
The boy who spends an hour of
each evening lounging idly on street
corners, wastes in the course of a
year three hundred and sixty-five
precious hours, which if applied to
study would familiarize him with the
rudiments of almost any of the fami-
liar sciences. If in addition to wast-
ing an hour each evening he spends
ten cents for a cigar, which is usually
the case, the amount thus worse than
wasted would pay for ten of the lead-
ing periodicals of the country.

Boys think of these things. Think
how much time and money are you
wasting and for what? The gratifi-
cation afforded by the lounge on the
corner or by the cigar, is not only
temporary but positively hurtful.

You cannot indulge in the practices
without seriously injuring yourselves.
You acquire idle and wasteful habits
which will cling to you with each
succeeding year. You may in after
life shake them off but the probabilities
are that the habits thus formed
in early life will remain with you till
your dying days.

Be warned then in time, and re-
solve that as the hour spent in idleness
is gone forever, you will improve
each passing one and thereby fit
yourselves for usefulness and happi-
ness.

The Light-House of Calais.
The keeper of the light-house at
Calais was boasting of the brightness
of his lantern, which can be seen ten
leagues at sea. A visitor said to
him, "What if one of the lights
should chance to go out?" "Never!
impossible!" he cried, horrified at
the thought. "Sir," said he, point-
ing to the ocean, "yonder, where
nothing can be seen, there are ships
going by to all parts of the world. If
to night one of my burners went out
within six months would come a let-
ter perhaps from India, perhaps from
America, perhaps from some place I
never heard of, saying, 'Such a night
at such a hour, the light of Calais
burned dim; the watchman neglected
his post, and vessels were in danger.'
Ah sir, sometimes in the dark nights,
in stormy weather, I look out to sea,
and feel as if the eyes of the whole
world were looking at my light. Go
out? burn dim? Never!"

"Ye are the light of the world."
"Let your light so shine before men."
Selected.

An old lady down east, after having
kept a hired man on liver near a
month, one day said to him: "Mr.
Smith, I don't know you like liver."

"Oh yes," said he, "I like it for fifty
or sixty meals, but I don't think I
should like it for a steady diet." The
parsimonious old lady served up
something else for the next collation.

A Strange Wedding Fee.

A clergyman who was formerly
located in this city, but is now in New
York, married, a little over a year ago,
a couple who at once started for
Europe and have recently returned.

The bridegroom was a gentleman of
wealth, and before he presented him-
self before the bridal altar he placed a
\$100 greenback in his vest pocket to
give the parson for the marriage fee
and did pay it to him as he supposed.

While crossing the ocean he discover-
ed, greatly to his astonishment, the
bill in the pocket where he placed it,
and could account for its presence
there only on the theory that he must
have had another bill of a different
denomination which he had donated
to the clergyman by mistake.

On getting back to this country he
determined to solve the mystery, and
waited upon the reverend gentleman,
who did not recognize him, and in-
quired if on a certain date he did not
marry a certain couple. The clergy-
man remembered the occasion perfect-
ly. "I know I am about to ask an
impertinent question," said the visitor,
"but I should like to be informed
what fee you received for performing
the ceremony?" The clergyman was
not prepared to make any disclosure,
naturally being astonished that his
interviewer should propound such a
question, but upon an explanation
being made that the gentleman him-
self, whom he then recognized, was
the one he had married, he said that
he would, of course, gratify him, since
he was so anxious to know. "I re-
ceived," he then went on to say, "a
very small quantity of fine cut chew-
ing tobacco, folded in a very small
piece of paper." That was enough;
the only thing remaining to be done
was to apologize, laugh heartily, shake
hands, and make the \$100 deposit
good. —Hartford Courant.

Vulgarity.
We have a friend that never spoke
a "vulgar word." He is a minister
and a writer of ability. "I resolved
when I was a child," said he, never to
use a word which I could not pro-
nounce before my mother without
offending her." He kept his promise.
He is a pure-minded, noble, honored
man to-day. His rule and example
are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low,
vulgar words and expressions, which
are never heard in respectable circles.
The utmost care on the part of pa-
rents will scarcely prevent it. Of
course we cannot think of girls as be-
ing so much exposed to this peril—
We cannot imagine a decent girl us-
ing words she would not give utter-
ance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some
boys to be "smart;" the "next thing
to swearing," and yet not so wicked.
It becomes a habit; it leads to pro-
fanity; it fills the mind with evil
thoughts; it vulgarizes and degrades
the soul; it prepares the way for many
of the gross and fearful sins which
now corrupt society. —Christian
Neighbor.

"My Husband."
Can there be found sweeter, dearer
words to a fond, loving wife, than
these, "My husband?" He is her life,
her world, without him existence
would be a dreary blank. Should ad-
versity and disgrace darken his name,
she but loves him the more for his suf-
ferings. No music is sweeter to her
ear than his welcome step and voice.

No picture that hangs on memory's
wall, more beautiful than her bridal
eve, when she vowed to love, honor
and obey him, her idol, her soul's wor-
ship. She would not wish the wings
of time to pluck from her memory one
word of love, or an act of devotion
from him to her, ah, no! she prizes
them more than earth's riches. She
would not wish Fame's hand to twine
one garland round her brow, that was
unshared by him. Her love spreads
beyond herself and reaches far into fu-
turity. She pictures him in her mind's
eye as aged and infirm, lingering on
the shores of time, awaiting for the
last dread summons to wait his im-
mortal soul to the regions of the
blest. Does her love cease then, or
grow cold? No, it grows brighter
and brighter, until she, too, joins her
loved one, her husband, in the land
where all is love, joy, peace and hap-
piness. —Selected.

Buy your coal early this year if you
don't want to pay a red-hot price for
it.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

High time—a tower clock.
A drawing-room—a dentist's office.

If you wish to enjoy constitu-
tional liberty, don't wear a pull back
dress.

Why is letter q the handiest in
the alphabet? Because when its in
use you always find it before u.

The legal question which is exer-
cising the lawyers of New York is,
"Does a cow become real estate when
she is turned into a field?"

An Irishman was once asked if he
had ever seen a red blackberry. "To
be sure I have," said Pat; "all black-
berries are red when they are green."

"What is conscience?" asked a school-
master of his class. "An inward
monitor," answered a bright little fel-
low. "And what's a monitor?" "One
of the iron-clads."

"My landlady," remarks a man,
"makes her tea so strong that it breaks
the cups." "And mine," said another,
"makes hers so weak that it can't run
out of the pot."

"My articles do not receive a very
warm reception of late." "Our far
correspondent is mistaken," replied
the editor; "they meet with the
warmest reception possible. We
burn them all."

Uncle Levi—"Now, Sammy, tell
me, have you read the beautiful story
of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh, yes, uncle."
Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did
they do when they sold their brother?"
Sam—"They sold him too cheap, I
think."

It has been discovered that the
average life of a flea is eight months,
and when you see a man scratching
his back against the edge of a wood
shed door just tell him that he is
wasting time.

A fond husband boasted to a friend
"Toni, the old woman came near
calling me honey last night." "Did
the, Bill? What did she say?" "Well,
old Bees-wax, come to supper."

A few weeks since a Chicago drum-
mer saw a young lady plowing a field
in Macoupin country, Ill. He stop-
ped to ask: "When do you begin
cradling?" "Not until the heads are
better filled than yours," was the sen-
sible reply. The young man passed
on musingly.

"See here, conductor, why don't
you have a fire in this car?" "Well,
you see, one of our directors is a
clothing man, and another is a doctor,
and another is a drug store keeper,
and another runs a tomb-stone fac-
tory, and you know in this world peo-
ple must 'live and let live.' So you
see—" "All right, sir; go ahead with
your coffin."

As a colored resident of Detroit
was breasting the storm, with a new
umbrella over his head, he was halt-
ed by a friend and brother, who asked,
"Is dat your umbrella?" "Yes,
sah—cost me \$2," was the prompt re-
ply. "Mr. Savage," said the other,
very solemnly, when a man will buy a
\$2 umbrella to keep the wet off a
fifty-cent suit of clothes, what de use to
talk about economy?"

A resident who reached Detroit by
a noon train lately, after an absence
of two weeks, was met at the depot
by his eight year old son, who loudly
welcomed him. "And is everybody
well, Willie?" asked the father. "The
welliest kind," replied the boy. "And
nothing has happened?" "Nothing
at all. I've been good and Jennie's
been good, and I never saw ma be-
have herself so well as she has this
time!"

AFTER MORE.—An old gentleman,
who was always boasting how folks
used to work in his young days, one
day challenged his two sons to pitch
on a load of hay as fast as he could
load it. The challenge was accepted,
the hay wagon driven round, and the
trial commenced. For some time the
old man held out: "More hay! more
hay!" At length, struggling to keep
on the top of the disordered heap, it
began to roll, then to slide, and at
last off it went from the wagon, and
the old man with it. "What are you
doing down here?" cried the boys.
"I came down after hay," answered
the old man, standing in the hay.

T. C. CRAFT, Charlotte, N.

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examined them, among whom
as being the best and purest ma
st valuable roots, barks and her

the Stock of
Water Goods

Depot street.