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VOL. V.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1878.

NO. 47.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says
you're to wait, if you please,
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd
promise her never to leave.
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But
that's nonsense, for how would you
know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't
you really and truly think so?"

"And then you'd feel strange herealone! and
you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and
we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But
Jack says it would be like you,
To flop yourself right down upon it and
knock out the very last screw."

"S'pose you try it? I won't tell. You're
afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would
think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty,
if you're sure that your fingers are clean;
For sister says sometimes I touch it, but she
only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's
like her, but she ain't as good looking,
of course!"

"This is me! It's the best of them all. Now,
tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that! It's the only
one that could be bought—
For that was the message to Pa from the
photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he
first got his money for that."

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting.
Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back laid to do up and all of
her front curls to fix.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like
grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often?"

Oh, don't! But don't come like Tom Lee.
"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my good-
ness, he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought that he'd be her hus-
band, and Jack says that gave him a
fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did! For
you're not a rich man they say,
Pa says you are poor as a church mouse.
Now are you? And how poor are they?"

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I
am, for I know now your hair isn't red,
But what there is left of it isn't, and not
what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But
I wish I could wait, just to see,
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the
way that she used to kiss Lee."
—Bred Harriet in the Independent.

THAT CLERK.

"Only think of it! A clerk! A
saleswoman!"

It seems to me I'd have worked my
fingers to the bone in some other
way, before I would have come to
that," said Lizzie Doyle, going to the
mirror and re-adjusting a \$20 hat.

"So would I. But, then, what could
she do?"

"At least she might have made her-
self a little less public. If there's any
thing I despise it's these saleswo-
men!"

"So do I. How much better it
would have been to have gone into
dress-making or millinery, something
of that sort. But to stand behind the
counter like a man!"

"Papa always did like those Stan-
leys," said Lizzie Doyle, petulantly.

"Yes, we always liked them well
enough until Mr. Stanley failed, didn't
we?"

"No, not I, for one. Laura was al-
ways too independent in her notions.
Don't you remember how hard she
studied at school? It does seem as if
she foresaw her father's failure."

"I wonder she didn't try for some
better position, then. She is surely
capable of being something better
than a shop-girl."

"Oh, I believe papa intends to pro-
mote her when Mr. Jobley goes West.
She will then take Mr. Jobley's place
as junior book-keeper. Think of that
for a woman!"

"That would be better than selling
goods. I don't see how she can do
that, with her refined tastes. Why
don't she give lessons, I wonder. It
might not bring her in quite so much
money, but it would be a deal nicer."

"Yes; and then we could recognize
her," said Lizzie Doyle.

"That's what I was coming to," was
the quick reply of her companion, a
small, sallow-faced girl, elaborately
trimmed and flounced. "How are we
to treat her now? We have been
great friends, you know—that is, when
she was in our set," she added, seeing
Lizzie's brow darken.

"I'll tell you how I shall treat her,"
responded Lizzie, slowly drawing on
a pair of perfumed, three-button kid
gloves, "precisely as I treat all papa's

clerks. And I should like to see any
of them presume!"

"Oh, but Laura won't presume!
You needn't be afraid of that; she is
too proud."

"She must be," said Lizzie, sneer-
ingly, "to take that position! I shall
not notice her."

"But how can you help it when you
go to church? She sits near to us,
you know."

"Of course she'll give up that pew.
She can't afford that."

"That's precisely what she does not
mean to do. I heard her say that the
family must economize somewhere
else and keep the pew. Her mother
is hard of hearing, and could not en-
joy the services further back. The
children, too, must go to church—
That is the last thing she said, one
ought to give up. I heard her say
this to your father last Sunday."

"How provoking!" said Lizzie im-
patiently. "She will always be in our
faces. But I shall have nothing to do
with her. I know what it's for, the
artful minx!—it's to keep near us.
She knows she has got into papa's
good graces; and Al, too, admires her.
I don't see what there is, though, to
admire. She is very plain."

"Laura is no beauty," was the re-
ply, "but I don't think she's so very
plain. She certainly has lowered her-
self though, by going into a store."

And thereupon the two girls went out
for their walk.

It was near twilight of that same
day when Laura Stanley walked brisk-
ly home and entered the neat, two-
story house to which her mother had
recently removed such of her house-
hold effects as had been spared by the
auctioneer.

"This is really pleasant," she said,
sinking into a chair that had been
drawn near to the glowing grate. "I
had no idea, mother, that you would
so soon make the house so homelike
and comfortable."

"Are you very tired, my dear?"
asked her mother, a pretty, refined-
looking woman, as she helped her
daughter take off her cloak and hat.

"Rather, but I like the business;
and it's a fine place for the study of
character," she added, with a curl of
the lip which her mother noticed.

"I wish you had chosen something
else my dear. I was sure your feel-
ings would be hurt."

"I don't wish so," said Laura brisk-
ly. "There is nothing else which
would have brought a salary at once,
and as for my feelings, I don't hurt
me a bit to find out the hollowness of
society. I used to wonder what cer-
tain persons would be to me if I were
not the rich Harvey Stanley's daugh-
ter, and now I know. It's a knowl-
edge worth gaining."

"Do you meet many persons you
are acquainted with?" asked her mo-
ther, busying herself in getting the
tea.

"O, yes! and it's amusing when they
come upon me suddenly. Oh! it's
really!—is this Miss Stanley? And
sometimes up go the eye-glasses!
Then I feel—well, as if I should like
to freeze somebody, if I could, for a
minute."

"Others see me and make believe
they are examining goods; so absorb-
ed are they that they go clear by me
without looking up and pass on in the
same way. But such slighted don't
trouble me. I find out how much
true friendship is worth, and who, out
of all the seeming ladies I have been
in the habit of meeting, are true and
who are false."

"Then you meet some who are
true?"

"Yes, indeed! Judge Agate's wife
who always seemed to me so proud
and distant, came up to me with a
glowing face and fairly congratulated
me. She did it like a lady, too, and
like a friend. There was nothing
patronizing about her. And there
were several others to whom I know
my position makes no difference—
They prize me for what I am. Yet
what a price to pay for learning the
value of true friendship!" added Lau-
ra, with a deep sigh.

"I met Aggie Doyle to-day, and she
wouldn't speak to me," said Alice,
Laura's sister, who had come into the
room and overheard the last remark.

"Why shouldn't she speak to me, I
wonder!"

"Because your sister is a clerk in
her father's store," said Laura, some-
what bitterly.

"That's no reason why she should

treat me so," the child replied.

"Of course it is not; nor is it any
reason why Lizzie, her eldest sister,
should utterly ignore me. I always
liked her so much, too. But to-day
she came into the store and passed
me without a sweeping glance, after I
had prepared a smile and a welcome
for her. Mr. Doyle has been so kind
since papa's death that I looked for
better treatment from Lizzie. That,
I confess, has wounded me; and I
shall have to meet her so often!"

"But never mind, I must remember
my place," she added, rather bitterly.
"I have to work for my living now—
but I will be proud of it! Good-bye,
old life of lazy ease! Good-bye, old
worthless friends! Your coldness
cannot hurt the real me; it is only the
worthless young lady of fashion who
feels it, and she is slowly departing
this life."

So saying, she sat down gaily to the
tea-table, and soon forgot all about
the toil and the slights of the day.

"Have you filed out your invita-
tions?" asked Lizzie's eldest brother,
one of the firm of Doyle & Co., some
days after the preceding conversation
took place.

Lizzie was arranging a hundred or
more tiny, cream-colored envelopes,
which she tied together with some
pretty, bright-lined ribbon.

"I believe so," she replied, with a
smile. "I have asked every young
lady of my acquaintance, and I think
our party will be the finest of the sea-
son—if papa will only have the car-
pets taken up in the west rooms and
the floors chalked. Rutgers will do
them for fifty dollars, and you have
no idea how beautifully he works!"

"I think father will not refuse you
that," her brother replied. "I'll
speak to him about it."

"Oh, thank you, Al! Then I'm sure
he will have it done. I have asked
him for so many things that I was al-
most afraid to ask for more."

"By-the-by, have you invited Miss
Laura Stanley?" her brother asked,
as he was going out.

"Of course not!" said Lizzie, with
assured emphasis.

"Of course not? And pray, why
not?" he asked, standing still.

"Why, Al, what an idea! She would
not expect it. Our shop-girl—father's
clerk! I wouldn't have her for the
world!"

"Then, if you are sure she wouldn't
come, you might have sent her an in-
vitation out of compliment," her bro-
ther replied.

"I don't consider her an acquaint-
ance," said Lizzie, loftily; and Al
walked out of the room with an abrupt
shrug of the shoulders.

Presently her father came in.

"Lizzie," he said, "I particularly
wish you to send a note of invitation
to Miss Laura Stanley."

"Papa, you don't mean it!" exclaim-
ed Lizzie, chagrined.

"Indeed, I do mean it. What
slight the daughter of one of my most
cherished friends, because she has
come down in the world in a money
point of view? I should despise my-
self for it."

"But, papa, she won't come," said
Lizzie.

"Never mind whether she will come
or not. Write an invitation. I will
take it to her."

Lizzie sat down, pale and angry, to
write the note. After all her boast-
ing of having "cut the Stanleys," it
was very hard to be obliged to invite
Laura. Her cheeks grew hot, as she
indited the polite little missive, while
she remembered the many times she
had openly ignored her to whom it
was addressed. She would have dis-
obeyed had she dared—would even
have withheld the note after it was
written, had her father not stood by
to take it himself. It was humiliat-
ing.

Later, her brother Al came to her.

"I should like an invitation, Lizzie,
for a young lady of my acquaintance,"
he said, in a quiet voice.

"Who is she?"

"The young lady whom I have asked
to be my wife," he said, smiling.

"O, Al, of course you shall have it!
I am to have a sister, then? I'm so
glad! What is her name? Is she in
the city? Will she be sure to come?
I'm sure I can't think of anybody!"
And then she paused, puzzled at his
abrupt smile.

"Do I know her?" she asked.

"You used to," he answered. "It is

Miss Laura Stanley.

"O, Al!"

She sank down, covering her face
with her hands.

"I was afraid she might feel the
slight so keenly," he said, softly, "that
I hurried the matter a little. So you
need not be afraid now that she will
not come. Will you prepare an in-
vitation?"

"I have. Papa has carried it to her.
But—oh, Al, a clerk!"

"A noble woman," said her brother,
"who dares face the sneers of 'her set,'
and take an honest position for the
sake of those who are dependent up-
on her, rather than whine about her
former dignity, and live upon charity!
I wish there were more like her."

So Lizzie was forced, for once in her
life, to eat humble pie.

The Tyranny of Public Opinion.

"Who is Mrs. Grundy?" asked a
lady of a friend. Generally well-in-
formed, she had somehow missed this
item of knowledge, and her friend said
in reply, "Why, you know Mrs. Grundy
very well; everybody is a slave to her
dictates." Her other name is
"folks." She is an uncrowned despot
and makes us all her subjects, and it
really seems as if we who boast so
much of our freedom bow down to her
authority with the most profound obeisance.

"What will folks say?"

is a question that strikes terror to the
heart of the stoutest, and Mrs. Grundy
reins supreme.

For the reason that on the ladies
of society, rather than on the lords,
devolve the courtesies and duties of
social life, feminine obsequiousness to
what "folks will say," is most marked.

It is almost beyond belief what incon-
venience and bondage ladies undergo
to keep in the fashion and in the good
graces of Mrs. Grundy. The wear
and tear of health and nerves which
many women endure patiently for the
sake of obedience to her mandates, is
an awful waste of the faculties of soul
and body.

Mrs. A. racks her brain, and ex-
hausts her physical energies in en-
deavors to make both ends meet in a
manner satisfactory to Mrs. Grundy.

Her daughter who goes to a fashion-
able school, must have as many puffs,
platings and bows as the heiress of a
half-a-million, because, what will
folks say if Alice does not keep up in style?

Nor is Alfred any more independ-
ent than Alice. He dares not wear a
last year's coat or a hat not in the
mode, even if his tailor must wait long
for his pay, and his batter he served
likewise. He has not the courage to
refuse the glass of wine offered at a
dinner-party, though he knows that
wine is a mocker; neither does he de-
cline the cigar presented by a friend,
lest it be intimated that he is afraid
to smoke.

Both Alice and Alfred find it im-
possible to act out their highest and
noblest convictions, for fear of what
folks will say. They have been brought
up by Christian parents, but perhaps
would listen to a sneer on religion
without a word or look of rebuke for
fear they might be considered pious;
for true courage in every day life is
rarer than bravery on the battle-field.

Manly and womanly independence
of what folks may say need not be
disagreeable singularity, or disregard
of good manners and the usages of
society. There is a polite, but decid-
ed, way of saying no—and there is a
justifiable conformity in non-essentials.

There is also a wholesome and in-
vigorating decision of character, which
places social, moral and religious
questions above the opinion of the world
and far beyond the transitory appro-
bation of this mysterious, but power-
ful sovereign.—The Watchman.

A new sword has been introduc-
ed in the English army. It is describ-
ed as a combination of the ordinary
regulation sword (cavalry and infan-
try), with a six-chamber revolver at
the hilt, the hilt of the sword answer-
ing for the stock of the revolver, the
chambers of which take the Boxer car-
tridge regulation pattern. The steel
scabbard is wonderfully utilized, be-
ing cut in sections, with stop hinges,
and folding up in the form of a rifle
stock. This is attached to the hilt of
the sword by a slot and catch, the
whole forming a sort of repeating car-
bine, or without the scabbard at-
tachment, a sword and revolver in
one and the same weapon. It is sight-
ed up to one hundred yards, the fore-
sight being taken from the point of
the sword.

How She Fooled Him.

John Sanscript's wife went to bed
on Saturday night with her mind
made up to fool the old man the next
day, or die in the attempt. In pre-
vious years she had found John in-
pervious to jokes of all kinds, and she
performed the Augean task before
her on the morrow. With her mind
full of her self-imposed task she went
to sleep. At daylight she awoke and
at once began to operate. Her vic-
tim was lying with his back to-
wards her, apparently in sound sleep.

She poked him vigorously in the ribs
with her sharp elbow, and claved his
shins with her toe nails, preparatory
to starting him, with a half whispered
warning:

"John—John, there's some one
ringing the door-bell."

"Let 'im ring," was the sleepy re-
ply.

"But, John, maybe it's the man on
the next square who owes you \$100
come to pay you."

"No 'tain't neither," said John with
a yawn.

"But you don't know, it may be
that very man."

"I guess not for he's buried; died
last week. Besides, old woman, your
ears deceive you, for I took the bell-
knob off last night, to fool April fool-
ers."

Heavens, what a mess she made of
it, to begin with! But when the old
man rolled out of bed, yawned and
picked up his pants, she jammed the
sheet in her mouth to plug up her
laughter.

"Oh, jimmies, won't he tumble
when he puts his foot in them pants
and finds the legs sewed up!" she
said to herself.

Judge of her rage when the provok-
ing brute innocently carried the
blockaded pants to the wardrobe, and
inquired:

"Nancy, where's them chocolate
colored pants I had on last week?"

"Put on the ones you have in your
hands, John; what's the matter with
them?"

"I burst a button off yesterday, and
they need mending."

At breakfast she poured out a cup
of coffee, and sweetened it with two
spoonfuls of salt.

"You needn't give me any coffee,"
he said; "keep that for yourself."

"Why, John, what's the matter?—
This is the first time you have refused
coffee since we have been married."

"The blamed stuff has made me
nervous, lately; and as it is the first
of the month, I thought I'd break off
and only drink it for supper. Keep
it yourself."

When he came home to dinner she
had prepared him a neatly directed
envelope with a sheet of blank paper
enclosed within. He eyed it suspi-
ciously, and throwing it into the fire,
said:

"I know that handwriting. It's
from that crazy lunatic who wants me
to vote for him to-morrow. So much
for his letter."

In the evening, she disguised her-
self in one of her husband's old worn-
out suits, and came to the door to beg
charity.

"Please give me a nickel to buy
some bread."

"Get out, or I'll give you a nickel
with my boot."

"But sir, consider; I'm nearly star-
ving."

"The mischief you are! Now I'll bet
you a \$50 bill against the clothes you
have got on that you are an impos-
ter."

"But, sir—"

"If I were to search you now, I
should not be surprised to find you
loaded with wealth. For two cents I
would see."

"For heaven's sake—"

"None of your soft soap on me. I
don't believe in beggars. Here,

