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Selected Poetry.

COUSINS.

Had you ever a cousin, Tom? Did your cousin happen to sing? Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom, But a cousin's a different thing;

Selected Story.

THE RECTOR OF RIVINGTON.

The rector of Rivington sat in his study. He was a venerable-looking man, on whose pale face some deep sorrow had left its trace. As he sat leaning thoughtfully back in his chair, his dark eyes fixed on the glowing coals in the grate, his countenance wore a troubled, anxious expression.

peculiar gaze which we sometimes see in the eyes of those who are exploring the dim recesses of the past, the recollections, in low, earnest tones, his story, while his daughter fixed her mournful eyes on her father as he thus spake: "Clarence Medway was the son of an English gentleman, a man of wealth, culture and refinement. He gave his children every advantage which money could bestow, and his daughters and his sons, with one exception, grew up all that the most loving parents could wish. But this one, this boy Clarence, was a wild, dissipated fellow, plunging into shameful excesses, and wasting the precious hours of youth in the haunts of folly and the homes of crime. He gave his parents many an anxious hour, as such boys always do; fortunate most fortunate was it for them that they slept the quiet sleep of the grave before this boy, dishonored and degraded, brought untold misery to the hearts that loved him."

ing its throne, he grew mad,—yes, mad as any lunatic chained in Bedlam. Raving and dangerous, his brain on fire with the accursed stuff he had been drinking, he was carried home from a low den to the young wife whose life he had made miserable. For days, that devoted wife hovered over his bed; shocked at his situation, crushed to the very earth by grief, she yet clung to the frantic maniac to whom she was chained by matrimony. He did not recognize her as she bent over him; he did not know who it was that looked into his wild eyes with pity but not fear. For days and nights that loving woman watched and wept,—wept as she heard the madman's ravings, and saw his fingers point to imaginary spiders which his disordered fancy saw on the wall.

wife in a fit of drunken delirium. Time wore on, and the day of execution arrived; he had pressed his sweet child to his bosom for the last time, and raised tears of sorrow on his young head. His friends had taken a sad and solemn farewell of him and all that was left of the poor man to do, was to mount the scaffold and give his life for that precious life he had taken. "The rector shuddered, and his thin fingers grasped nervously the hand of his daughter, that lay on his lap. "It was a lovely day, full of balm and beauty, when a gloomy procession moved from the prison. The gallows was reached, and the hangman stood ready to usher the soul into eternity. There was a breathless silence; the crowd stood around, some pitying the poor wretch whom the demon drink had brought to this fearful end. Suddenly there was a loud clattering of horses' feet, and a shout went up—" "Alice pressed her father's hand, as she exclaimed: "Thank heaven, he was saved!" "A shout went up," repeated the rector, "a pardon! a pardon!" and that man, with the rope almost around his neck, overcame by his feelings, fell fainting to the ground. He was removed by his friends from the scene, and in a quiet home they nursed him lovingly and forgivingly through the long fit of illness that ensued. They uttered no reproaches, for well they knew that this poor heart was tortured by the keenest of all reproaches, self-reproach. When he recovered, taking his precious child with him, he left the beautiful shores of England forever.

How to Burn Coal.—A very common mistake is made and much fuel wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but servants, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it has become red hot. Hence, for a while the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle and, as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out.—Many also put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alterations of heat and cold above referred to.

Men of America, God has given us a goodly heritage; majestic rivers, lofty mountains, vast forests, a balmy clime, and a fruitful soil. "Some flowers of Eden we still inherit," But the trail of the serpent is over them all. This serpent is Intemperance, that is trailing its hateful length through this fair domain, crushing, as it goes, the beautiful buds of home, withering hopes, and destroying body and soul. This serpent it is that clings to us in our grand march onward, to stand side by side with our sister nations, their compeer in all save years. Truly, it is time for the daughters of America to protest, when her sons are selling their fair birthright for a mess of pottage.—Selected. Will he Succeed. In nine cases out of ten, man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother have kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his run; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he slowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents. On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good bye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—S. C. Advocate. Let Your Children Read.—We have often noticed that the sons of farmers, who have constant access to reading matter of a suitable character, become first-class citizens, and are nearly always leaders in the communities in which they reside. The parent who neglects to provide this food for the mind does his child a grievous wrong, for he virtually robs him not only of the opportunity of becoming "well to do" in the world but of being influential honored and respected in the highest circles of society. The intelligence gained from reading good books and papers, even by the light of pine-knots, cannot be estimated by any known standard of values. Dollars and cents are trifles of mean value in comparison.—Selected. Mr. Lester said when he was a boy ten or twelve years of age, he was standing in Market Square with his grandfather, when four Irishmen came up, one of whom asked the distance to Pawtucket. He was told by the old gentleman that it was about four miles. "Well, faith," said Pat, in a mock tone of encouragement to tired companions, "that's not bad at all—only a mile a piece for us." "Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" inquired Mr. Lester, senior. "Be jabbers," was the quick reply. "I want to see myself there the most, 'n naybody."

