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The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VI. MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878. NO. 10.

Let us Make no Mistake.

The unprecedented vote given to Mr. Turner by the Democrats of Orange is unquestionable due not to any conscious falling away from their allegiance to the Democratic party, but solely to feelings of personal sympathy for a man whom they have come to believe has been exceedingly ill used in the service of the party.

All this proceeds, of course, upon the assumption that the great aim of the Democratic party has been accomplished—that is to say, the restoration to the people of the right of self-government, in comparison with which all other purposes seem of such small importance that men may safely disregard the stricter requirements of times of doubt and danger.

A greater mistake was never made than to suppose that the Democratic party, entrusted as it is with the preservation of the liberties of the people of North Carolina, can afford to sleep upon its post.

The Randolph Bag Factory is given entirely to the manufacture of seamless bags—the only establishment of the kind in the South. 1,000 bags daily are made, weighing one pound each, and sold with the exception of the small demands of local trade, almost entirely in New York.

The Randolph Manufacturing Company, Franklinsville is operated by water alone. Number of spindles 1,300. Its capacity per day is 830 pounds of cotton; 4-4 sheeting, yarns, knitting cotton thread, etc.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, has been having an adventure in Italy. While stopping at the hotel Royal des Strangers in Naples she accidentally ignited the mosquito bar in her room, destroyed all the curtains in the room, and came near setting fire to the hotel.

When a bridegroom finds all the clothes he owns in the world hung one over the other on a hook behind the pantry door, he realizes for the first time that the honeymoon is over.

Some of our State Manufactures.

The editor of the Fayetteville Gazette made a trip through Chatham and Randolph counties. He writes: "Franklinsville is a charming little hamlet, the common centre about which revolves all the busy life of a prosperous manufacturing and thrifty farming community."

The Union factory, eight miles above Franklinsville, is the largest mill on the river, employing 200 operatives and running 3,500 spindles. It makes stripes and plaids, and turns out about 8,000 yards of cloth a day.

The Rev. Stephen Merritt, in whose rooms the bodies were exhibited is the clergyman whose loudness of preaching has been freely criticised by correspondents of the Sun. He spoke warmly, and without special elevation of voice.

Two-Two—The Newbernian clips from the London (England) Era, the following singular tale with regard to a North Carolina prodigy now on exhibition at the aquarium: "There is here a wonderful curiosity of nature; she is Miss Millie Christine, the Two-Headed Nightingale."

A TUNNEL THROUGH A TREE—The tunnel for the passage of coaches through the big tree in the Truolmane grove, on the way from Big Oak Flat to Yosemite Valley, California, has been completed.

A REMARKABLE TURF PERFORMANCE.—It looks as if we should yet see the day when flesh and blood shall annihilate time and space, even as this has already been done in a great measure by the steam engine and the telegraph.

A widow once said to her daughter: "When you are my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." Yes, mamma, replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

Preserving Bodies.

Middleton & Warner of 23 Bond street, agents in New York for Dr. Rodgers' Alkleton preparation for preserving human bodies after death, exhibited yesterday the effects of the fluid at the rooms of Stephen Merritt, undertaker. Dr. Rodgers says that he thinks that he has placed his invention beyond analysis.

Many clergymen, physicians, undertakers, and newspaper men examined the bodies of a man and two women prepared. The man had been dead four days. The body was preserved. One of the women had been dead fourteen days, but there were no signs whatever of decomposition.

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The Truth About the Sun.

People love prophets who prophesy smooth things. The doctor who tells a confirmed consumptive that he cannot recover is promptly and indignantly discharged, and another doctor, who will tell pleasant falsehoods as so much per falsehood, is called in. The astronomers are wise enough to understand that they must not tell unwelcome truths.

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PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A Northern minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work. "I preach, sah, on Col. Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, about a hundred and seventy-five." "And how many have you in your church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, allgedder on de time ob de year. In de 'vival time, dey's all members. In de backslidin' times dere's nobody members but Uncle Billy and ole Aunt Katy."

"Persevere, persevere," said an old lady to her maid, "it's the only way you can accomplish great things." One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are those dumplings?" "I managed to get through them, ma'am," replied Sally. "Why, how on earth did you manage to eat so many dumplings?" "I persew-ered, ma'am."

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, as he was leaving, "Tak guid care o' your sel, my man, when ye're awa', for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheem."

A little boy placed some big marbles under an old sitting hen, and is confidently expecting a hatching of some little faws. The old hen is just as happy and hopeful as the one that covers the genuine fruit; and the small boy makes his hourly visits to the nest. Where ignorance is bliss, a China egg is as good as any.

A newly imported Hungarian, employed on a farm, tilted up a beehive the other day, to see what the bees were doing under there. He knows now. He says they were making chained lightning and had 2,000 tons of it on hand, which exploded before he had time to let the box down.

We have never been able to understand how it is that a woman, who is apparently deaf when her husband asks her where that half dollar is he left in his pantaloons pocket before going to bed, can hear the wail of her two weeks' old baby down two flights of stairs and through two deal doors.

Amherst student: Leaning on his arm with her head almost touching his shoulder, she said: "Mr. B., I know what makes you catch cold so easily." "What is it—?" "Because so much of your body is on the ground!" Mr. B. has returned to the bosom of 80 and has ordered new shoes.

Mr. Jones got up too early one morning and began scolding the servant girl. His little six-year-old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with "Father, leave off scolding; you needn't think that Lucy's your wife."

William came running into the house the other day and asked eagerly, "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," rejoined the boy; "it begins at sea, (C.)"

Paragaphers, look out! Some scientific chap in England has discovered that punning makes a fellow's brain squint-eyed. The only cure is twenty-five drops of statistics, taken three times a day in water—shake the bottle.

A young lawyer who had been admitted to the bar about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your profession?" The answer was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

"What I want, said a young beau, is a wife without a failing." "Then you'll never marry," said his sister, "because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart,—"No, indeed, you are not John; you have never hugged me yet, you are more sheep than bear."

A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that when calling on their sweethearts young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.

Advertising Rates.

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