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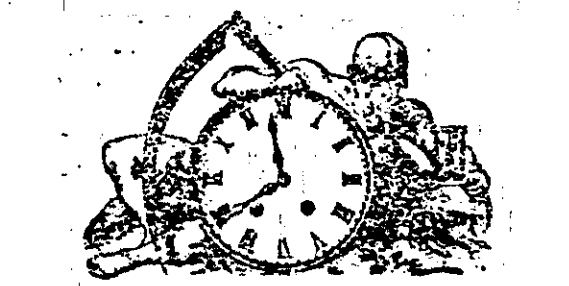
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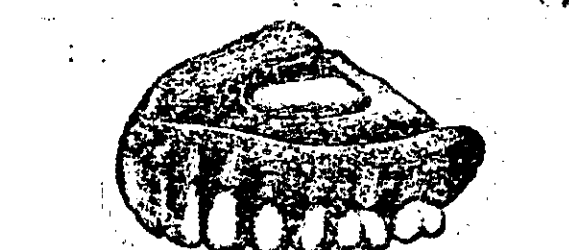
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VOL. III.

MONROE, N. C., MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1876.

NO. 42.

Selected Poetry.

A QUIET LIFE.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;
I do not say come in;
You are a stranger to too company
I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet with its walls
Contentment doth abide;
And from the wings of Peace a blessing
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room
Wherein I toil for bread,
And that, because oblivion is my doom,
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,
The poverty your own?
Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,
In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries
Which my body moves;
But I behold a wider land that lies
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take
My happiness of delight?
Am not all things created for his sake
Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?
Mine to enjoy and use
For all life's noblest us, though no gold
Has made it mine to lose?

Selected Story.

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems to run along to go wrong—there are some whose first infirmity was in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much-abused class Mr. Nat. Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the maternal meal on either side of her. Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neat, capable little woman, with blue eyes and a keen hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had never either beaten her or used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dsh-water!"

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with that bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairing.

Yes she was sorry, this faithful, much enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dew-drops from her wing. Not so with Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to hush off her troubles as some surface-deep character would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself—

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different! Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-cheeked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be too late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where, twice a day, the Lendville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's Station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and as Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went, he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stock that were sinking unaccountably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lendville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger. "Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grates were on his shoulders, he felt himself twisted suddenly round, like a human humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Dear me!" and only interrupted this uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now, what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the freakish maniac had already deftly affected the change.

"And your coat, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of mine, with the brass buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object, sir, to the accommodation?"

"No—no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I don't really see where my chief orderly is—I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it personally."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was left alone in a coarse straw hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliancy was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be hoaxed through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this!"

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket handkerchief in its resting-place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown skillfully upon the ground.

"Well, we've caught you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another man had bouned both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was goin' to give us the slip, hey? Come, it isn't worth while to

cut up like that, you know, unless you want the strait jacket brought out."

"Strait jacket?" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait jacket?"

"Nothing; unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one-horse wagon.

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage-driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellow—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not a mad man!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," replied the larger of the two, with a wink at his companion—"Drive on, Tom."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else—a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and I went down into the woods—he is the mad man!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony.

"My good men, you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak pluckily between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement.

"I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No. 1, John Street."

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow—likely as not—you'll be the king of the Sandwich Islands. I've heard this kind of talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a delirious dream? or was he to be actually immured within the high stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the lifelong victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried—more dead than alive—into a narrow apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones.

It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnished with only a narrow couch and a small built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible!" I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But it was possible, and he never was wider awake in his life!

Toward evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were left out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose—just suppose I should die without being able to tell how ashamed I am of having been such a brute!"

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and short-comings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan; "there's no mistake about that. Poor, darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm sinned exactly right. If ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridor without.

"I suppose they're going to put on a strait waistcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler with a resigned air. "Well, there's nothing left for me but to en-

dure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under these interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait waistcoat—it was his keeper instead accompanied by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake?" said one old gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another middle-aged gentleman, with a Roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to another he said—

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he demanded.

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!"

Then the committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first committee-man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the town pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler, ironically.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second committee-man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the Incurable Ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln."

"And anything we can do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third; while the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinity ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms around her.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed, "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quaking his wife's sobs after a while, he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat, Nathan, dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, I don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken so tenderly, since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good!

A Hint for Bore.

Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits, in Sussex, who made it a business in the winter season, to visit his friends extensively. After wearing out his welcome in his immediate vicinity, last winter, he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend, some twenty miles distant, who had been a school-fellow of his. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, he thinking his visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him. He treated his friend with great attention and politeness several days, and, as he did not see any sign of his leaving, he became uneasy, but he bore it with patience till the morning of the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I'm afraid I shall never visit me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor, "I have enjoyed my visit very much; I shall certainly come again."

"Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will never visit me again."

"What makes you think I will never come again?" asked the visitor.

"If thee never does leave," said the Quaker, "how canst thee come again?" The visitor left.

Miscellaneous.

He Was Troubled With B. L. S.

There was a sad expression on his countenance, and one could tell by the precision with which he trod, and the carefulness with which he avoided passing objects, and by the superhuman efforts he made to shrink himself up so that his clothes wouldn't fit him, that something was the matter.

"O-o-o! Whoop! Great G—uns!" he exclaimed as a man ran against him; "I'll choke you to death if you don't keep on your own side of the walk."

"But a gentleman jostled me sir," stammered the man.

"Hang the gentleman! Hang you!" exclaimed the irritated man; "I've got two of 'em; I've three of 'em; and when I get well I'll bust the man that busts them!"

He laid his hand carefully on his thigh and limped away with tears in his eyes, but in turning to let a woman pass he ran against a hitching post.

He grabbed the post and jerked and wrenched it from its place; kicked it into the road, and then whacked it against the pavement, and then started after the woman like a madman.

"Madam," said he, as he overtook her in a dry goods store, "one word; I have upon my thigh a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustular tumor, and suppurating with a central core. I have also one on the back side of my front side, and another one on—"

"Git out!" shrieked the woman, wrenching him with a bundle of calico; "git out! or I'll call the police."

"But I was going to say!"

"Git out!" she shrieked.

"That you!"

"Git out!" she yelled again.

"Busted one of 'em," he finally ejaculated, "and if I find out where you live I'll let your cow lose in the yard some wasting day and let her chew up the whole of your petticoats and tread your sheets and pillow-cases into the mud and break down your front gate."

"Then he slid out and was limping down the street when he slipped on a piece of ice and came down with an energy that startled all of the houses in that vicinity and shook the window panes in the stone fronts.

There was a shriek and a long-drawn wail, a volley of oaths, and a variety of groans and sobs, which attracted the attention of a kind-hearted doctor, who took him into a drug-store and hung him across the back of a chair, where he writhed and wriggled until a boy with a grocery cart gave him a seat in a bushel basket and took him home.

And now he walks the streets, and he hurls at all he meets

Such sad smiles.
And upon his ragged coat
There is hanging this brief note,
"I've got biles."

—Rochester Democrat.

A Conundrum Answered.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a woman will, she will you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't that's an end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked:

"W—do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

W— has adjured the habit of putting conundrums to his wife.—
Lawrence American.

The reason there is so much assassination in Spain is because the Spaniards are such a sunny nation.

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Counter-claims—Your wife's shopping bills.

A circular saw—a proverb that goes the round of society.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

"Natural humbugs"—bees. Artificial humbugs—girls. A "big bug"—the cock-roach.

The proverb says, "Laugh and grow fat." What a saving of corn it would be if pigs could laugh.

Beecher calls Bowen a dismal swamp. He probably wishes he would "dry up."

"That's going too far," as the Boston man said when his wife ran away to San Francisco with another man.

Every third man in St. Louis is named Jones, Brown, Johnson or Smith, while the balance answer to the name of "hello, there!"

"Jobb, if you're going to be out till two o'clock to-night you'll have to stay at home and let yourself in, for I won't."

A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," he said, "I am confident they will come to light."

A counsel was asked by the judge for whom he was concerned. He answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

One of our merchants sat his umbrella against a tree while he stepped into a store to ask a question. When he came out the tree stood there. No one had taken it.

You ought to lay up so something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to his prodigal son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?" "An umbrella."

Three months ago the Montana papers would have stated that a horse dealer had been invited to a hempen-necktie sociable; now they say that the citizens have put a pull-back cravat on him.

Mrs. Anna Dickinson's lecture is entitled "Sowing and Reaping." And an old bachelor cruelly says that Sowing and Reaping would be a more appropriate subject for a woman.

"Exploring waste places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the air," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and whizzing into his raven curls.

"Oh, Edwin, a bee has stung me!" said a beautiful girl to her lover, who met her in the garden. "No wonder," replied Edwin, "that it mistook you for a flower."

Dialogue on Court street: "Kate, I understand have accepted a situation as governess. Rather than that I would marry a widower with six children." "Yes, Sophia, so would I, but where is the widower?"

Respect old age. If you have a maiden aunt thirty-three years old, and she is passing herself off for a girl of twenty, there is no excuse for you to expose her. The more you respect her age and keep still about it, the more she will respect you.

A three-year old boy asked his mother to let him have his building bricks to play with; but she told her darling that it was Sunday, and therefore not proper for him to have them. "But, mamma, I'll build a church." He got the bricks.

Said his Honor: "Mr. Peters, why don't you sit down, sir?" "I don't sit down any more, sir." "But you must." "I can't, sir." "Why can't you?" "Well, sir, she said

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THE ENQUIRER FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

In view of the many important matters that will be brought before the people for their careful consideration during the remainder of this year, we have concluded to offer the Enquirer at campaign rates, and have prepared the following terms:

To Clubs of five new subscribers, with the cash in advance, we will send the Enquirer from April 1st, 1876, to the January 1st, '77—9 months—for \$1.25 each.

To Clubs of ten, for same time, \$2.00 each.

For shorter periods than 9 months we will take clubs of five or ten at 15 cents per month, with free copy in each case to get-up of club.

Single subscription, \$2 per year, as heretofore.

These low rates are given in order that all may be induced to subscribe and keep themselves posted on the important matters of the day, and will be in force only during the coming campaign. Remember, that in this year the President's election, Congressional election, Governor and other State officers election, county officers election, and the Centennial Exhibition all take place, and if you ever need a paper (and who does not?) now is the time.

We send out this week specimen copies to all who have ever taken our paper, in order that they may see that it is not only kept up to a standard of high grade, but is constantly improving, and we would be glad to have them to renew with us.

We have made arrangements to secure the services of an able writer to assist us during the campaign, who will assume his position about the first of May.

Other improvements are in view, and we expect to be fully able to battle with the enemy.

Go to work and get up clubs, and thus lend your aid in this great National work that is before us.

The Olive Branch.

We find, says the Raleigh News, the following brave, noble words in the Sentinel. They are from the pen of Colonel Donnan. As long as the Sentinel contains such sentiments, and such sentiments only, the News will bid it God speed:

"Democrats of North Carolina! Our ten electoral votes will, in all probability, be sufficient to decide the Presidential election. The destinies of our own grand old Commonwealth for four years to come hang on the struggle of next November. If we triumph, and patriotism, intelligence and virtue once more bear rule within our borders, we can the better endure our share of the national ills which may be ahead. Can we jeopard everything that true men hold dear, for the sake of a few pitiful personal prejudices and predilections? Can we afford to risk the ruin of our State—its return to ruthless Radical domination—to gratify the ambition of any one man or any hundred men? No, no, a thousand times no! 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.' The life of a noble province, an empire in extent and resources, is in our hands. Mighty foes are menacing against us. Powerful influences are already being brought to bear to overwhelm us. Is this a time for falter and bicker and turn arms against each other? Let definite

plan of campaign be marked out, and every available man, be resigned to the post where he can render the most service. Wisdom, vigilance and unity which stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, alone can win us victory. The time for mere words is past. By his deeds shall every man now be known. Forward.

What Belknap's Punishment Would Be.

The question whether, under our system, any but one actually holding a Federal office can be accused, tried and sentenced according to the forms of impeachment, is an interesting one, and has never yet been disposed of by American precedents. If the judgment in cases of impeachment could not extend beyond removal from the office held, that might dispose of the inquiry as to one not in the office; but the Constitution adds, as punishment, "disqualification to hold any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States." But if any President accepts any resignation in order to prevent an impeachment and trial of the resigned officer, would not that be an impeachable offense in the President?

The crime charged against General Belknap is, that he received money for giving to a certain person the office of post-trader, or for maintaining him that office, which office was by Congress placed in his hands to bestow. An existing statute declares that, if he committed the offense,

"He shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years, and fined not more than \$10,000, and shall, moreover be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit or trust under the Government of the United States."

The last clause of the statute punishment is identical with the last part of the constitutional judgment in cases of impeachment. So that, excepting in the matter of removal from office, the ordinary courts of justice can do as much to punish such offenses as the Senate. But while the President can by pardon avert the former punishment, he cannot the latter. And in cases where there is judgment and punishment by the Senate, under an impeachment presented by the House, the accused can be indicted by the Grand Jury for the same offense for which he has been impeached by the House, and tried and punished by court and jury for the same offense for which he has been tried and punished by the Senate.

If General Belknap had not resigned, or been removed, he could have been ejected by impeachment, and made incompetent (beyond the realm of pardon) to again hold a Federal office. And if his resignation, with or without the President's acceptance, places him out of office and bars impeachment, he can by a court be tried and imprisoned, and excluded from federal (not State) office. But a President can pardon him if he is dealt with by a court, while no President can pardon him if dealt with by the Senate.—N. Y. World.

Mr. Lamar's Handling of Blaine.

Northern newspapers are not apt to strain a point to give credit to a Southern Congressman who gains an advantage in discussion, says the Wilmington Star. Several prominent journals and a number of correspondents, have, however, highly praised the manner in which Mr. Lamar the gifted Representative from Mississippi, handled Mr. Blaine the other day, as official account of which appeared in the Star last Sunday. The New York Tribune confesses that Lamar "beat" his wily antagonist. The Chicago Times closes a graphic description of the debate in these words:

"He stripped his argument of all subtleties and left the Republicans high and dry as defenders of fraud, champions of criminals, and expounders of law they knew nothing about, impaling Blaine himself on a point of law so strong that he was left squirming and helpless. No debate was ever listened to with such varied emotions of excitement, anger, disgust and surprise, and the general verdict tonight is that Blaine was completely laid out."

A Move in the Right Direction.

The Democrats of Burke county are the first to open the campaign, and they have done it by a series of open and patriotic resolutions. We are glad, says the Charlotte Observer, to see them awake to the importance of using the franchise intimidation that are practiced upon our people by the most infamous system that ever existed in any country. Of course we allude to the Revenue Department that is preying daily upon both the government and the private citizen.

The preamble and resolutions are quite lengthy, so we only give two of them to show the animus that actuates the Democracy of our mountain population.

Resolved, that our Senators and Representatives in Congress be and are hereby requested to insist upon a thorough investigation into every department of the government, that no guilty man escape and the honor of the government and the integrity of the law may be vindicated.

Resolved, that in consideration of the fact that charges of corruption have been made against both the Internal Revenue and the Federal Court of this district in that they have used their powers to make party capital, we demand of Congress a speedy and searching investigation of the same.

(N. Y. Times, March, 5.)
The New War Secretary.

Judge Alphonso Taft is an Ohio lawyer of considerable ability, of long experience, and of excellent reputation. He has never held but one office, and that was when he served for a short time on the bench of the Superior court at Cincinnati. In 1875 his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the candidacy for the governorship of Ohio. He went before the convention with a considerable show of strength, but was beaten by Gen. R. B. Hayes. His name was urged for the reason that "his nomination would mean advancement, enlightenment, liberality." While on the bench he delivered a dissenting opinion in a litigation concerning the reading of the Bible in the public schools. Judge Taft's position was that under the constitution the reading of any particular version of the Bible in the schools could not be allowed. It was claimed that Judge Taft had surrendered to the Catholics, but his dissenting opinion was subsequently concurred in by the supreme court of Ohio. Another point made against Judge Taft was his liberal ideas of the observance of the Sabbath day. Judge Taft is of New England birth, but has been for thirty years a resident of Cincinnati.

(From the Baltimore Gazette.)
The Alphabet of the Administration.

Written for the instruction of Judge Taft, the latest arrival, whose education is about to commence.

A is for Avery, safe in his prison.
B is for Babcock, who should be in his.
C is for Colfax, Mobilier's head man.
D is for Delano, who swindled the red man.
E is for "Emma," on England unloaded.
F is for Fort Sill, that poor Belknap exploded.
G is for Grant, who is partial to knives.
H is for Harrington, expert in safes.
I is for Ingalls and Mrs. G.'s watch.
J is for Joyce, who "a nice thing" did both.
K is for Kunkler and bloody-shirt Morton.
L was the Landaulet for Williams to sport on.
M is for Marsh, who to process is non est.
N is for No one but Bristow that's honest.
O is for Orville, the go-between brother.
P is for Pierrepont, convictions to smother.
Q is the Questions that no one must answer.
R is the Responses that keep out the fox.
S is for Shepherd, his ringites and panders.
T are the tax-payers, whose money he squanders.
U is for Ulysses that stands by these friends.
V is the Villanies that he defends.
W are the Witnesses hunted with vigilance.
X the Xaminations which he must silence.
Y is the Yell from the nation that rings.
Z is the Zeal for a new state of things.

The Radical press will now howl like a young puppy when he attempts the stealing of a heated egg; for another of their gang in the person of Davis, Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi has been brought to grief for his crimes. He has been impeached and convicted by the Mississippi Legislature of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and can never hold any office of honor or trust in that State again. The vote stood 32 in favor to only 4 against his conviction, one negro and five white Republicans favoring his conviction. He was such a notorious rogue and bribe-taker that a majority of his own party associates desired his removal, yet the administration organs will cry out their old song of intimidation and rebellion again!

The Conservative Convention.

The action of the Executive Committee on the 15th gives sufficient time to make an exhaustive canvass of the State. That action we conceive was well taken in view of the particular surroundings of the Democratic Conservative party. An immense work looms up before the party, and it is sound policy to go about it with deliberation and with a full sense of its magnitude.

The Committee called a State Convention to meet in Raleigh on the 14th of June. This appointment of time will enable the State's delegation to the National Convention to make ample preparation, the latter convention meeting in St. Louis on the 27th of June, thirteen days later.

Our special gives the appointments by the Executive Committee of Committees to supply vacancies. They are believed to be good.—Star.

Timely Words.—Now is the time for our farmers to pitch their crops for the year, and the Marion (S. C.) Star cautions them to consider well before they mark out their lands to be planted in corn and cotton. We raise our voice in warning against the folly of planting too much cotton. This, all frankly admit, has been the bane of the people. It is true there is nothing more beautiful than to see extended fields of growing cotton, and to see it whitening for the harvest time, but there are other sights equally as beautiful, such as waving fields of yellow grain, and large droves of stock, coming home at evening time, and such a sight savors of independence. No mortgages, no liens, no sheriff's executions disturb the dreams of that man. It is a true bill saying that when a man raises his own "hog and hominy" he is all right, and it rings with truth. No farmer can be independent, and he dependent on others for supplies. It is true that the year before us will be fraught with difficulties in consequence of the past year, but by planting plenty of oats, keeping out of debt as much as possible, and living economically, those difficulties can be easily removed.

A Few Canvass Sentences.—The New York Herald says: "The downfall of Secretary Belknap means the ruin of the Republican party." * * * If the President is not responsible for the crimes of Belknap, he is responsible for his escape from justice. * * * Belknap has committed suicide, as was absurdly reported, but he has murdered the Republican party. * * * The bill attempt to shield a guilty officer from the legal consequences of his crimes makes the President a moral accomplice in the guilt of Belknap. * * * The purpose of the President was to bar an impeachment and assist a confessed criminal to flee from justice. * * * This is not the first disgrace, but the culmination of a long series of infamies that are a part of the history of the present corrupt administration. * * * The administration is rotten, and millions of people who do not believe so last week are convinced of it to-day."

The first gun of the campaign sounds from Burke county. The Democrats and Republicans of that county, both held meetings in Morganton on Tuesday. Col. W. M. Walton was Chairman of the Democratic meeting, and Capt. W. F. Avery Secretary. Stirring speeches were made by Maj. A. C. Avery, Maj. J. W. Wilson and C. McKesson. A series of resolutions were adopted one of them calling for an investigation into the management of the revenue and judicial departments of that district. Z. B. Vance was unanimously declared for as the choice of the Convention for Governor. After the adjournment of this Convention, the Radicals met. R. A. Cobb, a revenue storekeeper, was called to the chair, and J. W. Berry was appointed Secretary. Maj. Marcus Erwin, and others addressed the meeting, which declared for Brogden as its choice for Governor. The following is the fourth resolution of the meeting: "That we call on the Democratic House of Representatives and the Republican Senate of the United States, to redeem the pledges so often made to the people by both parties that in good time the system of taxation by Internal Revenue should be modified if not abolished." These proceedings are condensed from the Blade.

Bristow was before to Committee on Appropriations this morning in reference to the deficiency appropriation for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It will be remembered that the committee recommended an appropriation of \$163,000, and it was recommended. The committee will tomorrow again report the deficiency, and press action upon it in the House. The bill will also direct the redemption of fractional currency with silver.

General News.

If Grant doesn't want any guilty man to escape, let him lock himself up and throw the key down the well.

It is believed that Attorney General Pierrepont has started a man to Canada, with promises of safety to Marsh, and that he will soon return.

New York, March 13.—P. T. Barnum has gone into voluntary bankruptcy. He says his liabilities will probably amount to \$300,000; assets unknown.

The bill reducing the President's salary to \$5,000 after the 4th of March next, passed the Senate to-day by a vote of 26 to 20.

The Democratic managers in New Hampshire have complained that Mr. Hill's speeches have done them great damage in the canvass.

Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, is to deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies of N. C. College, at Mt. Pleasant, in May.

Previous to taking final action on the nomination of Dana to be Minister to England, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will hear him re-ly to the charges made by Gen. Butler, of literary piracy, &c. Next Tuesday has been assigned for this purpose, and Dana has been so informed by order of the committee.

New Jersey, which lost caste somewhat by the acquittal of Lundis for the murder of Carruth, has righted herself by the conviction of the defendant State Treasurer, Mr. Sooy. She sends him three years to the Penitentiary, and with all the costs to pay.

One thing is certain: If the Democracy cannot elect a President in 1876, they never can. The Republican party was never so low as it is now, and never will be so low again. Nothing but the grossest blunders and the blindest folly on the part of Democrats can prevent its defeat and destruction.—St. Louis Republican (Ind.)

Gordon made the new tender-footed Republican Senators since when he abruptly threw down on their toes that crushing charge that the Government had been defrauded by the whiskey thieves in the sum of \$200,000,000—eight hundred millions of dollars. The answer is characteristic and grotesque: "You were an infernal rebel."

MEMPHIS, March 15.

GEN. FELLOWS' PROPERTY SOLD.—The residence of Gen. Gideon Fello, was sold at bankrupt sale on yesterday. The residue, probably worth \$8,000, was bought by a gentleman for \$20, and a valuable library by another person for \$11, and both presented to Mrs. Fello.

Mrs. Hough, a lady who died a few days ago, in Alexandria, at the age of 97 years, was one of the few women of the country who have cast a vote for a President. She grew up to womanhood in the State of New Jersey, where she was born, and when of age she cast a vote for Thomas Jefferson for President, as a property qualification in that State then entitled a woman to vote.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—As was expected and foretold, New Hampshire has gone Republican by an increasing majority. A Republican Governor has been elected, but there is a Democratic gain in the Legislature. The members of that party, having the Treasury of both the State and the United States to draw from, were able to pay for the seven or eight thousand votes which were for sale and thus the State was carried.

THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL OF ALABAMA ON THE RAMPAGE.—MORGENTHAU, March 11.—The United States Marshal has in the past four days arrested a number of citizens of Jefferson and Blount counties, charged with an act committed six years ago. The men arrested have not been away from their homes during the past six years. The officials refused to take bond and hurried them to Huntsville. It is supposed this is the renewal of the plan pursued in 1874, when there was a State election. The election this year comes off in August.

J. H. STEVENS, House & Sign Painter.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Monroe that he is fully prepared to undertake and execute all work in his line, with promptness. All kinds of Graining beautifully and artistically done with Best's Graining Machines, transferring the natural growth of the wood. Doors, Mantels, &c., re-grained at low rates. A portion of the public patronage solicited. All orders left at the Drug Store of W. H. Smith & Co. will receive prompt attention. Refers, by permission, to Dr. T. W. Bickett, Dr. W. H. Smith, and T. C. Willoughby, Esq., Feb. 21—39-ff.

Caudle & Liles

DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
MONROE, N. C.
Have in Store for the Fall and Winter trade, a full Stock of
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
NOTIONS, HIRWARE,
HATS, CAPS, SHOES,
Crocery, &c.,

to which they invite the attention of their friends and customers. Having bought their stock at bottom prices, they are enabled to offer bargains, and persons wishing to buy will do well to call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. They sell for CASH altogether from this date, and will have no bad debts to make up on their cash customers. Cotton and other country produce bought and sold. Call and see them, at the corner N. W. of the Court House.

All persons indebted to the firm must come forward and settle up at once.
Nov. 30, 1875-27-ff

CAROLINA CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Dec. 19, 1875.
SCHEDULE
PASSENGER AND EXPRESS FREIGHT.
Leave Wilmington..... 7:00 a. m.
Arrive at Monroe..... 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte..... 7:30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte..... 6:30 a. m.
Arrive at Monroe..... 8:30 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington..... 7:00 p. m.
FAST FREIGHT AND PASSENGER.
Leave Wilmington..... 6:30 p. m.
Arrive at Monroe..... 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte..... 7:30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte..... 5:30 p. m.
Arrive at Monroe..... 7:50 p. m.
Arrive at Wilmington..... 10:50 a. m.
LOCAL FREIGHT.
From Wilmington, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday.
From Charlotte, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
CONNECTING.
Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Charlotte & Augusta Railroads. Semi-weekly New York and Tri-weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.
Connects at Charlotte with its Western Division, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Augusta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad. Thus supplying the whole West, Northwest and Southwest with a short and cheap line to the Seaboard and Empire.
S. L. FLEMING,
Chief Freight and S. Superintendent.

BARNES' FOOT-POWER SCROLL SAWS AND LATHES.
\$5.00 to \$11.50 averaged per day with these Machines. All wood workers should own them. These can make 25 per day with three men, while learning a craft costs \$5. For a sample of sawing send 25 cents for the Mytic Puzzle, or Yankee's Lament. We send it by mail. Pay a bare you read this, and address, to, FURTHER INFORMATION.
W. F. & JOHN BARNES,
Rockford, Wisconsin (U. S. A.)
Box 2,044.
\$11.50 AVERAGED PER DAY.
FARMER, Mo., Dec. 14th, 1875.
Messrs. W. F. & John Barnes, Rockford, Ill.—Gentlemen: I sawed 110 feet for balustrade for porches, and 15 brackets, in first two days running. Every one who has witnessed the working of these lathes has pronounced it the most useful machine ever invented. I have been working from twelve to sixteen men, and have done all my ship work (scroll work) on your machine, running it daily since I purchased it, and have paid nothing for repair, except for saws, which amount was comparatively small. Three weeks since I purchased some imported woods and some iron designs, and turned my attention to first work. I have averaged per day, since that time, 115 feet. I know of no occupation as pleasant and profitable for a mechanic to spend his winter days as the above. Your machine runs so lightly and easily that it will not tire the most delicate workman after a little practice; in fact, I consider your machine indispensable to any carpenter, however small his business is, as he can turn out the little machine to his own profit, and make enough brackets in one week to pay for his machine. I consider my money well invested in my shop as a set of beam planes.
Very truly,
M. FRED BELL,
Architect and Builder.
W. F. & JOHN BARNES,
Rockford, Illinois.
Box 2,044.
March 6-40-6m.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

PRIME RIO COFFEE,
GREEN and ROASTED.
New Orleans Molasses,
"A." SUGAR,
Pearl Hominy, Cream Cheese,
CANNED FRUITS,
PLAIN and FRENCH CANDIES,
Jellies, Raisins,
FIGS, ORANGES,
Fine Northern Apples,
MOUNTAIN HONEY, &c., &c.
All of which we sell at lowest cash prices. Bread and Cakes and a well-selected Stock of Crackers always on hand.
C. E. WOLFE.
Feb. 4-36-ff.

THE CELEBRATED SOUTHERN WAGON,

MANUFACTURED BY
W. C. OWEN & SONS,
MONROE, N. C.
We are still engaged in the business of making the above Wagons, and will sell them very low. Will take good wagon timber, country produce, or even CASH in payment for work. Now Wagons commonly on hand of our own make. Repaired and overhauled in good order. Thanking our customers for past patronage, we hope, by honest work and fair dealing, to merit a continuance of the same.
W. C. OWEN & SONS.
Aug. 22, 1875-13-6m.

The Peoples Drug Store

CLOVER, TIMOTHY, AND
Orchard Grass Seeds
FOR SALE.
Best Soda 3lbs. for 25 cts.

After presenting to all our customers the compliments of the season, with our sincere thanks for their liberal patronage, we desire to inform them all—together with the "scattering few" who are not yet our customers—that we will soon have in store the largest stock of Drugs, Medicines, and all articles in our line, ever offered to the people of this country.

We have no Old Stock!

All that we offer is NEW FRESH and PURE, and will be sold at lower rates than can be secured in North or South Carolina. We intend to sell Drugs like Monroe merchants sell calico—"low for cash." We are headquarters for all goods in our line, and fully intend to carry stock enough to enable us to sell goods cheaper than anybody else.

"Times are Hard,"

and everybody must buy goods at the rates "for cash." If you want Pure Drugs at low rates, this is the place to buy them. In a few days our large stock of Fresh Garden Seeds will be opened. We have bought enough to supply four counties, and we want everybody to have them. Continue to trade with us, for if we can't suit you in quality and prices it will be useless for you to go any where else. Those who have not paid their accounts will find it their interest to do so at once, WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT. BLAIR, WALSH & FLOW.

Read! Read!

In order to reduce our Stock, and to make some other arrangements, we offer, for thirty days,

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF WINTER GOODS.

Greatly Reduced Prices FOR CASH.

WE HAVE A NICE LOT OF Ladies Cloaks, Sacques, Ties, &c., &c.

Also Ribbons, Embroideries, and Trimmings at about half former prices.

Come and see them; we know you will buy.

H. M. HOUSTON & CO.
Monroe, N. C.
Dec. 3-1875.

Attention, Planters! PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY! THE STONO GUANO COMPANY.

Of Charleston, S. C. OFFER THEIR SUPERIOR Soluble Guano

(thoroughly ammoniated, on reasonable terms. Also their

ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR COMPOSTING,

which is unequalled. Recognizing the advantages of cash transactions, we are prepared to make a liberal discount to Grangers and dealers on all orders accompanied by cash.

Any information can be had as to price, terms, analysis, &c., from Messrs. Stock & Moore, Agents at Monroe, N. C.

BINFORD, CROW & CO.,
State Agents for North Carolina,
Wilmington, N. C.
Jan. 31. 35-2m.

LAGER BEER SALOON IN MONROE, N. C.

Having purchased the Lager Beer Saloon of Messrs. Brown & McCuskey, I announce to the public that I will keep at their old stand, in the basement under the Central Hotel Building, at all times a full supply of the best

PHILADELPHIA LAGER BEER BASS' PALE ALE

and would be glad to have friends call and see me.
J. MILLEN STEWART,
Feb. 26, 39-1m.

STEAM SAW MILL,

The undersigned has in full operation at Ames Turn Out, on the C. C. Railway, six miles East of Monroe, a Steam Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, where he is prepared to furnish the public with first-class lumber of any size, Lathes for Plastering, and Shingles of any size, from 1 to 8 inches wide and from 18 to 30 inches long. A Cotton G. is also attached. For prices or other particulars, address

H. W. SIMPSON,
Ames Turn Out, C. C. Ry.
Feb. 6, 76-37-6m.

THE MONROE ENQUIRER.

Local Matters.

ELDER J. B. RICHARDSON, Cor. Sec. of the B. S. Con. will preach in the Baptist church at this place on next Sunday.

We understand that a Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry was organized at White's Store on last Saturday.

EARLY BLOOMS.—Mrs. Hayden handed an "Early May" Pea bloom on the 15th inst.; says she has plenty of them. This is quite early for this section.

Stop that coughing, if you do not it may kill you. A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup only costs you 25 cents and its timely use may save your life.

We learn that a negro woman was killed on the plantation of Mr. John A. Evans, in Chesterfield county, S. C. on last Saturday by a burning tree falling on her.

MOVING ABOUT.—Other swarms in red estate are being made; Mr. J. F. A. (Jan) has exchanged his residence near Mr. M. Osborn's for the one belonging to Mrs. Rose, near the Presbyterian Church, and now occupies the "Rose House."

The State Democratic Convention will meet in Raleigh on the 14th of June. Besides nominating the State Ticket, delegates will then be appointed to represent the State in the National Convention, which meets in St. Louis on the 27th of June.

If young ladies who eat onions on the evenings they expect their beaux, will chew a bit of green or black tea after eating them, they will find that it destroys the sweet odor that is always left in the breath after partaking of those tear-provoking bulbs.

SCARLET FEVER.—Some half dozen cases of Scarlet Fever have made appearance in town in the last two weeks. One death has occurred, and others are still sick. We hear of no other cases. It is a noticeable fact, that all the deaths that have occurred since this epidemic broke out last Fall, has been those of females, with one exception.

MOVIES OF THE SUN.—Get your smoked glass ready for the annual eclipse of the sun takes place on the 25th instant and will be visible here. It will begin at 50 minutes 22 seconds past 8 o'clock p. m. and will end at 23 minutes and 26 seconds after 4 o'clock. The magnitude will be 2.5 digits.

MULE KILLED.—We learn that on last Friday, during the heavy wind, a tree was blown down the field of Mr. Wm. Underwood, near this place, and in falling struck Mr. John Underwood and a mule he was plowing with, as the mule was more directly under the tree, it was instantly killed, but Underwood was not seriously hurt.

SWEET HONEY.—Messrs. Townsend & Co., sweetened our office last Saturday with a plate of nice White Mountain Honey, just to give us an idea how nice and sweet it was, so that we could advise our readers where to buy. Go and see them. They keep a very tempting lot of other good things for the dining room.

HIVING BEES.—The swarming season will soon be here, and this may be of importance to our bee raisers. We were told by Mr. Wm. S. Stephenson, last Fall, of a novel and effective way of hiving bees. He says, when a swarm is settled, if a mop (made of limbs with leaves on them, tied on a pole which could be kept for the purpose) is stirred around among them that they will leave the settling place and gather on the mop, when they can be safely and easily taken down and placed in the hive. Give this plan a trial; it is easily done.

DYSPEPSIA.—A correspondent of the Boston Globe offers a remedy for a very distressing complaint as set forth below. It is given for what it is worth: Will you please insert for the benefit of those who suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion, that four table-spoonfuls of lime-water, mixed with a glass of cow's milk, will cure the worst form of the above distressing disease in a few days. I know by experience, being a sufferer for three years. The first dose acted like magic, and I have felt like a new-born man ever since, which is some weeks ago. I saw the recipe in the Scientific American issued a few weeks ago. If you knew the terrible sufferings of this disease you would not hesitate to try it.

For the Enquirer.

Mulechy.

This little village on the C. C. Railway, situated between the two little villages of Polkton and Beaver Dam, we have noticed in passing through, and think one of the prettiest and most desirable places for locating a town anywhere we have seen on that line of railway. They have an abundance of good spring water of different medicinal qualities. They have a prosperous school taught by a competent teacher and a gentleman pious and refined, one suitable to train the young minds of those who are under its care. Near this little place, Mulechy, quantities of gold could be taken from the earth, if search were made or it. Gold was found to a considerable amount not long since there in different places on the earth without any search. Mulechy is convenient to a wealthy part of the country, and no doubt there is more shipping done to and from that place than any in the county. There is one store there, and two store houses for rent, which could be rented very cheap; also a good dwelling house. It is one of the best places for trade I have ever seen and all it lacks is just for folks to find it out. There are families of rare intelligence, and refinement around there; but, as the old proverb says, they don't "blow their own horn" and others won't do it for them. Now, I advise all good, moral, intelligent and refined ones who want to change their place of abode for a more advantageous one, in every respect, to try Mulechy. I expect, for one, before two years are at an end, or perhaps one, to be there.

THE PEOPLE WANT PAIN.—There is no medicine prescribed by physicians or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as Beecher's German Syrup for severe Coughs, Colds or any disease of the Throat and Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted, can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its superior effect before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing everyone that use it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Blair Walsh & Flow.

ADVERTISING IN HARD TIMES.—Horse Greeley, who knew the value of advertising to business men probably as well as any man that ever lived, always insisted that in hard times when business was dull and money scarce, was of all other the time when merchants should advertise the more liberally so as to stir up the people's minds to buy from them.

PORTAL REGULATIONS.—Parties taking newspapers from the office are responsible, according to the postal laws, for the amount of subscription. If a newspaper is sent to a party and is not wanted, the proper way is to refuse to take it from the office. If then becomes the postmaster's duty to return it to the publisher.

It is also the postmaster's duty to notify the publishers when a person, on account of removal or other cause, fails to take his paper from the office for four weeks in succession. The above duties are prescribed by the Post Office Laws and Regulations.

The following are the quotations for the Monroe Cotton Market for the week ending Saturday March 18th:

Good Middling	11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Middling	11 @ 11 1/2
Low Middling	10 1/2 @ 11
Stains	6 @ 8

NO EXCUSE FOR BRING SICK.—No person can use Beecher's German Syrup without getting immediate relief and cure. We have the first cases of Coughs, Colds or Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, yet to hear from that has not been cured. We have distributed every year, for three years, over 250,000 Sample Bottles by Druggists and parts of the United States. No other Manufacturer of Medicines ever gave their preparations such a test as this. Go to your Druggists, Blair Walsh and Flow, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Sample Bottles 10 cents each.

Married.

In this place on the 16th inst., by Rev. B. G. Corington, Ma. B. F. Landon to Miss JENNIE FENDERBURY, daughter of W. A. Fenderbury, Esq.

Died.

In this place on the 18th inst., after a short but severe attack of Apoplexy, Ma. C. CORRELL, aged 52.

In this place on the 14th inst., of Scarlet Fever, little ANNA, daughter of C. L. A. W. and M. M. Turner, aged three years.

State News.

Gov. Brogden has offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of the negro Lock who fatally stabbed a white man named Barringer last week.

A young man in Raleigh who recently had a fish bone to lodge in his throat, has just had it removed by the inhalation process.

W. J. Whipper, late member of the Legislature from Beauford county S. C., and claiming to have been elected Judge of the First Circuit, has resigned his seat in the House of Representatives. He does this in order that there may be no "entangling alliances" in his way on the 26th of August—the day on which he claims that the term of his judgeship will begin. Whipper evidently means business.

The famous Colt's pistol is a North Carolina invention. The Gatling gun, so famous in Europe as the "military lion," is a North Carolina invention. The Edwards battery, patented during the war by a resident and a native of Orange county, is a North Carolina invention. One of the latest useful inventions is a sewing machine, made in Cleveland county, which comes in competition with the famous machines of Howe, Singer and others.

PROTESTED MEETING.—The interest in the services at Tryon Street M. E. Church, is growing with each meeting. The spacious church was filled last night, and deep interest was manifested in the exercises. Presiding Elder Bobbitt preached a strong sermon, which had a marked effect upon the congregation. The number of penitents has been steadily on the increase ever since the meeting began, and last night there were 19 or 20 at the altar. Rev. W. W. Duncan, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., is expected to preach to-night.—Char. Observer 17th.

A FORMER CHARLOTTEAN.—Mr. John Vanandingham, who has just returned from a visit to Florida, brings interesting information concerning W. H. H. Houston, who jumped his bail in this city about a year ago, and fled to Florida. Houston now has a wholesale and retail leather store and saddle and harness manufactory in Ocala, and is said to be doing a flourishing business. We have before us a copy of the Ocala Banner, in which he has an advertisement measuring about a third of a column, signed "H. Houston." He says that he intends to make enough money to pay all of his debts in North Carolina, and then come back here to live in Charlotte again. Houston did not try to conceal his North Carolina character from the people among whom he has recently settled, but told them all about his "irregularities" up here before anybody else had an opportunity to do so.—Observer.

The Concord Sun says: Our People doubtless remember the celebrated Ray murderer trial moved from Mecklenburg county this place. He was acquitted upon the insanity plea, and is now a maniac at the Raleigh Insane Asylum. The trial was a long and tedious one, and the necessary costs of the trial made out and forwarded to Mecklenburg for payment. The Commissioners of Mecklenburg, upon the advice of counsel, refused to pay the bill. Our Commissioners sued Mecklenburg and on account of the numerous cases on the Docket, was not reached until last Thursday of Charlotte Court. Maj. Montgomery appeared for Cabarrus and Messrs. Wilson and Gen. Barringer for Mecklenburg. The case was argued and submitted to the jury. After being out a short time, they returned a verdict of \$1,200 in favor of Cabarrus. The counsel for Mecklenburg took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Washington.

Washington, March 15, 1876. It is reported that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have decided to report adversely on the nomination of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., as Minister to England. It has been known for some days that influences were industriously at work to cause his rejection, influences mainly arising out of personal hostility.

Washington, March 15. There is a lull in the Bankruptcy proceedings which is not likely to last much longer. It seems generally admitted that nothing can be done without the presence of Marsh, but that witness will likely put it his appearance within a week. There is no doubt that he has official assurance from the Government that he will not be prosecuted.

Mrs. Corington's Picture Gallery is now completed and is a fine work. Call and see specimens. Gallery two doors West of Stewart's old stand. Feb 12, 76.

Outlines.

Penitence's explanation of the Kentucky Railroad claims, made yesterday to the Committee of Congress, explodes the slander about him. —Lamar has gone home sick. —Lieutenant Governor Davis, Mississippi, has been impeached. —Bank of State of New York has suspended payments. —Senate voted yesterday to reduce President's salary, after next March to \$25,000. —Dispatches indicate Republican victory in New Hampshire. —State Democratic Convention called to meet at Raleigh June 14th. —Vacancies in the Executive Committee have been filled. —Bishop Milman, of California, is dead. —New York Greenback Convention met yesterday at Syracuse, organized and put out a platform. —Havana is excited over discovery of a horrible society of human butchers called Naviges. They resemble the Tondos in some of their rites, but some of the members are white. —New New markets, March, 17th. —Grain, 11 1/2; cotton 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2.

South Carolina News.—A "Sabre Club" is being formed at Chester, S. C. The club numbers seventy-two members, representing all sections of the county, and is becoming a popular institution. —W. R. Thompson, the negro who murdered Mr. Hays Reid at Pomeroy last December, was hanged last Friday at Newberry. He made a full confession. There were about six thousand spectators—mostly colored people.

MONROE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY TROTT, CROWELL & CO.

Monday, March 20

Cotton, 1/2 B	6 @ 14
Bacon	12 @ 15
Lard	18 @ 20
Butter	18 @ 20
Cheese	18 @ 20
Pork	8 @ 10
Beef	5 @ 6
Swear	25 @ 30
Tallow	8 @ 10
Rice	25 @ 35
Coarse	25 @ 35
Sugar	10 @ 15
Potatoes, 1/2 bu.	80 @ 85
Potatoes, 1/4 bu.	40 @ 45
Corn	85 @ 90
Meal	85 @ 90
Oats	45 @ 50
Flour, 1/2 sack	33 @ 34
Chicken	15 @ 20
Eggs, 1/2 doz.	10 @ 15

New Advertisements.

BROWN HOUSE, Wadesboro, N. C.

THOS. M. BROWN, Proprietor.

TABLE SUPPLIED WITH CHOICE FOOD. Special Rooms for Traveling Salesmen, Professionals and Business Men.

This hotel is situated convenient to the business part of town and offers great inducements to the traveler who wishes to be well provided for with good rooms, excellent fare, polite service, &c. My new coach meets all the trains both day and night, so you may visit Wadesboro at any time with the assurance of being met at the depot. The choicest Philadelphia Lager Beer, Imported Ales and fine Cigars are kept convenient to the dining room. Terms as low as consistent with good fare. Special arrangements made with families and excursionists. Try the new house and I will guarantee satisfaction. THOS. M. BROWN, Proprietor. March 20-21-76.

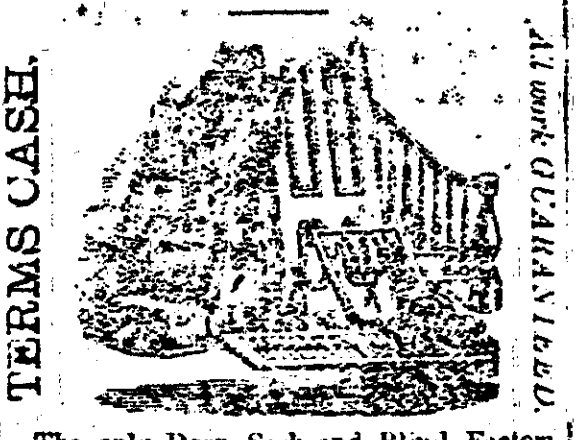
DO YOU WANT BOOKS, CARDS, AND FRAMES, PHOTOGRAPHS? Why then do you waste money on swindlers. Instead send to the old reliable house of Hunter & Co. Established in 1860. We supply all books, all goods and at lowest rates. And for some of those, Trunk Full of Fun, 15¢; How to win a Sixteenth, 30¢; Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, 40¢; Book of Love Letters, 50¢; Boxing Made Easy, 15¢; Morgan's Memory Exposed, 25¢; Hunters Guide, 25¢; Gamblers Exposure, 15¢; 100 Questions, 50¢; How to write short hand, 50¢; How to amuse an evening party, 30¢; Dancing made easy, 30¢; How Gamblers Win, 30¢; Leap Year Cards, Courtship Cards, Fortune Telling Cards, Love Making Cards, &c. &c. each in its own 30¢; Complete Pocket Bible, 50¢; Chesterfield's Letter Writer, 40¢; Monitor of Freemasonry, 75¢; How to win and how to lose, 15¢; The Love of Love, 10¢; Ladies Guide to Beauty, 30¢; &c. &c. Remember any or all of the above will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of price. We import and send out foreign and scarce books. We make it a study. We want your patronage. Send for our circulars. It will pay you to deal with us. Do not risk money with swindlers sent out at once to the "old reliable," Hunter & Co., 1114-1116, N. H.

Save Money. Why pay double for worth of goods for 50¢. You can buy the Great N. E. Dollar Sale, 33 Broadfield St., Boston, is firmly established, and for years has sold really valuable goods worth 50¢ to 60¢ at a fixed price of only 25¢. We are endorsed and recommended by the best papers and leading merchants. Our sale is an honorable business enterprise and we do sell all goods at less than other dealers. In these times it pays to save money. We sell Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Glassware, Cutlery, Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Spices, and in fact everything, including 5,000 elegant books, high priced at \$1.50 to \$4, and all for just one dollar. There is no "ticket," "order slip" or other trickery. One dollar secures any article on the list. W. O. D. let you see goods before paying. Over 75,000 patrons send the popularity of our great sale. We need another yearbook. We can give any article of our business. Our list of goods would fill this entire paper. Send at once for a circular and recommendations from our patrons. You can see our "Will you do it?" 42, Pearl Street at corner H. CHAMBERLAIN & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Broadfield St., Boston, Mass. Feb 12-76.

ENCOURAGE HOME PEOPLE

HOME ENTERPRISE!

GEO. S. HACKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.



The only Down, Sash and Blind Factory owned and managed by a Carolinian in the City. Always on hand a large Stock of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, Scroll and Turned Work of every description. Glass, White Lead and Paints, Hardware, Stained Lumber and Flooring delivered in any portion of this State. March 20 '76-42-ly.

NOTICE.

U. S. Internal Revenue, SPECIAL TAXES.

May 1 1876, to April 30 1877.

THE Revised Statutes of the United States, Sections 323, 324, 325 and 326, require every person engaged in any business, profession, or employment which renders him liable to a SPECIAL TAX, TO PURCHASE AND PLACE CONSPICUOUSLY IN HIS ESTABLISHMENT OR PLACE OF BUSINESS A STAMP denoting the payment of said SPECIAL TAX for the Special Tax year beginning May 1, 1876, before commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1876.

THE TAX EMPRACED WITHIN THE PROVISIONS OF THE ABOVE QUOTED ARE THE FOLLOWING VIZ:

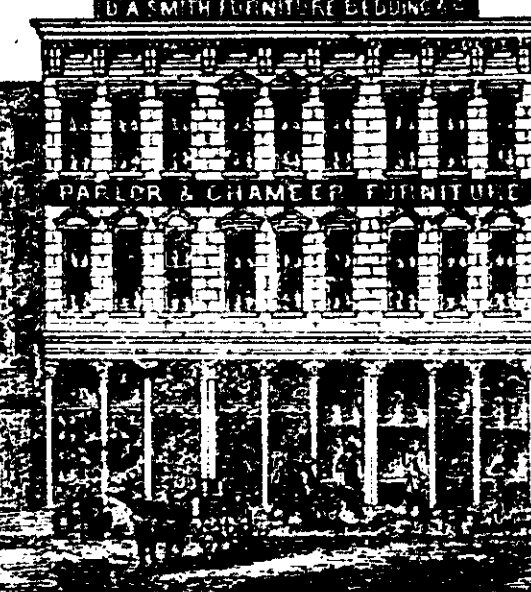
Certificates	\$200 00
Dealers, retail liquor	25 00
Dealers, whole sale liquor	100 00
Dealers in malt liquors, wholesale	50 00
Dealers in malt liquors, retail	25 00
Dealers in tea, tobacco	25 00
Dealers in tea, tobacco	500 00
And on sales of over \$1,000, fifty cents for every dollar excess	
Dealers in manufactured tobacco	5 00
Manufacturers of stills	25 00
And for each still manufactured	30 00
And for each worm manufactured	30 00
Manufacturers of tobacco	10 00
Manufacturers of cigars	10 00
Peddlers of tobacco, first class (more than two horses or other animals)	50 00
Peddlers of tobacco, second class (two horses or other animals)	25 00
Peddlers of tobacco, third class (one horse or other animal)	15 00
Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance)	10 00
Drawers of less than 500 barrels	50 00
Drawers of 500 barrels or more	100 00
Any person, so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties. Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named at or around apply to J. J. MOTT, Collector of Internal Revenue at Statesville, and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need, prior to May 1, 1876, and WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE.	

D. D. PRATT,

Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Office of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C., February 1, 1876.

D. A. SMITH, Wilmington, N. C.

T. C. CRAFT, Charlotte, N. C.



D. A. Smith & Co., Wholesale and Retail dealers in

Furniture

—AND—

BEDDING

Of every description.

East Trade Street,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

43 NORTH FRONT STREET,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

N. B.—A full stock of Metallic Cases, and Wood Coffins always on hand. Orders by telegraph promptly attended to. D. A. S. & Co. Wilmington, N. C., May 4th, 1875-49-1y.

CAROLINA FERTILIZER,

Has been thoroughly tested every season and found

EQUAL TO ANY

AND SUPERIOR TO MANY.

ARMFIELD & LANEY, Agents, Monroe, N. C.

The high standard of quality has been maintained, and it is considered by those who have given it a fair trial

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FERTILIZER MANUFACTURED.

DeROSSETT & CO., General Agents, WILMINGTON, N. C.

To whom apply for Local Agency at other points. Feb 28 39-2

COTTON FOR GUANO!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

THE CELEBRATED FERTILIZER,

WILCOX, GIBBS & CO.'S

MANIPULATED GUANO!

Is offered on the following liberal terms:—On Credit to 1st November, 1876, with option of paying in Cotton on the basis of 17 cents for Middling, delivered at Planter's nearest depot, (planter paying expenses on Guano to destination)..... PER TON \$70.00

THE ADVANTAGE to the Farmer in buying on these terms is plain, as he will receive when he pays the Guano, that 412 pounds Cotton (Middling) will pay for it, no matter how low the price may be, and can make his calculations accordingly. The quality of THIS GUANO IS UNEQUALLED, as has been thoroughly established by the use of the MANY THOUSAND TONS we have sold. Our Agents sell on the same terms.

WILCOX, GIBBS & CO., Importers and Dealers in Guano, Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.

For sale by JAS. T. PETTEWAY, Agent, at WILMINGTON, N. C.

T. C. LINGLE, Agent, Monroe, N. C.

THE OLD

PACIFIC GUANO

AND

ACID PHOSPHATE,

For Composting with Cotton Seed.

STANDARD ADVANCED

PRICE REDUCED.

Those Fertilizers have been used in this section for years and are known to be FIRST CLASS in every respect, and we can safely recommend them to the farming public.

EVERY BAG WARRANTED GENUINE.

Call on us for circulars and prices before buying.

BURROUGHS & SPRINGS, Agents, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Feb. 28. 39-2m.

FIRST-CLASS Meat Market.

BY McMANUS & CO.

The undersigned having bought out Ogburn & Rich, call the attention of the public to the fact that they have opened a Meat Market in Monroe, at the old Martine Yard, where they expect to keep at all times a supply of first-class

Beef, Pork, and Sausage for sale at reasonable prices.

Highest market prices paid for Fat-tened Bees or Hogs, either on foot or slaughtered.

J. Q. McMANUS, W. McMANUS.

Jan 10-39-4.

JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

TO FARMERS!

Make Your Own

FERTILIZERS.

USE

HARRIS' EMPIRE COMPOST,

OR, HOME-MADE

Fertilizer.

Union County, N. C., Dec. 1875.

I used this year two tons of Harris' Empire Compost, and am so well pleased with it that I consider the formula alone worth \$100 to me, and I shall use a double quantity the next season. The cheapness of it, and the general utility, making it indispensable to farmers. I never expect to use any other kind.

A HEMBY.

BEAVER DAM, N. C. Nov. 1875.

I certify that I have used Harris' Empire Compost, and find it as good as the Navassa under Cotton, at about one-fourth of the price. One ton goes over ten acres.

Dr. T. L. DOSTER.

Chemicals for making the above Fertilizers for sale by

B. D. HEATH & CO.

Monroe, N. C. Feb. 7-36.

FOR RENT!

A very desirable STORE ROOM on Depot street, near business part of town. Suitable for a Millinery establishment or Confectionery.

Apply to

HORACE SMITH.

March 6-40-4.

SEND 25c. to Geo. P. Howell & Co., New York, for Book (97th edition) containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

