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The Monroe Enquirer.

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MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

NO. 23.

Law Cards.

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CHARLOTTE
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Just Received.
700 LBS. BLUE STONE.
2 CUBIC YARDS INDIAN VERMILION.
2 CUBIC YARDS COAL OIL.
Large lot of SHOE BRUSHES and French Blacking.
At BICKETT & GRIFFIN'S.

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Carolina Real Estate Agency,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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any other Agency in the country, so that our
chances for selling lands are superior to any
other agency. We make no charge if no sale
is made. We solicit correspondence with
those having Real Estate to sell. We want
number of Farms to fill orders.
AGENTS, WANTED in every county
in the State.

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—AND—
ORGANS.

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Pianos and Organs. The
Best Instruments in the World
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Prices Lower than the Lowest! Or

SHEET MUSIC,
We have a Full Stock. NEW MUSIC RE-
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Churches, Sunday Schools, Female Sem-
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ORGANS, and SHEET MUSIC—large dis-
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Send for circulars and price list. Any or-
der or make of PIANOS or ORGANS supplied
when desired. Agents wanted!
Address, DAWSON & CO.,
Aug. 10-78-94 Charlotte, N. C.

STILL
—IN THE—
FRONT!

A. H. Crowell & Son,
ARE CONSCIOUS OF THE FACT THAT
they are still in the FRONT RANK
from the Liberal Customer that is given them
by the public. Still, they don't wonder at
having a

Good Run of Custom;
for they know that people will go where they
can get GOOD GOODS at the

LOWEST PRICES.
They have in store a full stock of GENERAL
MERCHANDISE, for the Fall and Winter
Trade, and a call will satisfy any one that
their prices are Remarkably Low. Markets
Prices paid for all kinds of Country
Products. Call and see them.
Old Station Depot, 1878-79.
oct1878

LINES TO AN OCTOBER MOSQUITO.

Oh, low-voiced bird,
The wailing cadence of thy midnight song
In sleepless hours how often I have heard,
And wept in terror of thy vicious prong.
But now thy voice is hollow, like a knell,
All hollow are the eyes at me that stare,
All things are hollow, like I too could yell,
With cruel joy to see thy wane despair.

Oh, bird of night!
What tossing hours of sorrow I have known
Because the airy numbers of thy flight
Piped a shrill tenor to my every groan.
Look in my eyes—nay, I cannot forget
The restless spectre of my summer dreams,
The sleepless pillow, worry, care and fret;
The good, wife's spiteful slaps, the baby's screams.

Oh, bird of thine!
That never yet knew when thou hadst enough;
But swelled till thine oesophagus was like to burst,
And begged for more until thy voice was rough;
By heaven! I'll not believe thou hast not drawn
From the blue veins of my full-blooded trunk
Enough of human gore, 'twixt dusk and dawn,
To make a timeless Indian tiger drunk.

Thou cruel fiend!
All human pity in thy presence fades,
Thine hour is come; hast thou not made me howl
With the nocturns of thy serenades?
Pity thee? Ha! October chills thee numb,
Thy sparkling eyes shall greet no other dawn.
I'll pity thee, if once beneath my thumb
I snap! spat! missed him! And, by George,
he's gone!

—Burlington Hawkeye.

A WIFE'S TRIAL.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]
"It is so cruel, so miserably cruel!"
So Hester Lund kept saying to her-
self, as she sat by Alice's bedside dur-
ing the illness that followed that night.
But Alice did not speak at all, only
nautely with her large brown eyes.
She kept her white face hidden in the
pillow, and muffled the heavy sobs
that broke so constantly on her lips.
At first Arthur came to see her, but
Hester suggested to him one day, as
she saw him passing her wife's cham-
ber, with a troubled expression upon
his face, his mouth stern and his brows
knit, that it would be better for him
to allow Alice a few days of uninter-
rupted quiet. He looked at her keen-
ly as she spoke, and his fine lips curled
into a smile.

"Then I am a trouble to Alice?" he
said, in a low tone, scarcely above a
whisper.
"I did not say that you were. But
something troubles her. I am sure of
that," was the quick answer.
"I do not doubt there is. I have
ample proof."

"And so have I!" retorted Hester,
under her breath, turning away.
This conversation was in the upper
hall. At the door of her chamber,
which was slightly ajar, Madeline Car-
ter listened to it. Her beautiful face
gleamed in its triumphant joy.
"We will see—we will see, Alice
Lund, who conquers!" she said, clasp-
ing her hands together, and bending
her regal head upon them. "To fail is
to die, and that you begin to feel!
But for this little quick-eyed Hester
I must keep a sharp lookout."

When Madeline went down to din-
ner that day she wore her sweetest
smiles.
"How was Mrs. Lund?" she asked
of Hester.
"Very well," was the cool reply,
given with a corresponding glance.
"Would she be down stairs soon?"
"That had not been thought of
much yet."

"She (Madeline) would have visited
her, but she feared that she might
disturb her."

"She most certainly would," was the
prompt, decisive answer.
Arthur Lund raised his eyes in sur-
prise. Hester looked him firmly in the
face. Madeline watched them smiling-
ly. "I must see to that Hester," she
thought to herself.

At the expiration of a week, Alice
insisted upon going down stairs. Hester
protested that she was too weak, and
even Arthur expressed a fear that she
might endanger her health by so
doing. But she was firm in her resolu-
tion, and so at tea-time that day she
took her place at the table again. She
was looking poorly. None felt this
more keenly than did Hester, and in
consequence she hated Madeline Car-
ter most deeply. How the little play
would end she did not know, but she
thought to herself that in it she would

not be an idle character—that she
would help the plot to a speedy de-
nouement, if possible.

How strange it was that Ralph
Morrison, who had absented himself
from the house during Alice's illness,
should make his appearance on the
first evening which she spent down
stairs. To Arthur Lund it was inex-
plicable. To all appearances, it was
the same to Madeline. But Hester was
content to watch without wondering.

Alice was lying upon the sofa when
Mr. Morrison was announced. Her
husband was near enough to her to
see the faint color arise in her cheeks
at the mention of his name. With a
quick, hurried glance about him, Mr.
Morrison bent over Alice and whis-
pered a few words. When he turned
away, Hester went at once to her.

"Tell me what he said, Alice dear,"
she began, taking her hand.
"That he was happy to see me in the
parlor again," she answered, rais-
ing her eyes wonderingly to Hester's
face.

"And was that all?"
"All?" (still wondering.)
"That is well. Sometime you shall
know why I asked you."

Madeline clenched her white hands
together, and under her breath curs-
ed Hester Lund. For what, she knew
not. The girl's face was unreadable
as a sealed book. There was nothing
to be gathered from that. Perhaps
her step was a little firmer, her head,
always finely carried, took a more con-
fident poise, as she turned from Alice
to her seat again. There was some-
thing, at any rate, that jarred with
Madeline's thoughts. All around, it
was an unpleasant evening. But Mr.
Morrison was never more witty or
entertaining. To Hester it seemed
dull, and she knew that it was the
same to her brother, that aside from
Alice he cared little for the company.

His eyes constantly sought her face.
His head was bent towards her as he
spoke. Once in a while, as though
suddenly conscious of betraying too
deep an interest, he would turn his
face towards Madeline, but it would
be for a few moments only, and then
to Alice again.

When he turned to leave the room
that night, he drew his handkerchief
from his coat pocket, and as he did
so, a delicate little note dropped to
the carpet, close at Arthur's feet. Mr.
Lund stooped to pick it up. Of a
sudden his eye caught the superscrip-
tion. It was in the fine delicate pen-
manship of Alice! He put his foot on
the note and bowed Mr. Morrison
from the room. For a moment he
stood as white as marble. The per-
spiration gathered in large drops upon
his forehead. His lips were tremu-
lous, but not with speech. He knew
then, when she seemed to go forever
from him, how deeply and well he had
loved Alice; that his passion for Mad-
eline was no more to that, than is the
first breath of spring to the rich glow
of midsummer. He gathered the note
in his hand and crushed it there.

"What is it, Arthur?" whispered
Hester, softly.
He waved her away with his hand.
His eye sought Alice.
"Not now," she said.
He turned around. Madeline had
stolen quietly from the room.

"Yes, now!" he said almost fiercely.
Alice looked up and he went to her.
"You are no longer my wife!" he
said, looking into her white face, as
he spoke.

She started up wildly. As if to
crush her down again, he held the
note before her eyes. She read:
"DEAR RALPH—I shall be down
stairs this evening. If you love me
come!"

Alice.
"I never wrote it. Arthur—Arthur!
believe me," she cried, sinking back
upon the sofa in a deep swoon.
"You have killed her!" said Hester,
as she rushed away.

He rushed out of the house, down
the gravelled pathway into the street.
He did not know or care where or
which way he went. So he wandered
about till nearly midnight. He was
drinking from the same cup that he
had pressed to Alice's lips.

"Morrison's heart's blood should
pay for the wrong!" he said to him-
self in the heat of his mad passion.
Then he thought of Madeline. In-
stinctively he cursed her, and then
himself in turn. At last, he turned
towards home. He gained it by a
round about way that led him to a
back gate situated in the remotest

part of his grounds. He entered it
noiselessly. Walking slowly up the
smooth path, densely shaded upon
either side, he caught the sound of
voices. His first thought was, that
Alice might be there keeping trust
with Ralph Morrison. He listened
shudderingly. Behind the thick screens
of rustling trees and shrubbery, Mor-
rison and Madeline were talking. How
long they had been there he had no
idea. But they were talking of him,
he thought. Hearing his name men-
tioned, he moved more closely towards
them.

"The plot deepens," Madeline said.
"I had no idea that it would work so
well. You have acted your part nobly,
Ralph!"

"Why should I not? Alice Thurlow
did not turn from my heart's best love
for nothing. I swore to her then, if
time was spared to me, I would strike
at the tenderest part of her life. The
blow is deep, she thinks now, but she
has not felt it yet! Do you remember
how white she grew when I first spoke
to her? She had not forgotten my
words. They will go to her grave
with her."

"I pray they may," said Madeline,
in a tone of deep passion, "and as for
me, I care not how soon. She took
my heart away from me, when she
wedded Arthur Lund. I have been a
fiend ever since. I stood at the par-
lor door to-night when he held the
note before her eyes. How happy I
was when I saw the agonized look
break over her white face. She little
thought who had mixed the fiery
draught that was raised to her lips.
And Arthur—"

"You are a strange woman, Mad-
eline," said Morrison. "I like your
strength and bravery. But you are
shivering with the cold. Let me lead
you to the house."

"No, I am not cold," she answered.
"Life is too deep for that to-night.
This revenge is maddening, intoxicat-
ing! My brain is on fire! My heart
seems burning out!"

"I must insist upon your going in,"
he said something more, but Ar-
thur could not quite distinguish what
it was. Something about living until
the victory was entirely won, was the
burden of his words as they moved
away.

When Arthur reached the house, he
found Alice asleep. He bent over her
couch. He could see then how sadly
she had grown. She turned upon her
pillow, and whispered his name brok-
enly. Tears gathered in his eyes.
His heart was full.

"Forgive me!" he cried, as she
opened her eyes upon him.
"O, Arthur, you wronged me! I did
not write that note. I do not love
any one but you. You are all that I
have in the great wide world!"

He took her hands tenderly in his,
and in broken sentences told her
what he had learned. And more, he
told her of this strange infatuation,
now gone forever; and he promised,
with the help of God, to be all in the
years to come that he had been in the
past, tender, true and loving.

The next morning he carried Alice
down to the breakfast-room in his
arms, and placed her close beside him
at the table. Madeline looked won-
deringly upon him. She was so taken
by surprise, that she forgot the part
she was playing.

"I did not think to see you down
stairs, Mr. Lund."

Arthur bit his lips. "Are you quite
well this morning?" he asked, raising
his eyes to her face.
"O yes, quite well!"
"Then you did not take cold last
evening?"

"Take cold?" she repeated, chang-
ing color.
"Yes, Mr. Morrison was apprehen-
sive that you would. And it was ex-
tremely careless of you standing out
in the night air so long. Did you go
out immediately after leaving the par-
lor?"

"No—that is—"
"You stopped to glance through
the parlor door while Alice read your
note, perhaps?" he queried, in the
cool, collected tone.

She flashed her eyes upon him.
They shone like balls of fire in her
great anger. She arose from the ta-
ble. Trying to speak, her rage near-
ly choked her. "I hate you Arthur
Lund!" she said.
"Indeed?" he answered. "Your
feelings are emblematic of change.
My regards to Mr. Morrison when

you meet him again. Alice and I
would be pleased to have him call at
his leisure."

She swept out of the room without
answering. An hour later she was on
her way to the depot. She did not
stop to thank her kind host and host-
esses for their protracted hospitality, or
even to bid them a good morning.
For a long time they sat at the break-
fast-table, Arthur and Alice, while
Hester read by the window. The
breezes came in deftly, laden with
summer's dying perfume, the canary
whistled and trilled in its cage, the
sunshine threw its golden lines farth-
er and farther across the snowy linen
of the table. The young wife smiled
—the shadow had risen.

"Moonskinners."

"Had a little experience of the ef-
fect of the amnesty in Wilkes county,
the other day," said one of the spe-
cial force employed by the revenue
department to break up illicit distill-
ing in the sixth district, to an Ob-
server reporter, who was asking for news:
"That thing's going to cost some of
us boys our lives, yet; you see, these
fellows have gone back home deter-
mined never to be caught again alive.
They have always been very peacea-
ble in Wilkes, but the other day they
broke out on us. The squad cap-
tured three stills in New Castle town-
ship, and as orders now are not to
destroy the stills under any circum-
stances, we carried them off a mile or
two and hid them in a hollow. Two
of the men were left there to guard
them, all of the carbines being left in
their charge, while the rest went out
on a raid. The moonskinners found
out that they were there, and it was
not long before they began to gather
on the hills and shoot about sorter
promiscuous-like. They sent a boy
down to the fellows who were on
guard, with a notice giving them ten
minutes time to vacate or 'resk the
consequences.' It was ticklish times,
I tell you. The boys could hear 'em
hollerin' and answerin' each other, so
they fell back a little and got word to
the rest of us. We galloped down
there just in time to save the stills;
saw two or three of 'em scootin' off
through the bushes. They didn't
shoot any more than day, but you see
a fellow don't know when they are
goin' to."

"Yes, we all have to carry carbines.
We go in squads of eight or ten; we
are all commissioned as deputy col-
lectors, but are all detailed as a spe-
cial force. It's just like being sol-
diers; we are out nearly all the time.
When we get right in among 'em, we
have to camp out and do our own
cookin'."

"The worst time we ever had to
go through was up in the South
Mountains not long ago. That was
when they shot one of the horses.
If the hadn't to have lit him, they
would have got one of us, and may be
more. We were in camp, and had
built up a big log-heap fire and
hitched our horses around, in a sort
of a circle. When they began to shoot
the horse fell, you ought to have
seen us putting out that fire, so they
couldn't see us."

"How is it that there are so many
stills up in that country—where did
they all come from?"
"They have been there for years—
before the war, many of them. Then,
just after the war, these people bought
them, for they had money; they
didn't spend anything during the
war. The riders, or red-legged
grass-hoppers, as Vance used to call
them, have captured hundreds of
these stills, and there are as many
more. We expect to have a rough
time this winter, and if you hear of
any of us biting the dust you mustn't
be surprised."

Having again paid his respects to
the amnesty, and represented his side
of the case, the red-legged grass-hop-
per bowed himself out.—Observer

"Well, what do you think of the
donkey show?" said a young lady to a
companion of her own sex, as they
passed out of church, after listening
to a tedious sermon. The companion
did not understand, and the young
lady proceeded to elucidate: "You
observe those young men who stand
before the church door ogling the la-
dies? Well, they are the donkeys,
and every Sunday exhibit themselves.
You are a stranger in this town, but
you will soon be deeply interested in
our Sunday menagerie."

"PLANT FRUIT AND SHADE TREES—
During the present month is the time
to plant fruit and shade trees and
shrubbery. Many neglect to attend
to this important matter in time, and
allow their promises to go from year to
year with a look of barrenness and
want of improvement and cultivation,
and then wonder why it is that others
can have such beautiful evergreen in
their front yards, such fine crops of
fruit, or such beautiful shade trees.
Now is the time to plant them, and
when once planted and growing very
little care will keep them in fine trim.
The Germans, Swiss, and other na-
tions, are never behind in this matter,
and make it profitable. Why do not
our people give it more attention?"

A man may give nickels to the yel-
low fever sufferers, he may never
have barked a boot-black, he may
never have wronged the widow or
the orphan, perhaps he has always
paid for his newspaper, and sweet
charity, tender forgiveness and com-
passion may linger always about the
edges of his lovely character, and yet
when that man reaches out carelessly
after a five dollar gold piece which he
sees lying on a show case, and dis-
cover it is stuck to the glass on the
inside, he is obliged to admit that one
of the rivets in his moral character
has only been saved from giving way
by the thoughtfulness of the man who
put it on the under, instead of the top
side.—Breakfast Table.

THE CROPS IN EPIDEMIC YEARS.—Al-
though epidemics may spread over
the land, an All-wise Providence sends
ample compensation with them. The
poison of these epidemics so fatal to
animal, has proven equally benefi-
cial to vegetable life. Epidemic
years, it has been remarked yield the
most abundant harvests. The year
1853 yielded the largest sugar crop
Louisiana ever made. The year 1858
came along with another epidemic and
another large sugar crop. The pre-
sent season thus far resembles both of
these, and the crop of this year prom-
ises to throw both of its predecessors
completely in the shade.

"Anti-bio fat, eh?" said the tired
stranger, looking at the advertise-
ment on the bill boards, as he hung
to a friendly lamp-post. "Anti-fat, eh?
Taint that ails me. Anti-lean is—hic
—what I want." And with one more
vigorous effort he pushed the dingy
lamp-post away from him, walked
backward across the street and fell
over a dray and half way up the side
of a house.

PERSONAL.—Should this meet the
eye of the individual who created a
disturbance in church last Sunday by
his continued coughing, he will con-
fer a favor on the congregation by
procuring a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough
Syrup, which will cure him.

Edison is experimenting on the
waves of light, and hopes very soon
to perfect a machine that will enable
you to see a man a hundred miles
away. In case the man in question
has an account against you this will
give you plenty of time to under the
bed and out of harm's way before he
arrives.—Danbury News.

A newly imported Hungarian em-
ployed on a farm hereabout, tilted up
a bee-hive the other day to see what
the bees were doing under there. He
knows now. He says they were
making chain lightning, and had two
thousand tons of it on hand, which
exploded before he had time to let
the box drop.

A little five-year old boy, residing
with his parents in the Cheuey block,
was asked by a lady a few days since
for a kiss. He immediately complied,
but the lady, noticing that the little
fellow drew his hands across his
lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rub-
bing it off." "No I ain't," was the
quick rejoinder, "I'm rubbing it in."

Lady (giving an apple to a little
boy): "Give this apple to one of us
three here whom you think the hand-
somest." The boy looked a moment
at all three ladies, took the apple and
—ate it.

A great many remedies are adver-
tised to bring them before the public,
who decides whether the articles is
good or bad. The good reputation
which Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup enjoys is
a standing guarantee of its merits.
Price 25 cents.

Advertising Rates:
One square, of ten lines, first insertion, \$1;
subsequent insertion, 50 cents.
Obituaries, fifty cents per square.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly lim-
ited to their own immediate and regular business
and the business of an advertising firm is not con-
sidered as including that of the individual members.
No deviation from these terms under any circum-
stances.

Miscellaneous.

New Stock
—OF—
Fresh Drugs,
—AT THE—
People's Drug Store,
I DESIRE TO CALL THE ATTENTION
of the public to the fact that I am now
DAILY RECEIVING
ADDITIONS
—TO MY—
STOCK
—OF—
Drugs and
Medicines,

And that I shall, at all times, be prepared to
sell anything in the DRUG LINE at BOT-
TOM PRICES. I have a very full and pret-
ty stock of KEROSENE LAMPS and LAMP-
GLASSES, to which your attention is invited.
Pure and Fresh Goods.
—AT—
BOTTOM PRICES.
IS OUR MOTTO.

DR. W. C. RAMSAY
Has an office in my store, and will give all
necessary instruction as to the selection and
management of prescriptions.
Thankful for past patronage, I respectfully
solicit a continuance of the same.
Respectfully,
oct15, 78 H. C. ASHCRAFT.

No More Accidents!
THE SAFEST, THE BEST and CHEAP-
EST LIGHT KNOWN.
It Saves One-third in Kerosene.
It makes you perfectly Secure against
Accidents.
It can be lighted by touching a spring.
It doesn't smoke the chimney.
The chimney is not affected by heat.

—AND IT GIVES YOU THE—
MOST BRILLIANT LIGHT
—IN THE WORLD—
EXCEPT DAYLIGHT!

And as Monroe is the
CHEAPEST TOWN in the SOUTH,
we sell this LAMP lower than it can be had
anywhere else.
We have bought the right for Union coun-
ty.
BICKETT & GRIFFIN.

Attention, Painters!
Paints, **Colors,**
Oils, **Varnishes,**
&c., &c.
2000 LBS. PURE WHITE LEAD.
3 BBL. LINSEED OIL (raw and boiled),
100 LBS. RED LEAD.
DRY COLORS of all kinds in large quan-
tities.
All kinds of COLORED PAINTS, ground
in oil. A large supply of SANDPAPER—
assorted. BRUSHES of all sizes; common
to genuine white bristle.
VARNISHES, WALNUT STAINS, &c.
1—ready for use—in 1-2 pint, quart and gal-
lons, at BICKETT & GRIFFIN'S.

SPECIAL ATTENTION
Is called to the fact that
A. ROBINSON,
WHO PRIDES HIMSELF ON KEEPING
A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP,
is still in Monroe, at his old stand on Shelb's cor-
ner, always ready and anxious to attend to the want
of his customers. His shop has just been thorough-
ly renovated; he keeps good assistants, sharp razors
and scissors, and all may rest assured of being
promptly and properly waited on. Be sure to call
at his shop whenever you want any barbing done.
Monroe, N. C.—mch28, 78-304

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
Chesapeake FINE CUT CHEWING,
IN PACKAGES OR BULK.
"Little Joker" Smoking
TOBACCO. These are the Finest Brands in the
market. Full line of the best 5 CENT
CIGARS, just received at
oct15, 78-19 BICKETT & GRIFFIN'S.

MONROE ENQUIRER.

Monroe, N. C., Saturday, Nov. 16 1878

LOCAL.

Local Laconics

— Raleigh papers now reach us two days after date of publication.

— Several droves of horses and mules have been offered in market, during the past two or three weeks.

— An occasional mountain wagon, freighted with apples and chestnuts, puts in an appearance.

— A large number of people in town from the country yesterday, and trade was brisk.

— The Grand Lodge of Masons will hold its ninety-second annual communication in Raleigh on the 3rd proximo.

— The Annual Conference of the M. E. Church will assemble in Tryon at Church, Charlotte, commencing on Wednesday, 27th inst.

— The Carolina Central Railway will pass delegates and visitors to the Methodist Conference at Charlotte for one first-class fare.

— It is rumored that Mr. Drury Morgan, a wealthy and eccentric character, well known to a great many of our readers, died at his residence, about 12 miles Northeast of this place, one day this week.

— Our young ladies and gentlemen—those who have histrionic talent—should organize themselves into an Amateur Theatrical Association, that our people may be afforded an occasional evening of pleasant and enjoyment. And besides, there are many objects of charity in our midst to which the proceeds of such entertainments might worthily be bestowed.

— The champion pressman is in the ENQUIRER—Master Robert L. Bruner, who is only 17 years of age, having performed the laborious and somewhat difficult task of printing, upon a No. 5 hand-press, thirty-six quires, or eight hundred and sixty-four sheets 24x36, in two hours and thirty minutes, making at the rate of nearly four hundred impressions per hour.

— The customary ovation continued to be given to Hymen; and the tinkling of numerous cow bells, the rattle of tin pans, the looting of horns; and above all this din, the stentorian notes of the corn-huskers' "ditty" is heard in the land. Yea, this pandemonium of noises soundeth afar. The evening breezes take them up, and waft them away. Truly, in the midst of life, we're in a noise.

— "MARRIED AND MURDERED."—We are requested by Mr. J. S. Tomlinson, editor of the Hickory Press, and publisher of the proceedings of the Hoke Seerest trial, in pamphlet form, under the title of "Married and Murdered," to state that he has concluded to not publish the book until after the decision of the Supreme Court, and the final acquittal or execution of Seerest. By this delay the work can be made more complete in many ways.

— The Methodist's Fourth Quarterly meeting is now being held. As their Conference year is rapidly drawing to a close, we would state in this connection that the pastor of this church the Rev. J. H. Quinn, so far as we can hear, has given universal satisfaction to his charge, and it is their earnest desire that he be returned here another year.

— As to the Presiding Eldership, no more energetic or successful man could be found in the Conference than Dr. Bobbitt, and his District will be highly pleased with his return, and they should be, as he has done them a great deal of good work in developing the interests of the Methodist Church in this District.

Mail Delays.

Our Raleigh mails, which come to us by the Hamlet route, are greatly delayed by the failure of the railroad trains to connect at the junction. Formerly we received the Raleigh papers on the day of publication, whereas they do not reach us now until the evening of the next day—a difference of twenty-four hours. Much of the delay can be avoided if the Postmaster at Raleigh will send the mails for this place via Charlotte, and, if he has control of the matter, we hope he will do so.

Under the present schedule, the mails from Raleigh, if sent by Charlotte, will reach Monroe at 9 a. m., as against 4:30 p. m. of the same day by the Hamlet route.

The mails for Wadesboro, Lilesville and Rockingham, would also be greatly expedited if sent by the North Carolina Railroad via Charlotte.

Married.

In this place, on the 12th inst., by Rev. J. H. Quinn, Mr. J. MARLEY BENSON and Miss MINNIE WINCHESTER, daughter of J. Rob. son Winchester.

A Grand Entertainment in Prospect.

Our citizens should highly appreciate the opportunity that will be given them on next Monday night, of hearing one of the grand musical entertainments given by Prof. Gonzalez, who, as a fine musician, has won a distinguished reputation. The hall of Stonewall Lodge (Odd Fellows) in Houston's brick building, has been obtained for the entertainment, in which a large audience can be comfortably accommodated.

It is so seldom that Monroe is so fortunate as to have an entertainment of the higher order, we advise all to go.

Tickets are for sale by any member of Stonewall Lodge, and at the Post-office.

— Corroborates for the week ending Saturday 16th, at twelve o'clock a. m. 717 at 84 to 85.

An Optical Delusion.

One of our "country cousins" who had "tumbled at the wine cup" sufficiently long to produce a film upon his optics, while meandering his crooked way down Trade street one day this week, was attracted by the inscriptions upon the "Our House" bulletin boards, and bracing himself against Ogburn's market house, he began to articulate somewhat thusly: "O-u-r (hic) H-o-u-s-e, F-r-e-s-h (hic) F-i-s-h a-n-d-O-y-s." Here he suddenly paused, and gazed with dilated eyes and speechless horror at the succeeding word "snacks," until finally regaining his power of speech, he continued, "S-n-(hic)-a-c-k-s, snakes!" who in thunder wants them!" and under the delusion that he had narrowly escaped a Chinese "pot-pie," recommenced his serpentine pilgrimage over town in search of more palatable refreshments; and when last heard from, this inebriated "son of the soil" was swearing so profusely and vigorously at the heathenish and cannibalistic propensities of our people, that the atmosphere in his immediate vicinity became thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of sulphur. Fact.

Is it a Sign of Improvement?

Judging from the quantity of young fruit trees that are being sold in this county every year by foreign nurserymen, we suppose that in a year or two we will be well supplied with fruit of a finer quality. We can already see great improvements in the peaches both as to quality and earliness in ripening. Another effect, this influx of new trees will be the greater variety we will have. One nursery firm, who are located near Richmond, Va., have delivered about 1700 dollars worth of trees this week. A Greensboro firm was here last week delivering but we did not get the amount of their sales.

There is one feature in the matter though, that we cannot approve of; that is sending out off so much money that could be kept in our own county. Trees of an equal quality could be as well grown in this county as anywhere else. Our people must learn to be more self-supporting before we can look for much greater financial advancements. We should establish and patronize home industries of all kinds.

A CHALLENGE.—Mr. G. F. Crowell challenges the farmers of Union county for a competitive race in reclaiming worn-out lands. He proposes to take an acre of worn-out land, and use only home-made fertilizers; and competes with anyone in size of yield. Parties wishing to join the contest, will please hand in their names.

RE-OPENING A THOROUGHFARE.—In order to guard against results utterly subversive of health, it is absolutely essential that the grand thoroughfare or avenue of the system, the bowels, should be re-opened as speedily as possible when they become obstructed. If they are not, the bile is misdirected into the blood; the liver becomes torpid; viscid bilious matter gets into the stomach, and produces indigestion, headache, nausea, and other symptoms are produced, which a prolongation of the exciting cause only tends to aggravate. The aperient properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters constitute a most useful agent in overcoming constriction of the bowels, and promoting a regular habit of body. It is infinitely superior to the drastic cathartics frequently used for the purpose, since it does not, like them, act violently, but produces a natural, painless effect, which does not impair the tone of the evacuating organs, which it invigorates instead of weakening. The stomach and liver, also, indeed the entire system, is strengthened and regulated by it.

Monroe Produce Market.

(Reported Weekly by A. H. Crowell & Son, dealers in General Merchandise and Country Produce.)

November 9, 1878.—Cotton, 8 to 8½ cents, closing at 8½. Sales for the week, 470 bales. Bacon.—Western sides, 6c; country sides, 7½; hams, none canvassed hams, 17.

Western lard, 10 to 12 1-2 country, none in market. Butter 15c market supplied. Eggs at 13c market supplied and chickens are in demand at 10 to 15. Corn at 50 cts., and meal at 50 to 55; in demand. The market is well supplied with flour—country sacks 200 to 275;—Western per bbl., 500 to 625. Seed wheat from stores is worth 1.85 to 2.00 per bu. Oats are worth 45. Sweet potatoes dull sale at 10 to 25 cents. Irish potatoes dull at 40 cents. Tallow is worth 6½c. Beeswax is in demand at 20 to 21c. Pork worth 5c. Beef, market well supplied, at 3 to 8½ cents.

Don't Forget it!

YOU WHO ARE INDEBTED TO THE Hardware firm of J. D. STEWART for the year 1877-78, to call and settle as soon as possible. I worked in the above firm for a share in the profits in lieu of wages. Therefore, the longer you take to settle, that much longer you keep me out of the "light" of my labor. As the accounts are most all small, it will not seriously embarrass the financial condition of any one's pocket to make payment. I tried to deal honestly and fairly with all my customers, and hope they will do the same with me by coming forward and paying up. nov 78 22-4t GEO. C. McLAURY.

— A favorable opportunity is now offered at Stone's new gallery, to those wishing good photographs of themselves and families. Old pictures of deceased friends, copied and enlarged to any desired size, and finished in oil water colors or India ink. Nothing but first class work permitted to leave the gallery. Give him a call and satisfy yourselves. 6-20 tll *

OBITUARY.

Miss LILLIE MARSH, daughter of A. T. and Jane Marsh, died on the 12th of Oct. 1878, of typhoid fever, age 15 years, 11 months and 25 days.

Lillie was well known for her age. She was a beautiful sweet tempered girl, a favorite of the community and beloved by all who knew her. When she was well she was very robust; judging after the flesh we could not see why she should not have lived long. But the Judge of all the earth saw fit to let her live just long enough to enjoy the pleasures of childhood and youth, and as she came to the threshold of the active period of life exclaim: "It's enough!" and the angel of death dropped the curtain upon the scene and closed the drama of life, before she encountered the stern realities of earth engagements. How thankful we ought to be to God for his word, in which life and immortality are brought to light, by which we know that if a man die, he shall live again. Yea, Lillie shall live again, those pale cheeks shall glow again not with mortal, but immortal vigor, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more—in the land where the inhabitants shall never say "I am sick." J. C. BOWEN.

New Advertisements.

FOUND.

A POCKET LOOK! WHICH THE OWNER CAN RECOVER BY calling on the undersigned, describing the same and paying for this notice, nov 15 J. ROBINSON WINCHESTER.

New Supplies

—OF—
FANCY GROCERIES,
FRUITS,
Canned Goods, Nuts,
CANDIES,
CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c.

—AT—

Wolfe's Confectionery

THE BAKERY

Still keeps a supply of FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, CAKES, and CRACKERS.

ALL SOLD AT LOW PRICES

—FOR—

CASH.

Nov. 15, 1878

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 6-19t

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AT

Tremont House.

NO LIQUORS SOLD. 6-11 tll

Miscellaneous.

Something New!
AFTER THE 10TH PROXIMO, ALL MY Accounts
Placed in the Hands of an OFFICER
Yet unpaid for practice of medicine will be FOR COLLECTION. No exceptions. You will do well to settle with me before that time. oct 18-19t W. W. WICKETT, M. D.

It is the only medicine I would give to my Baby, a mother said speaking of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. At all drug stores, 25 cents.

WANTED.
A GOOD MILCH COW.

T. J. BOATRIGHT.

nov 8 78

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT.
I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION on Saturday, January 2, my House and Lot, where I now reside—if not disposed of at private sale before.

nov 28 3m J. H. THERRELL.

NOTICE.

THE OLD BUSINESS

—OF—
H. M. HOUSTON & CO.,

—IS NOT—
ALL SETTLED

Up Yet.

COME UP, AND SETTLE, —AND—

Save Cost!

AS IT CERTAINLY WILL

Be Closed

THIS SEASON.

H. M. HOUSTON & CO.

sep 28t

BARNES' FOOT POWER

MACHINERY.

FIFTEEN different machines with which Builders, Cabinet Makers, Wagon makers, and Jobbers in Miscellaneous work can compete as to quality and price with steam power manufacturing; also Amateurs' supplies, saw blades, designs for Wall Brackets and Builders' scroll work.

MACHINES SENT ON TRIAL.

Say where you read this and send for catalogue and prices. W. F. & JOHN BARNES, Rockford, Wisconsin Co., Ill.

NOTICE

TO FARMERS

—AND—
STOCK OWNERS!

I WOULD REMIND THE PEOPLE OF Union and surrounding counties that I am fully prepared to treat

ANY DISEASE

—OF—
HORSES, MULES OR CATTLE,

or to perform any SURGICAL OPERATION required.

Having devoted a great deal of time in the study of these diseases, I

FEEL NO HESITANCY

—IN—
TAKING ANY CASE!

I make, and keep for sale, at my house and in the Drug Stores in Monroe, and the country stores, THREE DIFFERENT KINDS OF LINIMENT.

First, a LINIMENT EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE EYE OF STOCK, being a great remedy for Weak or Inflamed Eyes.

Second, it is a LINIMENT EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE EYE OF STOCK, being a great remedy for Weak or Inflamed Eyes.

Third, it is a LINIMENT that is good for Man or Beast, for the cure of Wounds, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, and Rheumatism. It is also an excellent remedy for Burns, Scalds, Throat and Sick Stomach.

I can produce satisfactory proof to the efficacy of any of these Remedies. Try them, and you will buy again.

J. B. ASHORTH, Veterinary Surgeon, Residence 4 miles east of Monroe, on the Oct 15, 1878

Notice!

ON SATURDAY, the 10th Nov. 1878, I will expose to sale for cash, at public auction at the Court-house in Monroe,

Four Valuable Tracts of Land,

lying in Union county on the waters of Richardson Creek, adjoining the lands of O. H. McCauley, W. W. Brown, and others, and containing in the aggregate about one hundred and sixty acres. This 8th Nov. 1878, 6-22 tll

W. H. THROTT.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED.
EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT
H. B. SHUTE

is not dead, but that he is now receiving his FALL AND WINTER STOCK of

Goods,

consisting of
BOOTS, SHOES,
CLOTHING, HATS,
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

—AND—
Groceries.

Read On.

He also wants his former patrons to know that he is in need of money, and would be glad to see those whom he has indulged, call around and settle up their accounts.

Read On, Still.

He also wants everybody to know that after the 1st day of October, he will keep no books but will sell exclusively for

CASH.

Be sure to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. H. B. SHUTE, sep 19, 78 6-15m

State of North Carolina

UNION COUNTY.

SUPERIOR COURT.

J. N. Neely and J. N. Nesbitt, Executors of Hugh Wilson, Executor of John J. McCain, dec'd,

Against

R. T. McCain, et al.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

IT APPEARING TO THE SATISFACTION of the Court that the defendants, Margaret W. McCain, a resident of the State of South Carolina, and James Flynn and wife, Agnes A. Flynn, who, when last heard from, were also residents of the State of South Carolina, are non-residents of this State, it is therefore ordered upon motion of J. P. Payne Esq., Attorney for Plaintiffs, that publication of the summons be made in the Monroe Enquirer, a weekly newspaper published in the town of Monroe, for six consecutive weeks commencing the said Margaret W. McCain, Jas. Flynn and wife, Agnes A. Flynn, last-at-law of John J. McCain, dec'd, to be and appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Union county, at his office in Monroe, N. C., within twenty days, after the publication of this order, and plead, answer, or do what the petition filed for a final account and settlement, or the petition will be heard ex parte and Judgment pro confesso be rendered as to them.

Given under my hand on this, the 4th day of October, 1878. JAS. C. HUEY, C. S. C. 17-3t

"OUR HOUSE!"

COME HERE ALL

ALL YE HUNGRY FOLKS,

AND BE YE FED.

A First-Class Restaurant

IN MONROE!

GOOD MEALS

FURNISHED AT ANY HOUR,

At a Price at Which

ANYBODY

CAN AFFORD TO EAT!

TABLE

Well supplied with the BEST that

Charlotte, Wilmington, and Monroe markets afford, and well-prepared by a First-Class Cook.

EVERYTHING TIDY & NEAT.

FRESH FISH AND OYSTERS SERVED IN ALL STYLES!

The undersigned has opened a First-Class Eating Saloon in Monroe, at the old Henry Shell Corner, under the name of "Our House," where he is well prepared to receive the hungry man, and as he intends to keep only a First-Class House, he proposes to keep a table that will satisfy any one. Be sure to remember the place, and come and see when in Monroe, and I will treat you all right. Look for the big sign "Our House." Soliciting a share of public patronage, I am,

Respectfully, C. W. RIVERBARK.

Monroe, N. C. Nov. 2-7 11.

FOR RENT.

3 Handsome Store Rooms,

SITUATED ON PUBLIC SQUARE.

Possession given at once. Apply to oct 1, 78t H. M. HOUSTON.

B. D. HEATH & CO.,

General Merchants,

—AND—
COTTON BUYERS.

New Winter Goods!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING, & HAVE in store, a tremendous stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS. Large stock of Groceries, Shoes, Furniture, and everything kept in a First-Class General Store, all of which will be sold at "Rock Bottom" prices. We bought our Goods low for cash, and will give our customers the advantage of it. To convince you, just favor us with a call, and get our prices before you purchase elsewhere. Our motto in the future is to keep a good article, and to give our customers the worth of their money, and not to be undersold.

Come, and bring your Cotton, corn, and country produce, generally, and get highest cash prices for same. We also have a large and select lot of Baltimore White and Red May Seed Wheat. Try it. With many thanks for past favors, we are Yours, sep 28, 187t B. D. HEATH & CO.

General Merchandise.

A. F. STEVEN.

W. H. PHIFER

New Firm!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE THIS DAY ASSOCIATED THEMSELVES TOGETHER UNDER THE FIRM NAME OF

STEVEN & PHIFER,

At the Old Stand of A. F. Stevens & Co.,

MONROE, N. C.

ARE NOW RECEIVING A FULL LINE OF FALL & WINTER

GOODS.

WHICH WERE BOUGHT AT HEADQUARTERS FOR CASH, AND WILL BE SOLD

Very Low for CASH!

28, 1878, 16t

M. LEE STEVENS. JNO. H. STEVENS. J. R. ENGLISH

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS.

STEVEN & PHIFER,

—AT THE OLD—
STAND OF AUSTIN & CO.,

ARE RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF

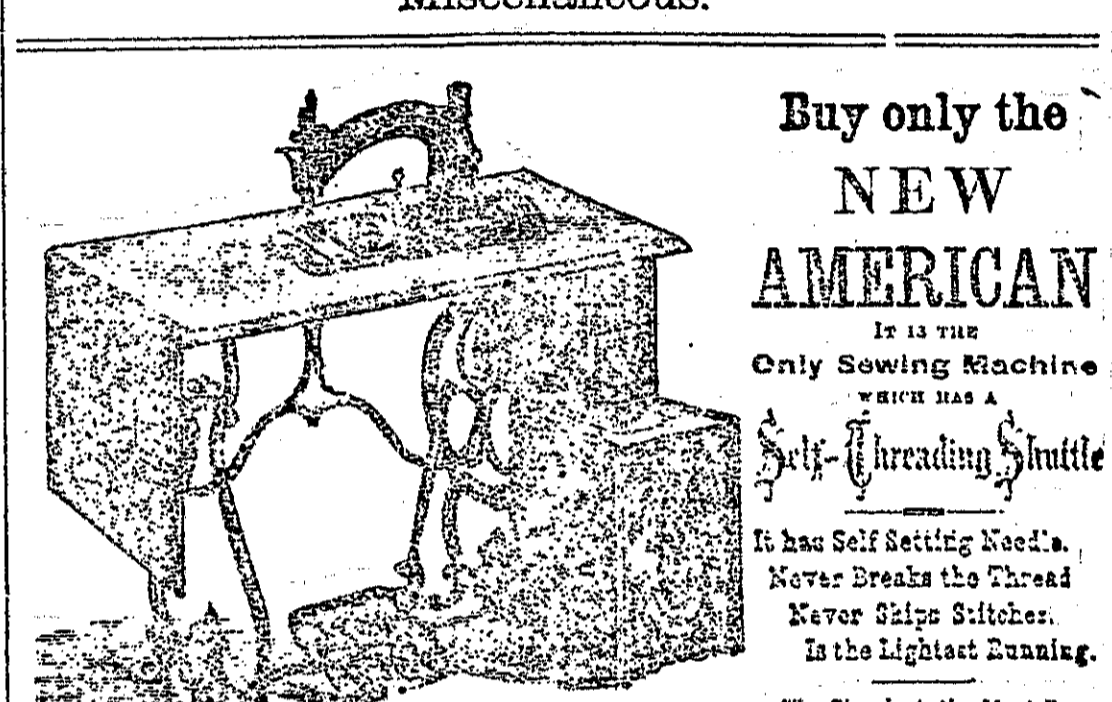
ENTIRELY NEW GOODS, for THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

CONSISTING OF ALL GOODS USUALLY KEPT BY DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

All of which have just been bought LOW FOR CASH and will be sold at Correspondingly Low Prices. Give us a call. WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! sep 28, 187t

Miscellaneous.



Buy only the

NEW

AMERICAN

It is the

Only Sewing Machine

which has a

Self-Threading Shuttle

It has Self Setting Needle, Never Breaks the Thread, Never Slips Stitches, Is the Lightest Running.

The Simplest, the Most Durable, and in Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine!

The "NEW AMERICAN" is easily learned, does not get out of order, and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

J. S. BOVEY, Manager, 64 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER.

SPECIAL

FLAVORING

EXTRACTS.

Eminent Chemists and Physicians certify that these goods are free from adulteration, richer, more effective, produce better results than any others, and that they use them in their own families.

DR. PRICE'S UNIQUE PERFUMES are the Gems of all Odors. TOOTH PASTE. A agreeable, beautiful Liquid Dentifrice. LEMON SUGAR. A substitute for Lemons. EXTRACT JAMAICA GINGER. From the pure root.

STEELE & PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GINGER. The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

STEELE & PRICE, Hanfs., Chicago, St. Louis & Cincinnati.

SIMPLICITY! SUPERIORITY! SIMPLIFIED! MAINTAINED! Improvements September, 1878!

Having regard for the demand of this progressive age, we now give to the World the

NEW VICTOR

Important Improvements. Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any machine in the market—a fact supported by a host of volunteer witnesses—we now confidently claim for

