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Selected Poetry. MY NATIVE HILLS. Oh, give me back my native hills, Rough, rugged, though they be,

Then, give me back my native hills, Rough, rugged, though they be; No other clime, no other land,

Miscellaneous. Mr. Butterwick's Horse. In the early part of last summer, Mr. Butterwick bought himself a carriage horse.

was a common thing with the better class of horses. And when he kept on sleeping, dear, I got frightened, and Patrick consulted the horse doctor.

My native hills, still dear to me, Wherever I may roam, With lofty pride, with cherished love, I'll think of thee, my home.

"Door knobs, Emma? Has he shown a fondness for door knobs?" "Yes; and he ate Louisa's hymn-book, too.

"That is all, love, is it?" "Yes." Then Mr. Butterwick folded the bill up and went out in the back yard to take a quiet swear by himself.

Fifteen Hundred Feet Under Ground and What May be Seen There. It only takes five minutes. You step into the cage, and the hand that guides the Titan at the surface touches the rein of the black monster and you are plunging into the gloom.

"A ginnet, Emma?" "An ordinary ginnet. But it seemed unpleasant to the horse, and so he kicked Patrick through the partition, breaking three of his ribs.

The Trick on Robbins. James Robbins, of National avenue, has been missing for three days, but there is no anxiety around his house to learn his fate.

"Why in blazes isn't supper ready?" howled Robbins as he stood in the door. "Grunting around again, are you?" shouted Robbins. "What the matter now?"

"I would invite you to my house," brudder Jackson, said Deacon Johnson, as he emerged from church last Sunday evening.

Closed for Returns. At eight o'clock yesterday morning, the proprietor of a small saloon on Beauvenir street put down the curtains, locked the door, and was walking off when he was hailed by a policeman.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "It is to give certain persons a chance to wash up and get on a clean shirt before winter sets in for good!"

She Was for Reform Too. "Matilda," he said, as he arose from the supper table and wiped his mouth on his sleeve, "we won a glorious victory yesterday. Reform has completely carried the day."

Pleasant Paragraphs. Nearly all the Texas post offices are in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour.

Appearances are deceitful. At camp meeting it is difficult to tell whether the man on the front seat is shouting glory, or has just sat down on a tack.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes!" "We may be small potatoes," said one, "but we are sweet ones."

"That's carrying the thing altogether too far, you know," as the man said when he got out of the cars at the Centennal, and his trunk had gone on to Pittsburgh.

The farmer who hung up an old coat in his field to frighten away the birds, and afterward found a young brood in one of the pockets, has lost faith in scarecrows.

A Western farmer complains that a hook and ladder company has been organized in his neighborhood. He states that the ladder is used after night for climbing into his chicken house, after which the hooking is done.

A mother, trying to get her little three-year-old daughter to sleep one night, said, "Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am tryin'," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well I can't help it; mine come unbuttoned."

An Atlantic man walked around all day recently with a grasshopper in his ear. When his wife discovered it, he said he had been hearing peculiar noises all day but thought that a new sea saw mill had begun operation somewhere in the neighborhood.

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir," "Well, what is it?" "I knows him very well by sight, sir—but what me if I can remember his name."

Johnnie says his reward for good behavior is candy, and his punishment for bad behavior is the rod; in which he discovers that while his punishment is a good licking, his reward is licking good.

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang and he ran left before he had finished his repast. "Fould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the cars; hould on, ye motherin' outd shame-ignorant ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

"Things is gittin' slouchways in dis country, I dedar to grasshows dey aint," said an old negro the other day. "Fust cum de cittypillar, den de chicken koley, an' now here cum de grasshoppers; an' I hear talk do ud-er day dat a nigger was pizezed wid mussumilion. Looks like hard times—you heard my horn."

The newest collar is called the "Safety." It is so named from the fact that it is high enough for a man who wears one to crawl up behind it, and hide when his wife steps in at the office to inquire whether he mailed her letters.

Grounds of Argument.—Edith: "I say, Roggy, how is it that one of our boys is brown and the other white?" Roggy: "Why, you silly, any one knows that. It's the white cow that gives the milk, and the brown cow the coffee."

"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of the bell boy at the hotel the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why, a saloon bar, of course; what kind of a bar do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

A Chicopee man had a cat which he cared no longer to possess. He took the animal into the garden, struck it nine times over the head with a hammer, and, as it still moved he boxed its ears with a spade and then buried it. Next morning the cat walked serenely into breakfast, willing to forget the past.

They tell a good story of an old business man who recently found himself "concerned" financially, and desired to go into bankruptcy. He applied to a lawyer to know what would be the cost of having the papers made out, and the business put through. He was told that it would be about \$100, and appearing to be satisfied with the price, he told the lawyer to go ahead. The lawyer followed the instructions, and when the work was done he called for his little \$100. "All right," said the bankrupt, "you can put your claim right in with the others."

Table listing prices for various items: Horse doctor's fees, Paregoric for cough, Galvanic battery, Repairing saddles, Potatoes, etc.

