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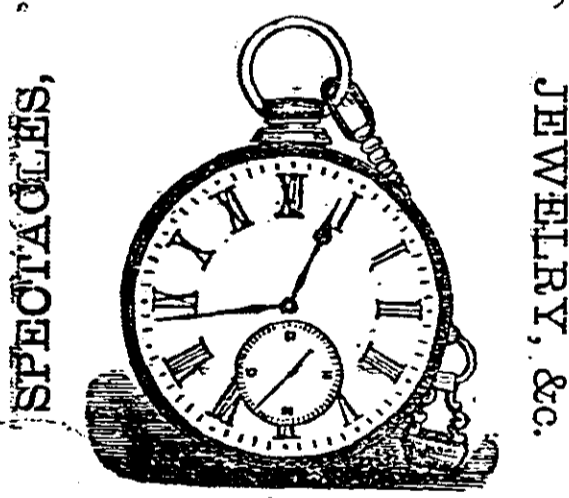
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Selected Poetry.

THE NOBEL SUBSCRIBER.

"Good morning, sir; Mr. Editor, how are your folk's to-day? I owe for next year's paper; I thought I'd come and pay. And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here; I shut down lendin' it to him, and then coaxed him try it a year.

And here is a few items that happened last week in our town, I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just docted 'em down. And here's a bushel of rুষets my wife picked expressly for you; A bunch of flowers from Jennie, she thought she must do something too.

You're doin' the politics bully, as all our family agree; Just keep your old goose quill a flappin' and give 'em a good one for me. And now you're chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time, I've things of my own I must tend to—good-day, sir, I believe I will climb."

The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump, "God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular jolly tramp." And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still—There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that's coming when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound, And they who have labored and rested, shall come from the quivering ground, And they who have striven and suffered to teach and enable the race, Shall march to the front of the column, each one in his God-given place; As they march through the gates of the city with proud, victorious tread, The editor and his assistants will not be far from the head.

Selected Story.

A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SEA.

The good ship Amierens, engaged in the East India service, was on her homeward passage. Her crew were jubilant at the prospect of soon reaching home; but probably no one aboard the ship was in better spirits than the skipper's pretty daughter, Mabel Stanford, who had accompanied her father on this voyage.

When, suddenly, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, a dark cloud of wrongs and suffering, which had been hanging over the ship, broke upon them in all its terrible power, sending broken hearts and death into their midst, chilling the hopes of the crew and driving the captain and his daughter nearly distracted with grief. Mabel Stanford was the general favorite of that ship's company. None could help liking and admiring her pleasant ways, and she, unconscious of the fearful web she was so innocently weaving, did her best to make the voyage pleasant.

Among Miss Stanford's ardent admirers, and one whom she seemed especially to favor, was the second mate, young Frank Heywood, who loved her with all his heart.

It was whispered among the crew that they would make a fine match; but the skipper did not look upon the would-be union in that light; and it was generally known that he would prefer the first mate, Warren Gregg, who was also a suitor for his daughter's hand.

Warren Gregg, the first mate, was a man not far from 30, who had followed the sea from his boyhood, and was considered a first-class seaman. He was a little below medium height, with a stout, thick-set frame, and frank, open features, which greatly belied his true disposition. This was his second trip as mate on the Amierens; and though he had succeeded in winning the good will of the captain, he was generally disliked by the crew for his haughty and overbearing ways. That he loved Miss Stanford with all the ardor of which his nature was capable, there was no doubt; and it is perhaps needless to say that he looked upon the attention, the manly, handsome Heywood paid her with anything but pleasure. In fact he was mad with jealousy, and the opportunity was wanting for his pent-up passion to break forth into a torrent of hatred and vengeance.

However, he had so managed to govern his actions that no one dreamed of the first mental conflict which was racking his brain.

Affairs were at this state—Miss Mable openly receiving the attention of Heywood, while her father and brother, the supercargo, were silently working to bring about a different result, and Gregg still trying to win her from his rival, his passion growing fiercer and fiercer as his case grew more hopeless, till plans for revengeful triumph went fitting through his brain, ready to be tried in case fair means should fail—when an incident occurred which tended to bring about an estrangement between the captain and his daughter's lover.

It had been the aim of the unscrupulous Gregg from the first to bring about a quarrel between the captain, or his son Lewis and Heywood. Thus he was continually embittering the minds of both against the young mate, until at last his object was accomplished.

Heywood and young Stanford had an open quarrel, brought about by the machinations of the first mate, who had ceased the hot-headed supercargo to accuse the other of stealing a ring he had mysteriously lost, which of course quickly aroused the temper of the latter, when a hot discussion followed, that would have no doubt ended in blows if some of the crew had not interfered.

The sympathies of the captain in this quarrel were with his son, and those of Mabel with her lover, whom she did not consider at all to blame.

It was not far from the middle of the night following the quarrel between Heywood and Stanford, and save the gentle moaning of the wind through the rigging, and the rippling of the water as the ship ploughed on her course, all was silent as death, when the helmsman, peering out with straining eyes into the impenetrable gloom of the black expanse beyond, was suddenly aroused from the drowsiness that was stealing over him, by hearing a cry for help, and then a splash in the water from off the lee bow.

He quickly turned to ask the supercargo, who but a moment before had been standing by his side, the cause of the noise, when he saw that the young man was gone.

Then the truth instantly flashed through his mind and he shouted in a startling, excited tone—"Man overboard!"

It seemed but an instant from the giving of the alarm, before the captain and crew were on deck—and the lights being quickly brought, rushed to the place whence the helmsman had heard the cry, when to their surprise they discovered the second mate, a wild and haggard look upon his face, holding in his hand a heavy, murderous looking club.

"What means this?" thundered the skipper, as thoughts of foul play flashed upon his brain.

But, amazed and startled, Heywood was silent.

"Who is lost?" cried the captain in the next instant. But before anyone had time to answer him his own eyes told him.

"My God! 'tis Lewis! and that red handed villain has murdered him! Quick, men, hoist all the lights and man the boats! Let everything be done that can be, as quickly as possible. He may be living, and if you save him this shall be a good night's job for you. Work, work, for your lives!"

The orders of the grief-stricken captain were readily obeyed. But, though the lights were hoisted, and boats sent out in every direction, nothing could be found of the lost one. So at last it was given up as a hopeless case; and the men returned to the ship, when Frank Heywood was seized for the murder of Lewis Stanford.

No more sleep visited the ship that night. The sorrowing father paced the deck till daylight, and in the cabin below, his daughter was sobbing for the death of her only brother and for him accused of that terrible deed.

In the morning Heywood was arraigned before the crew on charge of wilful murder. Nothing seemed lacking to substantiate his guilt. His quarrel with young Stanford and the circumstances under which he had been found after the alarm, together with his appearance at the time seemed sufficient to prove his guilt.

Yet, he stoutly protested his innocence, saying, in explanation of his conduct, that he had harbored no ill-feelings against Lewis, but had been ready to forgive and be forgiven.

As to his being found with that murderous looking club in his hands, it was accidental. Feeling a little anxious about the weather, he had left his bunk to go upon deck, and was just in season to near the cry which had caused the alarm.

Hastening to the spot he stumbled over something in his path. It was the club which he had in his hands when they discovered him a few moments later, with the wild look upon his face, caused by the fear that some horrible crime had been committed.

Heywood's story was received with shouts of derision. The circumstantial evidence was too overwhelming against him for any one to have the least suspicion that his seemingly inconsistent story was anything but a false fabrication gotten up for the occasion.

As soon as order could be restored the captain stepped forward with a pair of manacles, and placing them upon the doomed man's wrists, said: "Before God and man, Frank Heywood, I believe you guilty of murdering my son. Therefore, I secure you in irons, and order that you be kept in close confinement until we reach port, when you shall be delivered to the proper authorities to meet the punishment you richly deserve."

"Here," he added, turning to his crew, "some of you take Mr. Heywood below."

"Oh, father, don't!" cried Mabel, who had been a silent spectator of the terrible scene. "He did not do it! I know he did not!"

"Tut, tut, girl, no more of this!" said her father sternly. "Men, do your duty!"

A couple of the sailors stepped up to obey their superior's order, when with a low cry, Mabel sprang forward between them and her lover, as if to shield him from their grasp.

Without a word the captain, in spite of her tearful entreaties, rudely snatched his daughter away.

Heywood, chancing to look up, caught sight of the mate, Warren Gregg, standing but a short distance off, an exultant look of fendish satisfaction gleaming in his unusually expressionless eyes.

It was plainly a look of scornful triumph; and as the sailors placed their hands upon his shoulder, the young man fully realized the peril of his situation, and from what source it was due. But further thought or action was suddenly stayed by a loud cry from the sea, off the lee bow.

The next instant there was plainly heard in a strangely familiar voice, the startling words, thrice repeated: "All a lie! All a lie! All a lie!"

Scarcely had the intonations of the strange words died away, and before the surprised and startled crew had time to recover from the shock of the unexpected and mysterious warning, when again the same voice, sounding so much like the dead, was heard, giving this time the surprising expression:

"'Twas Warren Gregg! 'Twas Warren Gregg! 'Twas Warren Gregg!"

To attempt to portray the astonishment and startled amazement of officers and crew, would be a failure. Their actions were beyond description.

One and all stood in blank astonishment, staring unconsciously perhaps, upon the first mate, who, like the guilty wretch he was, trembled from head to foot, a deathly pallor over-spreading his features, until maddened to desperation by the terrible accusation of the mysterious, unguessed accuser, his pent-up guilt, which he could hold no longer, burst forth into a wild, frenzied cry—

"Who dares to accuse me?" The quick eye of Heywood, if no other, saw the guilt Gregg so plainly showed, and, prompted by self-interest, he exclaimed: "I do!"

Pleasant Paragraphs.

To get just the right frizzle on your hair, Miss, sprinkle it full of meal, and let a brood of young chickens scratch it out.

The way the King of the Sandwich Islands carves a chicken is to take hold of both legs draw a long breath, and pull for all he is worth.

Bridgeport Standard: "What makes people get drunk?" inquires an exchange. Inability to carry off fifteen or twenty drinks at a time generally.

Children are sent into the world to teach us how lovely angels are; but when a man finds himself pestered to the seat of a chair by a piece of spruce gum he never thinks of this.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked of her little three year old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant with down cast eyes and melancholy face, "I suppose I should have to thank myself."

"Charley, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother one day to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. "I guess when God made me of dust he put a little thoger in," said Charley.

A man in Troy, N. Y., recently had a needle taken from his body where it had been for seventeen years. "Did you ever feel any inconvenience from it?" asked a neighbor. "Only a stitch in my side now and then," was the answer.

A Minnesota editor says that a man came into his office to advertise for a lost dog, and his office was the wonderful power of advertising, the dog walked into the office while he was writing out the advertisement.

A Pennsylvania woman who went to Kansas a few years ago writes back that she has done as well as could be expected under the circumstances. She has had three husbands, two pair of twins, and the ague.

"How shall I sell my horse?" said jockey to an acquaintance; his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him." "Sell him by wholesale, for no honorable man would retail him," was the reply.

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his clergyman. I always spend Sunday in settling accounts. "You will find sir," said the clergyman, "that the day of judgment will be spent in the same way."

"See here, Gripps; I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well yes, I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me just now is how to pre-are them."

A man out West last week set out to eat thirty partridges in thirty days on a wager. He ate the first one without any trouble, but the grocer refused to give him any further credit the next day, and he is hopelessly stuck on the other twenty-nine.

An Alabama man refused to accept certain bank bills tendered him because the mules engraved upon them were not properly geared. He said that the engraver had put the breeching upon the lead mules instead of those at the wheels, which made a very grave state of affairs in going down grade.

A woman was testifying in behalf of her son "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer who cross-examined her said: "You assert that your son worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked!" The lawyer evaporated.

A widow in Baltimore put a crape on her door. The crape remained there about a week before the landlord made bold to interrupt her grief, and when he entered he found nothing there but the honsa. Her grief was so intense that she had inadvertently moved all the furniture. The debt of nature which had been paid was suspicious. The debt for rent remains uncanceled. And yet they say that women are not calculated for business.

BLUE GLASS LAMP Chimneys at the Corner Drug Store.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

They went to the fair the other night. On the way, she promised by all good and had that she wouldn't dance with any man save her escort. This she fully resolved to do, but when the band began one of Strauss' waltzes, and a spruce young man sided up to her with a smile, and asked if he could have the pleasure of her company, she forgot her good resolution, and the next thing her escort saw was the light of his heart waltzing with the aforesaid young man.

This is what occurred on the way home. "Thought you were not going to dance Julia."

"Well, I didn't intend to." "But you did, didn't you?" "Yes, I danced a little."

"Did you send my ring and letters to-morrow?" "Yes, of course I will."

Here ensues a pause. The escort grats his teeth and bats his eyes. She bites her lips and feels like she had just lost a \$1,000 bill. They reach the gate. He lingers, but hasn't anything to say.

"Won't you come in Mr. Jones?" "No, I believe I'll hurry home." "When are you coming again?" "Well, I don't reckon I'll come any more now."

"Why?" "Because I don't think I ought to come now; besides, I'll be very busy next week." She softens.

"I've got something good to tell you if you'll come. Can't you come to-morrow night?" "I'll see about it. If that fellow you danced with at the fair won't object, I may come."

"Pshaw! That was brother Tom." He looks blank, but draws nearer. He takes her hand and tries hard for a word.

"Good-night, Mr. Jones." "Good-night, Julia; you needn't send that ring back—I was only joking. Nothing on earth could separate us now."

He is happy. "I was only joking, too, Mr. Jones—it was not my brother, only a friend—but you don't care!"

He releases his hold on her hand, and goes down the steps. He walks slow, looks back at the house, sees nothing. Then he whistles, cuts it short with a snuff, and says: "Ain't I a-a-a fool?"—Detroit Free Press.

One Way to Marry Off Girls.

"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls all marry off so soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it.

As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their cap for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."—Dubuque Telegraph.

