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The Monroe Enquirer.

One Square, of ten lines, first insertion, \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square. Obituaries, Fifty Cents per square.

A Dead Beat Beaten.

A Detroit saloon keeper has suffered much pecuniary loss at the hands of dead beats, and has racked his brain for a remedy. It does not pay to knock a man down because he has no money, and harsh words collect a crowd and give a place a hard name.

The Important Subject.

What's the use of dogs, anyway? Is a question that is coming to be asked quite often. They earn nothing, remarks the Hartford Post, costs money for their keep, and every little while one of them runs mad, and a valuable life is sacrificed.

Selected Story.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the forest. Where the trees are green and fair; There is beauty in the meadow Where wild-flowers scent the air; There is beauty in the sun-light, And the soft, blue beam above; O! the world is full of beauty When the heart is full of love!

Miscellaneous.

Brooklyn Tabernacle--The Goddess of Fashion--Sermon by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Mr. Talmage preached on the subject of fashion, taking his text from I Peter, iii, 3--Whose adorning let it not be with apparel. My subject, said Mr. Talmage, is dry goods religion.

A NEW WRINKLE.

The undersigned will open, during the second week in September, at his old stand in Stewart's Brick Row, an ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF General Merchandise, FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, Groceries, Hardware, and in fact nearly all articles usually needed by the citizens of this country.

Market Notice.

All accounts due the undersigned for Meats should be paid only at my Market House, where I have an agent authorized to receive the same.

other ten cents by command of the Bible belongs to Him? Is not God liberal? But we don't like that; we want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God. The greatest obstacle to Christian charity is the fact that men expend so much on their stomachs that they have nothing left for the cause of God and the world's betterment.

All Cotton and Starve.

The cry comes from many sections of the South that the recent storm and the cotton worm have greatly destroyed the cotton crop, and in many places completely ruined the planter.

lions just double cost of production! Half the labor and supplies employed in raising five millions bales of cotton could be employed in raising supplies without reducing the value of the cotton crop one dollar.

Go on as you are now going, making cotton your chief crop, and slavery is the doom of your children and your children's children forever?

The Days of Stage Coaches.

A correspondent tells the following tale of the days of stage coaches in California:

The stage drew up at his rancho one day with a passenger list so begrudgingly that it reduced the smiling Bonifaces to a state of despair, and to an abuse calculation of his profit and loss account. Among the few dusty begrimed passengers that filed in to feast on the good things on his hospitable board, was a verdant looking individual, who tightly clutched one of those old-fashioned, capacious mouthed carpet-bags with vast bowled depth, that our grand-fathers used in their journeys, and that was usually laden with two shirts and a month's luncheon.

"Your bill is two dollars," said Boniface. "Hay!" "Two dollars, if you please." "Gosh all mighty, landlord, he exclaimed, 'you don't mean to say that you tax a fellow two dollars for a meal like this?" Our charge is a dollar for every chair occupied at the table. Your bag monopolizes a seat and the charge for it is the same as for a person."

spring chicken? Two? Well, you are cheeky, but here they are. You don't wait to pick 'em, I see. Some more biscuit? There you have them."

Suiting his actions to these words, the owner of the bag stuffed into its capacious interior every edible that lay within his reach, regardless of the consternation depicted in the face of the landlord, who rushed up to stop him.

"This is robbery, sir; downright robbery!" he thundered. "I will not submit to it."

"See here now, squire, just keep cool and we'll argue this," calmly replied the verdant one, not letting up however, in his occupation of filling the bag. "Didn't this bag pay for a square meal if it isn't to eat till one is satisfied? Isn't that so gents?"

His fellow passengers, who were roaring with laughter, readily assented.

Pleasant Paragaphs.

A carpenter may set a saw, but he can't make it hatch.

The cat on the wool-shed: She loves not too wisely, but to wail.

A jeweler is a watch-ful man. And always timely in his actions.

No man who buttons his coat with a shingle-nail should part his hair in the middle.

The fashion-able pancake should first be ruffled and then tucked--into your mouth.

The majority of men make their mark in the world by tearing off the corner of every Jack in a euchre deck.

Poker is a school for the emotions, enabling a man to hold a flush without showing it in his face.

Hens have an ambition similar to men. They all want to get on the highest roost.

If your landlady's daughter is prettily you may say, "please pass me that, honey."

Fire escape--the husband who lies abed in the morning until his wife gets up and builds the fire.

Two things in nature are detestable--A girl who is trying to be a woman and a woman who is trying to be a girl.

A man is used to say to a barber, "Thin out my hair a little." Wives were not then invented--we mean acquired.

"When my pa wouldn't let me go to the ball," said a merry young lady, "I just sat down and had a brawl at home."

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

Slippers should be felt, not heard--in the sick room. But naughty little boys prefer that they should be heard rather than felt--in the nursery.

He was bound to be accurate, and he thus described the woman's costume; "She wore a suit of something or other, cut bias and trimmed endwise."

The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin: "Here lies the body of John Munn, Lost at sea and never found."

What is the difference between an entrance to a barn and a loafer in a printing office? One is a barn door and the other is a darn bore.

It is astonishing how soon a man acknowledges his mistake when he puts the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth.

Observe a young father trying to appear a bawling baby, and you'll witness enough ingenuity in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

A correspondent writes to know if Cleopatra did her own sewing. We can't say positively, but from what little we remember of that ancient lady we think if she sowed anything it was wild oats.

