

**THE MONROE ENQUIRER.**  
WM. C. WOLFE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Monroe, N. C. -oct18, '78-3012

# The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VI.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

NO. 22.

## Twenty Years Married.

Yes, twenty years have winged their flight Since that mysterious word I spoke, When on a beautiful summer night, I first assumed the dowerly yoke. I long had craved the blissful chain, And cheerful subscribed the vow; Perhaps I'd do the same again, Perhaps—though I am older now.

Ah, well, do I recall the time When she, now pensive by my side, Stood in her blushing morning pride, A tender, sweet and beautiful bride. And I so proud of that dear hand, Could scarce contain myself of bliss; I'd bought a tract of fairy land, And sealed my purchase with a kiss.

For happiness we trimmed our sail, My darling little bride and I; Hope's breeze blew a pleasant gale, And gently smiled the summer sky. The world seemed made for her and me, All bright wherever we might turn. Our life to be a tranquil sea— Sweet innocence we'd much to learn.

For soon did care disturbing breath Its baleful influence impart, And bitter sorrow born of death, O'ercast the sunshine of our heart; But still, as roses round us rose, Each closer, fonder, clung to each, Blended with the strength of love's repose, Enduring all that grief could teach.

We'd much of joy, though small our sphere, And craved no more extended time. For children made our dwelling dear— "Twas wonderful how fast they came! "The more the merrier," we said, And in them every wish was blest; A part in our embrace we'd have, A mound of woodland tells the rest.

Those twenty years have left their trace Upon her brow, then smooth and fair, And stolen, some say, the winking grace That once her features used to wear; But still I see the same kind eyes Beam on me with a light as true As when, in love's young paradise, I first that inspiration knew.

And I—well, well—we'll let that pass— None more than I mine's changes see, Each day I shave myself—alas! My mirror does not tell me true; But if I changed for worst or best I cannot answer, on my life.

And leave the solving of this test To such as choose to ask my wife. This lesson we have fully learned: Pure happiness, that men have deemed, Is but hopes soon overthrown. A vision but in fancy dreamed— That all of happiness below, Pursuing which the life is spent, In mingled scenes of bliss and woe, Is measured by the word content.

Though fortune may withhold its smile, As it has done in time before, Content shall still our way beguide, And rest the future landscape o'er. The future—who its tale may tell— But for it we've no doubt nor fears, And like our life that's past so well, We'll try another twenty years.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.  
BY MARGARET VERNZ.

"My friend Madeline Carter is coming to visit us, Alice."

Mrs. Lund looked wonderingly into her husband's face, as he spoke. The name of his friend was a strange one to her. She had never heard him mention it before.

"Madeline Carter!—pray who may she be?" she asked. "And when is she coming?" she added, glancing quickly around the little breakfast-room.

Mr. Lund smiled and tossed a gay, dashing-looking letter into his wife's lap.

"Read for yourself, if you please," he said, "and then tell me how you like it."

With a puzzled expression upon her pleasant face, Mrs. Lund read what perhaps pleased her, and what perhaps did not, for she had a strong control over her features, and did not allow them to betray her secrets. At any rate, when she finished reading, she drew her white fore-finger laughingly across the commencement of the letter, which was, "My dear Arthur Lund," and said:

"Ought I to like that, dear! A strange woman using that 'possessive my,' as we used to say at school, in connection with your name?"

Mr. Lund shook his head. "Do you like the penmanship?" he queried.

"It is very beautiful," she answered, evasively.

"But that is not it—do you like it?" he persisted in saying.

"Yes, well enough. But you know I am seldom drawn very strongly towards gay handsome people."

"But how do you know that she is gay and handsome?"

"The penmanship indicates as much."

"You are right, Alice, and Arthur

knows it. If I were in your place, I wouldn't have her come here at all." The voice came from a low window-seat near by.

"What! is Hester here as early as this in the morning?" said Mr. Lund, evidently somewhat annoyed. "So much comes from settling down with a stone's throw of one's old home. Now, chatterbox, what have you to say to Miss Carter?"

"That if I were in Alice's place, I wouldn't care to have her here—nothing more or less."

"And why not?" queried her brother.

Hester looked annoyed. She did not know whether it would do for her to speak her mind or not. Shaking her head, she said, archly:

"You wouldn't like to have me tell why, Arthur Lund!"

"Nonsense! How thankful I am that I didn't choose such a goosey name for a wife. Alice will have a pleasant visit with Miss Carter, I am sure, in spite of your mischievous croaking. Don't mind her, Alice."

Alice stood looking alternately at her husband and young sister-in-law, striving to comprehend the meaning of their words. There was a perplexed expression about her well-formed mouth, and in her clear brown eyes. Whatever her thoughts were, she kept them to herself, for she remarked, after a moment's pause, in an indifferent careless manner:

"She will be here Wednesday—tomorrow. I will have everything in readiness for her. Never fear, Arthur."

Her husband bent down and kissed her, as she spoke. She returned the caress mechanically, and let her eyes wander searchingly over his face.

"Never mind Hester, Alice. Miss Carter is a very agreeable young lady," Mr. Lund said, as he turned away.

This was all the morning's conversation, and yet upon the young wife's heart a shadow had fallen. Going to the window, she watched her husband as he walked down the garden-path to the street. The June sunshine glimmered through the trees upon him. The birds were singing from every bush and shrub. On either hand the sweet mouthed flowers leaned towards him as if for caresses. This was what Alice's eyes took in; to her heart there was no deeper meaning, perhaps. She was restless and uneasy. After a while she glanced back towards the breakfast-table, still untouched. Near it, in a heavy cushioned chair, her sister-in-law Hester sat reading. For a moment, as she looked upon her, an unworthy question framed itself upon her lips. But she did not ask it. She had little need to, in fact, for Hester, anticipating her, closed her book and joined her at the window.

"Don't feel badly over it, Alice," she began. "I'm sure Arthur never cared at all for Madeline—at least, not half as much as he does for you. But at one time they were very intimate, and mother and I were afraid he would marry her. But that was a long time ago!"

Alice smiled.

"Is she beautiful—fascinating—did you say?" she asked.

"Yes, after a fashion. She has spic'd eyes; such as will draw one this way and that. She sings well, too, and has a queenly way of doing everything. But she isn't half as sweet as you are, dear."

In this assurance there was something inexpressibly touching to the young wife; at least, her peculiar mood made it so. There was a little fluttering in her throat for a moment, and then her eyes were suddenly dimmed. But she did not speak, only rested her fair hands on the head of her sister, and tried to look down the shaded way that led from the wide deep window. What a pleasant, happy home this was (so she thought)! How blessed had she been above all other women!

In the perfect arms of memory she was carried back into the past. All the struggles, trials and temptations of her life arose up before her. They were not few, for with her own hands she had made herself a place in the busy world. Not few, I say, but at the early age of twenty-three she had conquered life. By this I mean that she knew it as woman twice her years seldom do. No matter how. Perhaps it was through her own heart. Love is a great purifier sometimes, and comes like a rapid fire to clear away the rubbish from our eyes. Blessed

is he who can read and interpret what he sees! So Alice loved and learned. Standing there, she thought of it. The birth of her love had given her great pain. When she looked at it steadily and well, her heart was brimmed with joy. We ought to thank God every day, we who love, for the sweet privilege of loving. Its return is the gift of another—itsself power.

Why, with all her experience, the thought of Madeline Carter should jar so strongly she did not know. As her husband's friend, she was prepared to welcome her—as her own, she was afraid from her present feelings she never could. That was the dark side of it. Having naturally a sunny heart she soon found the brighter one; and in an hour's time to have looked upon her as she went around her pleasant home, one would have said that the evil spirit was wholly exorcised away.

It was one of the pleasantest of June evenings that Madeline Carter came. With her husband Alice was waiting upon the portico to receive her, when the carriage drove to the door. She had expected to meet a handsome woman, but for so much beauty she was not prepared. For a moment she started back as one will when a sudden light breaks upon them.

"I am happy to welcome you, Madeline!" Mr. Lund said, shaking her hand cordially. And then turning to his wife he presented her.

Madeline's proud eyes flashed widely open upon her. At a glance she seemed to take in her whole character. How much a single look will express. The one that passed between the two women was fraught with meaning. It said, "I shall take you!" From Madeline's eyes it was like a swift, strong gleam of a star—sharp and lancetlike. This was their meeting although the while they clasped their white hands together and smiled. While Alice went to the kitchen, Madeline congratulated Mr. Lund upon his happiness, his home, his wife. She did this with a touch of tenderness in her clear skillfully managed voice.

"I always knew, Arthur," she said, in her old familiar way, "that sometime you would be nestled down in just this way for life. Isn't it delightful?"

"Very," Mr. Lund answered, smiling. "I used to prophesy, too, if I remember rightly," he added, a little archly.

"But you were a false prophet. I knew you were then."

"Yes—no! Circumstances entirely justified my conclusions. You'll admit that I'm sure."

"Not even that."

Mr. Lund smiled again. He was used to her evasive answers. They seemed to please him. From her manner he was led to watch her closely. How beautiful she was! As he thought this, a little tender breeze swept up from the fragrant paths of the past. It was so pleasant that he deemed it harmless. So he turned his face towards it. It grew stronger, then, and swept through his heart even. Ah, Mr. Lund, what a dangerously delicious pleasure was that!

Madeline Carter came for a visit of a few days, but they lengthened out into weeks, and still she did not speak of going. At dinner one day, she said, turning her face towards Mr. Lund, while she fixed her eyes upon Alice:

"I have a friend in the city or rather an acquaintance, who wishes much to call here. He once knew Mrs. Lund he tells me."

"Ah, and who may your friend be?" was the answer.

"Mr. Ralph Morrison. He is here from Penn. on business. Some people call him very attractive. What is your opinion Mrs. Lund?"

At that moment Arthur raised his eyes to Alice's face. It was so white that it startled him.

"Are you ill?" he asked, rising quickly from his chair.

"No, no—pray be seated," she answered, glancing deprecatingly upon his face. "I was a little dizzy—it has quite gone now."

Madeline had watched her closely meanwhile. There was a satisfied, knowing look about her mouth and in her eyes. A poor reader of human faces would have known that there was a certain triumph at her heart.

"I hope the thought of seeing Ralph Morrison does not affect you so, Mrs.

Lund," she said, gaily. "I shall feel obliged to warn Arthur of him."

Alice's face crimsoned, and for a moment she did not answer. Even Arthur seemed a little disturbed at her strange appearance, for he raised his eyes to her face, as though anxiously awaiting her reply.

"I would advise you to do so, Miss Carter. Perhaps he will appoint you to watch me closely when the gentleman calls," Alice said, at last, laughingly.

"Perhaps so," Madeline answered, opening her eyes to their full width. "I hate you!" was the look that passed between them then, fierce, deep and strong. Mr. Lund felt it. The swift current touched and thrilled him, but he was like one standing in the dark.

In the evening following, Ralph Morrison called. He was a dark, handsome man, with a smooth tongue and a soft voice. Mr. Lund did not like him, and so gathered his dignity about him like an icy garment. Alice was very quiet, and a little paler than usual; but Madeline was all grace and beauty. Her eyes shone like stars. They were so bright that what was lying in their depths could not be seen. Before he left, Mr. Morrison spoke a few low words to Alice, and as he did so, Madeline scanned the face of Mr. Lund closely.

"They were friends once," she said, seeing how indignant he was.

He glanced towards them quickly at this, and then looked inquiringly into her face. Her words were simple enough, but they were weighty. Down with meaning. As if annoyed, she drooped her eyes, and playing with her bracelet, remarked, in a confused, half-troubled way:

"Excuse me—I supposed you knew all about their acquaintance, and yet I might have known—never mind. See! Mr. Morrison is bidding Mrs. Lund good-night."

He was, indeed! But why should Alice stand blushing before him? Arthur Lund was startled out of his composure for a moment. He turned to Madeline. She had risen from her chair, and stood with her beautiful head bent thoughtfully forward.

"I am quite puzzled," he said, in a low tone. "I must hear more of this, he added, quite forgetting himself.

This was but the beginning of disquiet. With Arthur Lund it increased daily. Between Alice and himself a strange coldness sprang up, but Madeline was everything to him. I do not say that he was conscious of this, but doubting his wife, he made her his friend.

It was so like old times to be with her, he would say to himself. So like the pleasant days of his youth it seemed to listen to her sweet, musical voice. Sometimes he used to wish that she could not read him quite so easily; that she did not know quite so well of the little trouble between Alice and himself. But after awhile he ceased to think of this even, and Alice went further from him. How would it end? As the beautiful enchantment faded perhaps. But the good angels of earth are many. They watch as well as the bad.

Madeline told Arthur that Mr. Morrison and Alice had been lovers once. She said this in an artless, innocent way, as though she did not half comprehend what she was saying. But she drank in every word eagerly.

"Why did they not marry?"

"There had been a misunderstanding between them—they had not quite comprehended each other," was the answer.

"And now?"

"O they could see how it was now, of course. People could always see when it was too late to remedy an evil."

"Yes, yes—but had they loved deeply?"

"Yes."

The word came with a sigh. At that moment it fell welecomely upon his ears. Madeline had loved him deeply, perhaps, he thought. Involuntarily he raised her hand to his lips.

Ab, Arthur—Arthur Lund! could you have seen the white face bent towards you at that moment—could you have seen the terrible look of agony that passed over it, you might have stayed your feet from the path which they were treading. The beautiful hand would have scorched your lips like fire!

Softly, noiselessly, Alice stole up the wide stair-way to her chamber. In the darkness she fell upon her knees, clasping her hands across her forehead. Her prayer was:

"Be merciful—merciful, dear God!" (To be concluded next week.)

## How a Conflagration Was Stayed in the Olden Time.

Near the burning building stood a barn which seemed likely to go. In that barn was a calf, and Mr. Plug determined to rescue the animal, or perish in the attempt. He rushed in and seized the calf by the tail, and as it was fastened by a halter it would probably have been strangled by Plug in his frantic efforts to get it out, if someone hadn't cut the rope. As it was he dragged the creature out, using its tail as a handle, and threw it over the fence into the street; then jumping over after it he hauled it to the opposite fence, and was about to throw it over, when Mr. Gallagher, who had recovered his breath, and got possession of an axe, interfered. "Stop," he said, "you can never throw that calf over that fence. Let me cut the fence down." But Mr. Plug would not heed him, shield the calf over, followed it, grabbed it, and ran it a quarter of a mile to a ditch, where he dumped it, and where it was found drowned the next day. The barn burned and the house near it was in great danger. Mr. Plug having got back from rescuing the calf, was satisfied that the house would go, and he determined to save the furniture. Turning to the crowd he asked, "Are we men?" "Yes," replied the Limerick and several other boys. "Then let us save this house!" He rushed in, upset a large flower stand, broke the pots and flowers on it, threw a boot-jack through a window, and then getting hold of the edge of the parlor carpet, tore quite a hole in it. Then he started to ascend to the upper story. The stairs were narrow winding and pitch dark. He had gotten about half way up when some one threw a feather bed over the balusters. It came down on his head, and he rolled with it to the foot of the stairs, where Mrs. Gallagher, who had just broken the front door from its hinges, grabbed both the bed and the man and threw them out into the front yard. Then James ascended to the roof and found that the fire was under control and the men coming down. He started to descend the ladder, and about half way down met Limerick who had a kettle of hot water which he insisted Mr. Gallagher should take, though he was informed that it was not needed. To oblige him Mr. Gallagher took the kettle, but the handle was so hot that he immediately dropped it. There were several persons beneath the ladder, and they stood from under with promptitude and profound observations, scarce anyone failed to get a few drops of it. One man thought it was done purpose, and had to be held while the facts were explained to him. Scarcely had this row been settled when Mr. Plug came up and accused James of trying to smother him in the feather bed. James of course denied it. At one time a fight seemed imminent, but they were finally taken home by friends and the next day the man who owned the house and the calf sued them for damages.

ARE FAT PEOPLE HEALTHY?—Why are fat people always complaining? asks some one who entertains the popular though erroneous notion that health is synonymous with fat. Fat people complain because they are diseased. Obesity is an abnormal condition of the system, in which the saccharine and oleaginous elements of the food are assimilated to the partial exclusion of the muscle-forming and brain-producing elements. In proof of this, it is only necessary to assert the well-known fact that excessively fat people are never strong, and seldom distinguished for mental powers or activity. Besides, they are the easy prey of acute and epidemic diseases, and they are the frequent victims of gout, heart disease, and apoplexy. Allan's Anti-Fat is the only known remedy for this disease. It contains no acid, is absolutely harmless and is warranted to remedy the most confirmed cases of obesity, or corpulence.

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# THE MONROE ENQUIRER.

WM. C. WOLFE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Foreign Situation.

The squabble over the Berlin treaty still continues without any definite result. Mr. Layard is said to be preparing to leave Turkey for England, in order to confer with the British Cabinet upon the best solution of the Eastern difficulty. The other powers, upon whose support England counts so confidently, show little earnestness in the cause, Austria, in particular, being evidently more anxious to save her own flanks than the peace of Europe. Meanwhile, Gen. Todleben is mending bridges and building winter barracks within ninety miles of Constantinople. Prince Labanoff is denying and the Porte affirming Russia's complicity in the Bulgarian agitation. The Greek Ministry has resigned, and a new Cabinet is in process of formation. The predictions of Anglo-Indian alarmists are to some extent falsified by the reported eagerness of the native troops to advance upon Afghanistan, as well as the offers of assistance made by the Hindoo Princess, with a readiness which recalls the unshaken loyalty of Scindiah and Holkar during the fearful crisis of 1857.

The English journals attribute all the obstacles in the way of the execution of the Berlin treaty to the Russian Government, and openly hint that if the signatory Powers do not intervene or force a strict compliance with the terms of that instrument, England may be compelled to take the task upon herself. The Russian press, arguing from their view of the situation, declares that the Turkish Government is now, as it always has been, totally oblivious of all treaty obligations, and that fresh application of the instruments of torture in the shape of invading armies, is the only method of bringing the Porte to his senses.

## The President's Proclamation.

The following is President Hayes' official announcement of a day for thanksgiving:

"The recurrence of that season at which it is the habit of our people to make devout and public confession of their constant dependence upon the Divine favor of all the good gifts of life and happiness and of public peace and prosperity, exhibits in the record of the year, abundant reasons for our gratitude and thanksgiving. Exuberant harvests, productive mines, ample crops of the staples of trade and manufactures have enriched the country. The resources thus furnished to our reviving industry and expanding commerce are hastening the day when discords and distress, through the length and breadth of the land, will, under the continued favor of Providence, have given way to confidence and energy and assured prosperity.

"Peace with all nations has been maintained unbroken, domestic tranquility has prevailed, and the institutions of liberty and justice, which the wisdom and virtue of our fathers established, remain the glory and defense of their children.

"The general prevalence of the blessings of health through our wide land has made more conspicuous the sufferings and sorrows which the dark shadow of pestilence has cast upon a portion of our people. This heavy affliction even the Divine Ruler has tempered to the suffering communities in the universal sympathy and succor which have flowed to their relief, and the whole nation may rejoice in the unity of spirit in our people by which they cheerfully share one another's burdens.

"Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November as a day of National thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in the respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for His mercies, and to devoutly beseech their continuance."

The Democratic majority in South Carolina is over 62,000. The Republicans carried but one solitary county—Beaufort.

## A New History of North Carolina.

PITCH LANDING N. C.,  
Oct. 21st, 1878.

To the Press of North Carolina:

The undersigned has been publishing for more than a year back, a work entitled "Historical Sketches of Hertford County." It has been seen that this narrative contained much of the history of North Carolina since 1776. The frequent commendations of various journals and eminent citizens have induced the author to greatly enlarge the original scope of his undertaking, and a history of North Carolina is the result. No important man or event from 1884 to 1876 will be omitted. The author flatters himself that a new interest and understanding will be found in the narration of colonial times. Elaborate examination and portrayal of men and events, with full citation of authorities as to every period of our annals has been long needed and called for in the State. Dr. Hawkes did not bring his work to a period later than 1729. Col. Wheeler, Mr. Jones and Judge Martin all concluded their histories with 1776; so, for a century past, there is absolutely no book that pretends to chronicle events in North Carolina. The undersigned has endeavored to fill this want, and will, as soon as enough subscriptions are obtained, put to press the results of his labors. This work will be published in one large octavo volume of about eight hundred pages, at four dollars per copy, to be paid for on delivery, or two volumes at five dollars. The author will want agents in every portion of the State, with whom he is willing to make liberal contracts for the sale of the work.

Numerous commendations, but not one single harsh criticism, have been published in North Carolina and other states touching the sketches already published. Many eminent men and the public of the Albemarle country have requested that a permanent form should be given to records made public in the perishing pages of a newspaper. This demand is now sought to be filled, and a work far fuller and more elaborate is promised as soon as it can be seen that the expense of publication will be repaid. With the hopes that long and careful investigations and cordial portrayals of what has been seen and done in North Carolina may prove of sufficient interest to the Public as to give success to the work, I am most truly  
Your Obidient Servant,  
JOHN W. MOORE.

## Death of Mrs. Vance.

Mrs. Vance, beloved consort of Gov. Z. B. Vance, died at 4 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, in the city of Raleigh, after a protracted and painful illness.

Harriet Newell Espy, daughter of Rev. Mr. Espy, a Presbyterian minister, was left an orphan in early years. She spent the greater part of her life with her kinsman, the late Col. Chas. McDowell, of Burke county, or until she married Hon. Z. B. Vance. Mr. Vance resided at Asheville until he was elected Governor. Mrs. Vance was about 45 years of age.

Mrs. Vance was a lady of decidedly strong character. Piety of the highest, most robust type, dominated her nature, and she was ever a leader in good works. It must not be inferred from these words that Mrs. Vance was lacking in the softer feminine gifts and graces which light up home and society with serene and steady splendor, and make of our present earth a second Eden. She had much social power, and graced the hearth and board of her husband as few women could have done. She exerted over his life and aims a powerful influence in lifting him higher in his spiritual range of study and contemplation. The turn for illustrations drawn from the Bible, which Gov. Vance exhibits in his speeches and writings; his high admiration for the Jewish race; his veneration for the stern character of the Scottish Covenanters, together with his general fondness for ethical studies, may, perhaps, without derogation, all be justly ascribed to Mrs. Vance and her wonderful influence over his life and character.

In this great loss, not wholly unexpected, but still pathetic and irreparable, the public in North Carolina, without regard to race or party, sympathize with Gov. Vance and his bereaved family.—Wilmington Sun.

Charlotte Observer: The watchman killed at South Tiger the other night is Engineer Krog's tenth man. Though a careful runner, he has very bad luck in this respect. He has killed three men within the past three months. Mr. W. H. Berry, another engineer on the same road, has been running twenty-five years and has never killed a man.

## What the People Want.

The election is over, and whatever its results, we must pass it by this week as a subject too near at hand with its determination to be the subject of speculation, too indefinite in its shapes to justify exultation or disappointment. We must wait with patience another week before we discuss the action of Tuesday, the fateful 5th of November.

In the meantime we can appropriately turn to those things that can rightly engage attention and which have occupied too little thought in the immediate interest of the campaign. We can begin to direct the attention of the members of the coming Legislature to those things the people want done, and will be disappointed if they are not done. Some of our contemporaries have already made their chart. We will make ours, which will not vary much from those already made:

### SLEEP HUSBANDRY.

And first, we think the demand is loud enough and general enough to give the Legislature sufficient backbone to stand up to legislation on the subject of sleep husbandry. The question has been approached gingerly enough heretofore, and members drew back suddenly if they had burned their fingers. It is not so dangerous a question after all. It will only bury a few politicians; time-servers die soon enough anyway. The people appreciate boldness, and they are not so deficient in common sense as might be supposed. Most of them are ripe for the dog question. Let it be met, and if it must be met, and if dogs must be protected, let them be made to contribute something to the revenue of the State. A howling nuisance and a wasteful curse they now exist.

### THE WHIPPING POST.

Let that be restored. Mock humanity has its rebuke in the amazing spread of petty larcenies and the offenses for which the lash is the sovereign remedy. It is a shame that an absurd sentimentality, borrowed from the hypocritical righteousness of pharisaical paritism, has so controlled sound Southern common sense, and made it stand abashed in the presence of these new doctrines, when it was fortified with the endorsement of the Bible and by the practice of the whole civilized world to the period of its enlightenment by modern radicalism. Give us back the whipping post.

### THE ROAD SYSTEM.

Let that be amended. North Carolina roads are a disgrace to civilization; and are the fruits of a system discreditable to intelligence and reproachful to justice and fair distribution of burdens. But roads can never be better under a system which exacts compulsory labor from those least interested them in repair. The sense of justice revolts from the idea of enforcing penalties under such circumstances, and therefore all roads are going from bad to worse. Now let the Legislature take the bulls by the horns with boldness. Let it resolve that our roads shall be made such as the age demands. We have passed the era of pioneer paths to or through the wilderness. We demand highways of travel and traffic between established marts and towns. Such highways cost something. Let them be built and maintained by taxation. The people will sustain legislation to that effect.

### PAYMENT OF POLL TAX.

Let that be made a pre-requisite for voting. Every one applauds the action of the judges, who require that all grand jurors shall have paid their taxes before they are privileged to enter upon their inquiry into the moral condition of their respective counties, still more should they who choose those who are to make or to enforce laws, show before they exercise their right of suffrage that they have given that substantial evidence of interest in the affairs of the State. It need disfranchise no one. It is impartial in its operation. And the enforcement of the law would relieve the common school system of much of the odium which grows out of its poverty.

### THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Against its short comings there is general clamor. Remedies we cannot suggest—only this—because the system is bad, do not destroy it, but amend it. A foundation there is to build upon. A start has been made, the very clamor that is made is evidence of the eagerness of the people for something better. Let this question have profound consideration.

### THE BELL PUNCH;

well—we did think this might be made a source of great revenue without imposing any general burden upon the public; and at the same time it might regulate drinking into a somewhat controllable channel.

But a year's experience in Virginia shows the difficulty of making the Moffett Register tell the truth on the one who drinks; and the one who sells makes it tell exactly what story that makes the best compromise between his interest and his obligation; and between the two, the Moffett Register would indicate a healthy temperance reform, while police reports, domestic brawls and other records of excess, show about as much indulgence as ever; and so we leave the question an open one.

Other things will suggest themselves in the future, for the sixty days of the coming session must be very busy ones.—Hillsboro Recorder.

## The Elections.

The delegation from North Carolina is not positively ascertained as we write. The Democrats have sustained several losses, how many we cannot say definitely, and gained in several Districts. They are reported to have lost 2 in New York, 2 in Connecticut, 2 in New Jersey, 1 in Massachusetts, 1 in New Hampshire, 2 in Pennsylvania, 1 in Maryland, and possibly 1 in North Carolina. The Democrats have gained enough to make it certain that the next House of Representatives will be under their control. The Philadelphia Times thus states the relative strength of parties after the 4th March, 1879: Senate—Democrats 42 Republicans 29, Independent 1, Doubtful 4. House—Democrats 163, Republicans 117, Greenback-Republicans 2, to be elected 3. That is to say the Democrats have a large majority over all. But these figures are excessive. Changes in returns already necessitate a modification of these figures. The Washington Star is nearer the right figures, when it gives the Democrats at 154. But we will soon know the exact figures.

The prospect is the Radicals have won a substantial victory that gives them half of the States in the next Congress. They have carried New York and New Jersey, and this will give them 19 States, and the Democrats 19.

The Democrats will lose a U. S. Senator from Connecticut. The following are the States that will certainly have a majority of Democrats in their delegations, viz: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia—19 in all. Either New Jersey or New York would have given the much coveted and very necessary 20 States. If the final returns should change the complexion of the delegation in New Jersey or Illinois of which there may be a very faint prospect, then all will be well as to the majority of States.

There is one view that is not comforting. The recent elections show that the States voting Republican give 213 electoral votes—enough to elect a President and 28 votes to spare.

Connecticut, New York and New Jersey did the work for the Radicals. Only two Northern States are known to stand Democratic at present—viz., Indiana and Oregon.—Wm. Star.

DRIVING NAILS BY MACHINERY.—One of the most simple, and at the same time most ingenious, implements on view at the Exhibition is an invention of a young man in this city, a Mr. F. Falkner. It is called a "nail gun," and is used for nailing down flooring boards. We have seen the implement in use, and so far as are able to judge, it is quicker in its work, and insures greater cleanliness than hand nailing could do. The appearance is not unlike a gun in shape and is about the same length. It is kept in position by the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in an aperture at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom, and then the operator draws up a rod, and by one downward stroke of this the nail is clearly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand, by this simple contrivance could do the work of half dozen men. We believe that Mr. Falkner is now improving upon his invention and is making a "nail gun" which will be self-feeding. We have no doubt that when the implement come to be generally known it will be brought into general use.

The only sure way for the South to become wealthy is to establish manufacturing, and make everything at home. To do this, we must patronize home manufactures, when prices are as low as elsewhere. ALSTAFF & HILL, of Wilmington, N. C., manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, etc., and general woodworkers, guarantee the lowest prices, superior work, promptness in all cases. See their advertisement in another column.

## Give the Women Work.

The cry is coming up even here from every part of this once happy land, the paradise of women where plenty once reigned, give us work, as we must struggle for existence. Agricultural pursuits engross the greater portion of our population, hence there are but few manufacturing establishments to the feeble strength of women and children. But still there are many manufactories of small things that might be established at a small cost, which might give employment to thousands. Straw plaiting for example, is a light and easy work; 6,000,000 straw hats were made in Massachusetts in 1865, giving employment to ten thousand of her people. Rye straw is generally used after being cut, soaked in water and then dried. It is said that in Philadelphia \$8,000,000 are annually made in straw goods alone, and \$4 to \$5 is made per week by the operators. Willows which grow abundantly in the South, might be converted into baskets by the women and children. For the finer kinds of baskets some instructions with a set of tools costing about \$5, would be necessary. Canning fruits, making preserves, jellies, pickles, and syrups for sale, is another branch of industry in which females might be employed to great advantage, not only themselves, but to the proprietor of such an establishment. Many such are established north of this, by which large fortunes are annually made, giving employment to thousands of intelligent, helpless women. In this region and the South generally, all our fruits are wasted after what are consumed on the plantations, except such apples as can be kept over during the winter.—Southern Home.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE STATE.—Mr. Greey, editor of the Elizabeth Economist, is preparing a child's history of North Carolina, to be used in schools as a text book. We heartily endorse the idea, and have often wondered why it was that children could not learn the principles of reading as well in a history as in the regulation reader. The practice now is to take a boy or girl through five different readers and when he finishes the fifth he has but little if any practical knowledge. While learning to read why not let him use a text book from which he might glean useful information about his own State and country.—Ez.

## "VEGETINE."

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Having of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from herbs, roots and leaves, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

### VEGETINE!

Is the great Blood Purifier.

### VEGETINE

Will cure the worst cases of Scrofula.

### VEGETINE

Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

### VEGETINE

Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.

### VEGETINE

Cures the worst cases of Cancer.

### VEGETINE

Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

### VEGETINE

Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

### VEGETINE

Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

### VEGETINE

Cures constipation and regulates the bowels.

### VEGETINE

Is a valuable remedy for headache.

### VEGETINE

Will cure dyspepsia.

### VEGETINE

Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

### VEGETINE

Removes cause of Dizziness.

### VEGETINE

Relieves Painfulness at the Stomach.

### VEGETINE

Cures Pains in the back.

### VEGETINE

Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

### VEGETINE

Is effective in the cure of female weakness.

### VEGETINE

Is the great remedy for general debility.

### VEGETINE

Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

## VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## OPUM

## Miscellaneous.

ON HAND,

TO ARRIVE!!

RIBBONS, SILKS,

Millinery,

Straw Goods.

THE LATEST FALL AND WINTER STYLES  
FALL AND WINTER STYLES

Ladies' Hats & Bonnets,

Silks, Satins, Velvets.

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, PLUMES, FEATHERS,

ORNAMENTS, LADIES' COLLARS & CUFFS, HANDKERCHIEFS,

NECK-WEAR.

ALSO, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' JEWELRY,

Velvet Pins, Hair Pins, Breast Pins, Cuff Buttons, and Sets in Jet and Plated Ware of the

LATEST STYLES;

And many other things, too numerous to mention. WORSTED FRINGE, in all the popular styles, and at prices from 10 cents to 50 cents per yard. Also a good assortment of Ladies'

Striped & White Hose, at 10 cents and upward. We shall also keep a nice quantity of

Black and Brown Cottons, Water-Proofs, Opera Flannels, Dress Goods, Shawls, &c.

COME, AND SEE! NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

E. H. HANFORD.

THE LATEST STYLES

FALL and WINTER

GOODS.

T. D. Winchester & Co's

WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN BOUGHT from first hands and at prices so low that enable us to sell EXTREMELY LOW TO CASH BUYERS. We make no bad debts through the summer, so we have no losses to make upon cash buyers, but are selling at

"ROCK BOTTOM" PRICES.

Our Stock comprises a General assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS and SHOES, NOTIONS, CROCKERY, &c., &c. We can meet the wants of any customer completely.

THE LADIES

will find our Stock of DRESS GOODS and TRIMMED HATS to be very attractive. Be sure you call before you buy.

T. D. WINCHESTER & CO.

oct 18, 1878 Old Winchester Corner.

LAMPS.

FINE, MEDIUM, AND CHEAP.

Also, LANTERNS and Side Bracket LAMPS, and Lamp Fixtures. Just received at

State of North Carolina, UNION COUNTY.

SUPERIOR COURT.

John W. Miller, Adm'r of Jane M. Porter, dec'd.

Against H. J. Cherry, et al.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

IT APPEARING TO THE SATISFACTION of the Court, that the Defendants, J. T. Cherry, a resident of Macon, Ga., W. T. Cherry, a resident of Georgia, H. P. Redding, of Atlanta, Ga., A. K. Howell of Dorran, Miss., and H. J. Cherry, of Macon, Georgia, and others whose names and residences are unknown, are non-residents of this State; it is therefore ordered that publication of the summons be made in the Monroe Enquirer a weekly newspaper published in the town of Monroe, for six successive weeks, commencing the first day of June M. Porter, 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 publication of this order, and plead, answer, or demur to 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 14th day of September, 1878. JAS. C. HUEY, C. S. C.

To Farmers.

A LOT OF GOOD SEED WHEAT

is offered for sale by N. S. OGBURN, Monroe, N. C.

\$7777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex. In any part of the country who is willing to employ himself that we furnish \$200 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who cannot be made to call and rapidly at any other business. It cost nothing to try the business. \$200 and \$500000 free. Address at once, H. H. & T. T. & Co., Portland, Maine.

## Drugs, Chemicals, &c.

New

Stock

OF

Fresh Drugs,

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 BOTTOM PRICES. I have a very full and pretty stock of KEROSENE LAMPS and LANTERNS, 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, oct 5, 78 H. C. ASHCRAFT.

No More Accidents!

THE SAFEST, THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEST LIGHT KNOWN.

It saves One-third in Kerosene. It makes you perfectly Secure against Accidents.

It can be tested by touching a spring. It don'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 county.

BICKETT & GRIFFIN.

NOTICE.

THE







