

THE MONROE ENQUIRER. PUBLISHED BY William C. Wolfe, Editor and Proprietor.

The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. III. MONROE, N. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1876. NO. 35.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Square, of ten lines, first insertion, \$1 00... Contract advertisements taken at low rates.

Subscription Rates: One Year, \$2 00; Six Months, \$1 25; Three Months, \$0 75.

Attorneys & Payne, Attorneys at Law, Monroe, N. C.

D. A. Covington, Attorney at Law, Monroe, N. C.

Dr. W. C. Ramsay, Practicing Physician, Monroe, N. C.

Horace Smith, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Monroe, N. C.

R. M. Robinson, Fashionable Tailor, Monroe, N. C.

Monroe High School, Male and Female.

Dentistry, B. S. Traywick, Operative & Mechanical Dentist, Monroe, N. C.

Dentistry, B. S. Traywick, Operative & Mechanical Dentist, Monroe, N. C.

Fresh Arrivals! Just received at the Confectionery of Mrs. C. E. Wolfe, a lot of Peaches, Apples, Northern Apples, Mountain Honey, Apple Butter, Plain and French Candies, Jellies, Canned Fruits, Fire Works, &c., &c.

Fresh Bread and Cakes Always on Hand.

SEND 50c to Galt, P. Rowell & Co., New York, for Book (97th edition) containing lists of 2000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

Selected Poetry.

WHEN WE WERE POOR TOGETHER.

When we were poor together dear, I never saw the dark... When we were poor together, dear, How bright our little cot...

Rest we as sweet and peacefully.

Rest we as sweet and peacefully, In this, our stately home? Our giraffe port in silks and gems...

You fret that I cannot attain

You fret that I cannot attain The style of city dame— That, even in my costly gowns, I ever seem the same.

When we were poor together, oh!

When we were poor together, oh! That fair and happy time! Its memory comes floating back...

Selected Story.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

BY EBEN E. DEXFORD.

Jack Elson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attentions from him...

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all of Jack's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had been with her more than with any other girl in Dayton...

"Better be careful," said Maria

"Better be careful," said Maria Spooner, warningly. "He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says."

"I don't believe all I hear about him," said Lucy, stoutly.

"I don't believe all I hear about him," said Lucy, stoutly. "He's not a flirt."

"Yes, he is!" said Maria, by way of reply.

"Yes, he is!" said Maria, by way of reply, and in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on that subject.

"No, I don't know any such thing," asserted Lucy.

"No, I don't know any such thing," asserted Lucy. "He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by politeness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he?"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in disgust.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in disgust. "Talk to me about it's all being prompted by Jack Edson's politeness! Humph! and Miss Spooner gave her nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty."

When Jack went to the city to live,

When Jack went to the city to live, he kissed Lucy after a very love-like fashion, and made her promise to write often, and all that sort of thing, which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him, was quite ready to do.

She couldn't help feeling a little

She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think that he hadn't "spoken out." He had been with her a year, but had never said a word about marriage in all that time; and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so devoted and love-like for?

Miscellaneous.

Broggs's Experiment.

Broggs, who lives in Elliott's Southern Addition, ran across the item the other day that "at night a horse would refuse to step on or over the body of a man found lying in the road, but, as if impelled by instinct, would stop and remain motionless until the matter should be investigated."

Grave doubts as to the truth of this

Grave doubts as to the truth of this statement arose in Broggs's mind, and to settle the matter for himself, he resolved to give the thing a practical test.

For the life of him, Jack could not

For the life of him, Jack could not see the point. "How long have you been engaged?" stammered Jack, feeling cold and hot, and to use a happy phrase, which it very expressive, if not strictly elegant—"decidedly streaked."

"For as much—let me see"—coolly

"For as much—let me see"—coolly—"as much as a year, I guess. Yes, it was in October that it happened.—Just about a year ago."

"And you never told me!" groaned

"And you never told me!" groaned Jack. "You never asked me," said Miss Graham.

Poor Jack! He gathered up his

Poor Jack! He gathered up his lacerated heart and withdrew from his second battle-field, completely routed.

"I won't give it up so!" he decided.

"I won't give it up so!" he decided. "There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me, and jump at the chance; and she's worth forty Miss Grants and a car-load of Miss Grahams! I'll write down to her and ask her, this very afternoon."

And write to her he did. He had

And write to her he did. He had not answered her last letter, received three months before; but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence, and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction, if not to Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he waited

The letter was sent, and he waited a reply with considerable anxiety. "At last it came.

"It's favorable, of course!" he said,

"It's favorable, of course!" he said, as he tore open the letter. "Lucy always thought her eyes of me!" But his opinion as to its being favorable changed somewhat as he read it.

"Mr. Jack Edson—I am very thank-

"Mr. Jack Edson—I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second-hand articles, when I can get them at first hand. John Smith says: 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Jack Edsons in the world; and out here it isn't quite the thing to propose to other men's wives.'"

"Love to Miss Grant, also to Miss

"Love to Miss Grant, also to Miss Graham! Yours, Lucy Brown Smith." "Good gracious! Lucy married!" "Jack's eyes were like saucers when he read that name. Then he suddenly wilted, and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Well, I've gone and done it this

"Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Jack Edson, you're a fool!" Poor Jack! He's in the market yet. Who bids?

"Oh! Aunt Dinah, was a shouting

"Oh! Aunt Dinah, was a shouting colored saint, who would sing at top of her voice and cry glory above all the rest." It was common at the missionary prayer meeting of the colored people, to take up a collection while singing the hymn.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

Noah was probably the only man

Noah was probably the only man who ever went to sea for fear of being drowned. What is it that has a mouth and never speaks, and a bed and never sleeps?—A river.

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather!" My wife's such a cold she can't speak. I like such weather. A friend once called on President Lincoln. He had shaken hands with him, observing, "Don't be scared, Mr. Lincoln; I don't want an office." "Is that so?" asked the President; "then give us another shake."

An honest old farmer, on being in-

An honest old farmer, on being informed the other day that one of his neighbors owed him a grudge, growled out, "No matter; he never pays any thing."

"Don't cry, my little fellow, don't

"Don't cry, my little fellow, don't cry," said a kind-hearted stranger, to a ten-year-old; who was busy churning his tears with both fists as hard as he could. "I ain't cryin'" snappishly retorted the urchin; "I'm only washin' the dirt out of my eyes."

A widower married near Mont-

A widower married near Montgomery, Ala. One of his servants was asked, "Will he take a bridal tour?" and received as answer; "I dunno, sah, he take a paddle to his first one—dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

A gentleman, while making a speech,

A gentleman, while making a speech, inadvertently stepped forward and off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right "to come down to the level of his audience."

How soon some woman change

How soon some woman change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs. Spinn was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread, but when he got killed in a railway collision she sued the company for five thousand dollars.

"Numbers is what does the busi-

"Numbers is what does the business," shouted a man. "When my wife is alone I can reason with her and run things to suit myself, but when her mother is around, I am not even a stockholder in the concern."

Two Irishmen were working in a

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye killt entirely? If ye're dead, spake!" Pat reassured him from the bottom saying in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead but spacheless."

An amusing incident has come to

An amusing incident has come to light, musty with age, of the march of the British through Old Cambridge, Mass., to Concord. Passing a field where an old man was sowing seed, one of the red-coats, in jest, said to him, "You may sow, but we shall reap." "Well, perhaps you may," replied the knave, "for I'm sowin' hemp."

He sat in a railway car. His head

He sat in a railway car. His head was thickly covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat sat a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him, "I guess you wasn't around when they dealt out hair." "Oh, yes, I was," replied bald-head, "but they cut me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash-bin."

The other evening he came home

The other evening he came home with the air of a man bent on business, and after throwing off his hat and coat, deliberately produced a brace of pistols, and clapped them down on the table. His wife gave a shriek, and started toward the door, but he spoke to her gently, saying, "Don't be alarmed my dear. The gas man's coming to inspect the meter to-morrow morning, and I thought I'd be prepared."

Two Reasons Why.—While some

Two Reasons Why.—While some boys were skating on one of the slips up the river, a gentleman noticed one on the bank who looked longingly, but who had no means of enjoying the sport.

"Well, lub, haven't you any skates?"

"Well, lub, haven't you any skates?" asked the man. "No, sir." "Why not?" "Cause mother says I ain't prepared to die, and father says he needs the money to buy him some undershirts!" was the lonesome reply.

Johns of Nevada is knocking round

Johns of Nevada is knocking round the United States in a \$11,000 railroad car, specially prepared for himself and family.

