

APRIL

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RUFUS P. DAVIS,
Attorney-at-Law,
MONROE, N. C.
(Office over People's Bank.)

C. M. T. McCAULEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
MONROE, N. C.
Practices in the Superior and the Supreme Courts of this State and the Federal Courts.

J. B. ASHCRAFT,
Veterinary Surgeon.
Will be at Griffin's Livery Stable in Monroe on every Friday, prepared to treat stock for diseases. Parties living at a distance desiring to correspond in regard to any long standing case, can do so by addressing him at Monroe, N. C., Box 40, and all inquiries will be promptly answered.

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 South's corner, always ready and anxious to attend to the wants of his customers. His shop has been thoroughly renovated; he has 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., March 28-30-31st.

REPAIR SHOP

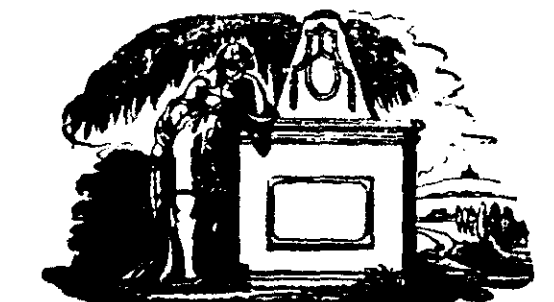
THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY INFORMS THE public that he has permanently located at Monroe, N. C., at the shop of Mr. Monroe Smith, and is prepared to do all repairing on sewing machines, Clocks, Gas and Pistol work, and Musical Instruments. Mutual Business a specialty. He is competent to make all repairs in workmanlike manner, and guarantees satisfaction. Those in need of his services will please bring their work around, and he will take pleasure in waiting on them. Don't forget the place, next door to Post-office. Monroe, N. C. W. D. LOTT, March 26th 1880.

A. H. CROWELL & SON,
General Merchandise,
Depot St., Monroe, N. C.
A Full Stock on hand all times, and the Lowest Prices Guaranteed. 22-79

PAYNE & VANN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
MONROE, N. C.
Will practice in the Supreme and Superior Courts of the State and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States. Will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Union, Richmond, Stanly, Anson, and the Richmond counties.
Particular attention paid to collection of claims and settlements of estates. - 79
Office, next to A. H. Crowell's residence, 22-79

COVINGTON & ADAMS,
Attorneys at Law,
MONROE, N. C.
Will practice in the Supreme and Superior Courts of the State; and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States. Will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Union, Richmond, Stanly, Anson, and the Richmond counties.
Particular attention paid to collection of claims and settlements of estates. - 79
Office, next to A. H. Crowell's residence, 22-79

MONUMENTS,
AND
GRAVESTONES.



FIRST-CLASS WORK! LOWEST PRICES!
DESIGNS AND PRICES SENT BY MAIL.
S. B. BUIE, - MONROE, N. C.

NEW
Spring Goods,
-AT-
STEVENS & PHIFER'S

JUST RECEIVED, THE
Choicest Styles
Spring Prints,
-AND-
OTHER NOVELTIES.

ALEXANDER OLIVER DESIRES TO
inform the public that he is prepared at the Harness Shop of Mr. J. E. Henson, in Monroe to make or repair Saddles or Pegged Boots and Shoes in a workmanlike manner.
And at Reduced Prices!
All work warranted to NOT RIP. Give him a trial. mh12-38ft

FREE. - Set of Tube Paints, Gels, Brushes, instructions to learn painting. Luther's Patent Silk Oil Portrait, entirely new mode of painting, any size from photographs. Success guaranteed on first picture. Exclusive county License \$10 a year which is better to pay than have opposition. L. T. Luther, Mill Village, Erie Co., Pa. 7-38-ly

Agents Wanted. - To introduce in the United States, every county in the South, the best work to sell that has ever been published. Splendid premium to every subscriber. For circulars and terms, apply at once to THE HENRY HILL PUBLISHING CO., 41 and 43 Shetucket st., Norwich, Ct.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. F. Howell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. 100-page Pamphlet, 10

The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VII.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, APR. 3, 1880.

NO. 41.

Poetry.

AN OLD MEN'S LAST LAY.

Once a man of great invention
Made a nest for him to lay in,
With a mean, deceitful intention,
That would slide and let the egg out—
Falling through a small aperture,
And he said it to the owner
That would slide and close the hole up;
Or most defenseless—
Now the nest was mighty gritty,
And she spread herself to do it,
So she laid an egg enormous;
Then arose in great alarm,
With her feathers all-a-datter,
And she said, "Be sure as shooting,
I have laid an egg exceeding
My most anxious calculations,
Far beyond my expectations."

Where's that egg? May stars and garters
In the name of all Eve's daughters
Can't I see that nest of yours?
Surely I have not gone crazy!
Well, if this don't beat the chicken,
May I never hatch a chicken.
Long she pondered over the matter,
Over this strange hallucination;
Or this most impossible deception;
That she should lay an egg so enormous,
And she laid another egg,
Though she scratched and scratched the floor,
But she never found it there.
Why make the story longer?
True is fast repetition.
Of this egg operation,
Passed the day until the evening,
When the owner came to find her,
Found her naught except her wattle,
And her bill and some pin feathers.
While within the box beneath them,
Where that foolish bird had dropped them,
Found he eggs a half-a-dozen.
Gone, heroic Renawatha!
Died she in the nest of duty.
Victim of man's vile deception.
Survivor of man's vile deception.
Survivor of man's vile deception.
Survivor of man's vile deception.
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The Story Teller.

HER SECRET.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCNANN.

I CERTAINLY DO owe you everything. It's a profusion to mention money in connection with that sort of indebtedness; but, Lavinia, I shall try to discharge part of it in another way.

Miss Vin smiled and blushed, plucking at one of the roses clinging all about the window, with lowered head and very great embarrassment.

Sidney, however, saw nothing of this; his thoughts were projected into the future; and although his gaze rested dreamily on the things about him, his fancy had taken a wild flight, and was busy with very different objects. And there was a silence, Lavinia frowned.

Just then Carrie appeared, with her straw hat on and the strawberry basket in her hand, looking a great deal like a figure out of a picture.

"I want you, Sidney."

And, with his honest smile, away went Sidney to stain his hands with picking berries.

Lavinia looked after them with a faded glance—just the shadow of something—not vexation, but gleam of sadness and disappointment; and she went in and was rather quiet for a few minutes, bustling about the room, and finally over to the glass, where she took a stolen peep at her own comely features. She saw a woman of thirty, still pretty, and even handsome.

Well, there was certainly no disparity of age, for he was quite thirty also—some months more.

"That is what he means, I think," said Lavinia, after deep cogitation. "He does owe me everything, just as he says, and I—I believe he likes me. We grew up together, and it is only natural. I shall certainly not do anything rash—I mean, refuse him. I like him, too—her voice faltered—"I never knew until now how much."

Old Dorcas came in with a needle to thread and Lavinia drew herself up a little haughtily at being caught before the mirror.

"Strawberries for dessert, Dorcas. Carrie will pick them."

"I see the doctor and her garter!" "em miss," returned the ancient handmaid. "I think I never see him looking so well, miss, as this time. And it's not far off, I can tell you," said Dorcas, with a pregnant red and smile.

"What's not far off?"

"The question he is going to ask you, Miss Vin. You know very well; and, if you intend to make him happy, it takes only the one word."

"Nonsense! I don't even know what you mean," said Lavinia, with a laugh of trepidation and coloring brilliantly, absorbed in the threading process. "The difference of age, and everything."

"The age is just right, and he is in earnest. I found this on his desk."

Dorcas produced a sheet of paper on which was traced many times, in very beautiful penmanship, surrounded by herolls and other marvelous embellishments, the name "Mrs. Sidney Lavinia."

Lavinia inspected it eagerly, and then returned it with a reproving frown.

"You had no business to poke among Doctor Linden's papers, Dorcas. It was wrong, and he would be very angry."

So the old servant was dismissed, and went out smiling, and Miss Vin was alone again.

Well, here was confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ—documentary evidence which even the law admits as indisputable; and Lavinia Bragg-

don, like the practical woman she was, accepted the facts and went on with her plans.

As Sidney's wife she could be of more use to him than ever—and that was saying much. Old Doctor Jellick had long been willing to sell out his practice, and, ran her happy thoughts: "We can stay just where we are. This old house is endeared to us both, and the village and the people. Oh, Sidney, you do not know how much I have always loved you, and I never dreamed until now that you cared for me other than as a cousin! How my heart beats! I never expected to be so happy. But thank God, who is so good to us all!"—and she swept a little gush of grateful tears.

On she went with her castle-building. Wonderful things were to be done, everybody should share something of her happiness.

Her sister Carrie, in a year or so, and too young—should go to New York and make a fortunate marriage; it would, of course, be a question with herself as to which millionaire and paragon she should choose; they would all be at her disposal; perhaps she would fancy some duke's son from abroad—marriages of this sort were growing very common.

And so on builded Lavinia her beautiful architecture until, with a thrill she heard Sidney and Carrie disputing about the strawberries in the garden outside.

She went out to them, and Carrie, snubbed and vexed, and with hands like Macbeth's, ran away with the berries to old Dorcas.

"She is such a romp, Sidney. I wonder you do not get out of patience with her!"

"No, my stock of that article is unlimited. A wonderful day this—clear as crystal. The country in Summer—it is the nearest idea my not very vivid imagination can realize of heaven. I think, dear Vinnie," he said, laughing, "that it is just the sort of day on which to say something that has been in my thoughts for a long time."

"What can it be, Sidney?"

"You could never guess. It is something very serious and prosaic."

"Perhaps you had better postpone it."

"No, I might never have the courage again. Do you not feel an intuition of what is coming? I owe everything to you, dear Vin; your money paid for my education—for the very bread I have eaten. I am in the attitude of one still asks favors; this last, I hope, but the greatest of all. Vinnie, I am in love, and one word from you seals my happiness or misery."

She was silent, looking down on the grass; but after a minute she spoke.

"Sidney, I must say frankly that I did not expect it. As to your obligations they are now nothing; but once I did think them a tie that should always bind us together—friendship and gratitude—you understand? But if it was, as you think, grown into another feeling, those obligations are discharged; if, in fact, you love me, Sidney, and wish to make me your wife, it is I who am indebted and grateful to you, for I tell you frankly that it was, until this moment, a dream. I did not dare allow myself to think of it, since you wish it will be your wife, Sidney, and live henceforth with but the one thought of making myself worthy of you."

Rud and pale by turns—tremulous, puzzled and bewildered at first, but divining at length the horrible truth—stood Sidney Linden.

Was there ever before so incredible a mistake? He knew not what to say or do. He had intended to ask Lavinia's approval of a contemplated proposal to Carrie—and what an appalling situation had arisen!

He was, indeed; bound by honor and gratitude to Lavinia, who had been so good to him, and he had intended always in some dim fashion to return something—he did not know exactly what; but paying the debt in this way had never entered his thoughts. He loved Carrie—a hidden romance of two years back; a real love—a part of his life, indeed. But here suddenly was catastrophe; he was ruined.

"Lavinia, I—of course I—" he stammered—"that was what I meant—to ask you to be my wife. I never had any other idea than to—discharge my obligation in the one way—by asking you to—to accept me as your husband," and he hung his head in shame.

Lavinia did not notice it, or, if she did, put her own interpretation on his confusion. She was quite too happy to realize details of what was happening; memory brings those back afterward. And, speaking very little more, they crossed the lawn to the house, and she went in.

She went up to her room and knelt at her bedside and offered up a thankful prayer. Think of the ecstasy of winning something beyond your maddest hopes! And in shuffled old Dorcas to ask something about dinner, smiling broadly and rather indelicately, as usual.

"Well, Dorcas," said Lavinia getting up and going to her and putting her hands tenderly on the old servant's shoulder, smiling radiantly; "you were right, and it is to be."

"I know, I didn't I?" said honest Dorcas, with a broader grin. "He often talked to me, as young men in love will, with anybody, about the one they love; they'll even sit and hear her abused rather than not talk of her at all," went on wise Dorcas, who could see through a millstone as well as others.

Lavinia uttered a pleased laugh and kissed the old creature.

"He does love her sure, and he says to me this very morning, 'I can't wait a day longer, and I am going to ask Lavinia for her to-day,' and you see he has done it and got your consent."

It was not a cry, it was a kind of choke, as of some one dying suddenly of suffocation. Old Dorcas stared at her mistress had fallen to the floor. But in one minute she was on her feet again, and, though pale, strong and steady.

"The idea of losing her. Dorcas—it is Carrie we mean, of course—it overcomes me a little," said Miss Vin; and Dorcas had never seen such a countenance out of a coffin. "But we must try to bear these things; they will make a good husband. I think I will lie down for a moment."

So Dorcas, none the wiser, shamed and out, and Lavinia crossed over to the window and stood looking out. I do not know what she saw there; but those moments had their tragedy which words can give no idea of.

And after a while she went down and found Sidney seated on the little porch just where she had left him. He looked up dazedly enough.

"Sidney," she said, abruptly, "I don't know what you will think of me; but I have changed my mind since I saw you a few minutes ago. I cannot be your wife; but I may tell you this, that if you should ever fancy Carrie—you might learn to like her in time—it would make me very happy."

"But you, Lavinia—" he began, astounded.

"Well, I really was tempted to give you my hand, Sidney," she smiled; "but it was only the craze of an instant. Such a thing would never do, and you will say so yourself some years from now; and while I am grateful to you, Sidney, for thinking so much of me as to wish to make me your wife, I must tell you frankly that it is impossible. I was born for an old maid and must die one. And now, if you are a wise man, you will turn your thoughts from me and bestow them upon Carrie." And with a little laugh, in which there was nothing of her heartbreak, she turned and re-entered the house.

And to the hour of her death no one ever knew her secret.

She Cared Him.

There is a man up in the Seventh ward that hasn't spoken to his wife in over a week. He is so mad that he will not go home to his meals, and the other day his wife went to his office to get \$6 to pay for some shoes, and he told the clerk to pay her off and let her go. He grates his teeth when he goes home nights, and comes out of the house every morning swearing. She came a joke on him, that was all. He has for years been telling her that he was sure he had got heart disease, and that he should go off suddenly some time in the night. She had got sick of such talk, after hearing it thirteen years, when she knew he was as healthy as a yearling. Why, he didn't even know where his heart was, and couldn't point out the location of any particular portion of his internal improvements. But he kept talking about death every little while, and she said she would break up that little game as soon as she could think of any way to do so. A spell ago she bought one of these India-rubber water-bags, for keeping hot water at the feet, instead of using bottles. It would hold about three quarts, and her husband didn't know anything about it. One night, after she had the water-bag to her feet a couple of hours, until they were about as warm as a piece of zinc, and her husband was snoring away by note, she thought what a good joke it would be to put it on his stomach and wake him up. She burst right out laughing, at midnight, thinking of it. So she took up the rubber bag of hot water and placed it on his stomach. The bag was about as big as a cow's liver, and as warm as a piece of shingle on a boy. It didn't bear on his chest and other baggage over two minutes before he open his eyes. She stuffed the upper works of her nightgown in her mouth to keep from laughing. He raised up his head and said:

"Harriet, my end has come."

"Which end, Josiah?" said she, as she rolled over, "your head or your feet?" And then she put a pillow in her mouth and reached over to him and unscrewed the nozzle that holds the water in the bag.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," said he, "My heart is enlarged to three times its natural size, and oh, I am bleeding to death." She had opened the nozzle, and three quarts of hot water was pouring over him, saturating him from head to heels. She had not meant to let out more than half a pint of water on him, but when it got to flowing she couldn't stop it, so she got out of bed and told him to save himself. He attempted to stop the flow of blood, and she struck a light and asked him if his life-preserver had not sprung a leak, and then he looked at the rubber bag, and went and ran himself through a clothes-wringer and he slept on the lounge the rest of the night, and he says his wife is the meanest woman that ever drew the breath of life. She tells her friends that Josiah has been miraculously cured of heart disease. —Milwaukee Sun.

Eight Thousand a Year.

Despotism papa declared that Brown should not marry his charming Emily—heres to eight thousand a year—unless he was wealthy.

"What is your fortune, sir?" he asked, magisterially.

"Well, I don't exactly know," said Brown, who was as poor as a churchmouse; "but let your daughter become my wife, and I promise that she shall have endless gold."

"Endless gold is rather an exaggeration, eh?" remarked papa, rather surprisingly.

"Scarcely in my case," said Brown, "as my wife and I, as an extravagant as we might, should never be able to get through it."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"The truth, I vow it!"

"Then take her, my boy," said papa, grasping Brown's hand; "and happy am I that my child has been saved from the clutches of fortune-hunters."

Well, they were married, and Brown made the money fly at such a rate that when his wife's milliner's bill came in he was obliged to confess himself stumped.

Mrs. Brown immediately sent for her papa.

"What's this?" said papa. "What do you mean, sir? Where's the endless gold you promised, eh?"

"I've kept my promise," answered Brown. "I gave your daughter endless gold when I married her—a wedding-ring. And, my dear," added Brown, turning to his wife, "do you think that both of us could ever get through anything which only just fits one of those taper fingers?"

Papa looked as if he was going to have a fit, but a remark of his daughter's averted the catastrophe.

"Well, papa," she said, "there's still one thing in our favor. No one can say that I've got an idiot."

So the storm blew over; and now Brown and his wife, though they do have to manage on eight thousand a year, are the happiest couple in the hemisphere. Still, the bridegroom admits that his was rather a risky experiment.

A loin of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite took the carver in his hand. "Shall I cut it saddlewise?" quoth he. "You had better let it be bridledwise," replied his neighbor, "for then we shall all have a chance to get a bit in our mouths."

A Texas Justice.

How HE CALLED HIS FIRST CASE.

A jolly fellow somewhere in Texas, having been appointed Justice of the Peace, was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, and thus relates how he managed it:

"Having been appointed to the desirable 'posish' of Justice of the Peace, I was accosted, on the 5th day of July, by a sleek-looking young man, who in silvery tones requested me to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony."

"Here was a 'squelcher.' I had never done anything of the kind—had no books or forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong and in a legal manner, so proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy of the revised Statutes, one ditto to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large-sized Bible, a small copy of the creeds and articles of faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional map of the part where the victim lived."

"Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones, called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up to me."

"Having sworn them on the dictionary to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in court, I thought it indispensable. He answered if I meant the fees for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it there and then."

"As I did not exactly know what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived home, and then I waived that point also."

"Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married and that they were old enough to enter that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take this woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him that I did not require a hasty answer—that he might reflect a few minutes if he wished. I told him she looked like a fine girl, and I had no doubt she was, but, if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and obey her just as long as she lived. He must not be 'snappy' around the house, nor spit tobacco-juice on the floor, all of which he promised faithfully to heed. "Now said I, 'Georgiana' (her name was Georgiana), 'you hear what Humphrey says, and so you accept the invitation to become his wife. Will you be lenient toward his faults, and cherish his virtues—will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offences, and will you get three meals a day without grumbling?' She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandment, and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith, as aforesaid, I exclaimed, 'Humphrey, take her; she is yours; I cannot withhold my consent. Georgiana, when safe in the arms of your Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world.' I then read a little from the 'Essay on Man,' including that passage, 'Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long.' As a finale to the scene I delivered the following exordium: 'Go in peace and sin no more.' The generous Humphrey having placed a 50-cent check in my unwilling palm, I bid the happy pair a final adieu."

Careful observation of the growth of crops will enable the farmer to ascertain the wants of his soil; while by the application of a few general principles he may be led to the general improvement of his lands. If, with a good sun exposure, his crops wear a pale green, he may safely infer a lack of nitrogen; if the straw is soft and too weak to bear the head, it will teach him that his soil is deficient in available potash; if he has a good growth of straw and a light yield of grain, he will find by the application of phosphates that the yield of grain will be largely increased, though while growing his crop may not appear to be benefited.

Doctor, said a despairing patient to his physician, I am in a dreadful condition. I can neither lay nor set; what shall I do? I think you had better root, was the reply.

I don't know what keeps me from breaking your head! Well, I know what keeps me from breaking yours—I am a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals!

Said a college professor to a notorious laggard, who was once, for a great wonder, promptly in his place at morning prayers, and at the appointed time, "I have marked you, sir, as punctual this morning. What is your excuse?" "S-s-ick, sir and couldn't sleep," was the reply.

Have your printing done at the Enquirer office.

Her New Shoes.

BY M. QUAD.

She was a woman. If you ever ran a shoe-store you will know what followed as she entered the store. She looked all around, picked up a pair of shoes off the counter, rubbed her thumb along the soles, and timidly asked of the smiling clerk:

"Do you keep ladies' shoes here?"

"We do," he promptly answered. "What style shall I show you?"

For more than three weeks she had had her mind made up for a pair which laced on the inside, and all her friends had encouraged her idea, but it wouldn't have been like a woman to ask the clerk for that particular style.

"Let's see? Let's see?" she mused. "I suppose you have the French heels?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, and he soon had twenty pairs before her. She closely inspected each pair, from 2's up to 6's, asked the grade of the material in each, and twice during the fifteen minutes she seemed on the point of trying on a pair.

"Are you sure these are the French heels?" she finally asked.

"Oh, yes; you can be sure of that."

"Well, I guess I won't buy any today. I did think some of looking at some button shoes."

Certainly. Here is a large variety. Do you wish kind?"

"I presume," she answered, as she wet her finger and rubbed the heel of a shoe, "that kid will wear longer than morocco."

"Of course. These are patent buttons you see."

"Yes; I see. If I ever buy a pair of button shoes, I shall insist on the patent button."

"Didn't you want a pair of these?"

"Let's see," she mused again, fastening her eyes on the top shelf.

She was buried in the deepest thought for a long minute, and the clerk hardly dared draw his breath. Then her eyes gradually dropped from shelf to shelf until they rested on his garnet necktie and she said:

"Not to-day. Have you shoes which lace?"

"Oh, yes."

"Those which lace in front?"

"Yes'm. Here is something fine. I can sell you a pair of these for 20 shillings."

"Can you? Why shoes must have either gone up or down! Shoes which lace in front are stylish, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes."

"And they wear as good as any?"

"Just as good. I can recommend the material in these shoes, as they were made for us here in Detroit. Will you try on a pair?"

She seemed about to do so. She looked over at the lounge, seized a pair of shoes, and was then halted by a new idea. She put the shoes down, let her eyes drop to the floor, and

