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Professional and Business Cards.

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 Court of Union, Mecklenburg, Stanley, Anson, and Richmond counties.
S. S. FARRINGTON, attorney at law, 225 N. 2nd St., Monroe, N. C.

M. T. McCAULEY.

Attorney-at-Law.
MONROE, N. C.

Practices in the Supreme and the Superior Courts of the State and the Federal Courts.

H. B. ADAMS.

Attorney-at-Law.
MONROE, N. C.

GIVES prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office: On Second Floor House No. 100 N. 2nd St., Monroe, N. C.

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CHARLOTTE
MARBLE WORKS.

Price List and Drawings of Gravestones furnished on application. oct6 78

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MONROE, N. C.

Practices 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 Court of Anson, Mecklenburg, Stanley and Mecklenburg. Office in the Court-house, between the Sheriff and Register of Deeds. 225 N. 2nd St.

REMOVAL.

J. E. HINSON.

HEREBY ANNOUNCES to his FRIENDS and customers that he has removed his Shoe, Harness and Saddle Shop to a building on the corner of the lot on which his residence is situated, near Austin's buggy shop, and would be pleased to have them call when in want of any article in his line.
Monroe, Oct. 25, '78. 204

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is called to the fact that A. Robinson, who prides himself on keeping a PARCEL-PAIDER SHOP is still in Monroe, at his old stand on Bell's corner, always ready and anxious to attend to the wants of his customers. His shop has just been thoroughly renovated; he keeps good assistants, sharp scales and scales, and all may rest assured of being promptly and properly waited on. Store at Bell's corner, whenever you want any Barbering done. Monroe, N. C.—March 18, 1894.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY FORBIDDEN to hunt or in any way trespass on the lands of the undersigned lying in Jackson Township.
I, P. WALKUP.
nov12,79 224t

A. H. CROWELL & SON.

General Merchandise.
Depot St., Monroe, N. C.

A Full Stock on hand all times, and the Lowest Prices Guaranteed.
225,79 324t

TO RENT.

A NEAT COTTAGE DWELLING IS OFFERED for rent for 1890.
A good Garden and Well on the premises.
Apply to J. J. MOODY.
nov12,79, 7224t

Geo. W. Howey. W. A. Watson.

Lumber for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY GIVES notice that they have on hand for sale a large supply of PINE LUMBER, of all sizes, at their Steam Saw Mill, on the C. O. E. Y. ten miles from Monroe. Prices very low for cash. Buyers.
HOWEY & WATSON.
dec1,1879 25,6a

Wagons! Wagons!

I WILL HAVE BY 15TH THIS MONTH, a car load of twenty-five

Tennessee Wagons.

For sale, sixty-five to seventy-five dollars each, complete.
dec3,1879 E. A. ARMFIELD.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!!

I HEREBY OFFER FOR PRIVATE SALE 5 unimproved Town Lots, known as Lots Nos. 6, 7, 19, 21 and 22 of the Blount property. The lots all lie conveniently near the business portion of Monroe, and are desirable locations for residences. If not sold before that date, I will expose the same to public sale on the premises, on the 1st day of Jan'y next. Terms made known on application, or on day of sale.
MRS. F. D. GAY.
dec3,1879 25,4t

The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VII.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1879.

NO. 26.

Poetry.

HEAVEN.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies;
Where love becomes immortal.
A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever verdant;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.
We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanting bowers.
The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death the silent warder, keeps the key
That opens the gate elysian.
But sometimes along the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden rays swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.
And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory,
Streams brightly through the azure vaults afar,
And half reveal the story.
O, land unknown! O, land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
O, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

The Story Teller.

THE LOST CHILD.

He had looked for him all day—all night. It was dawn again, and he must go home without him—without his little child—his treasure—his most precious thing on earth. He must go home and tell his mother that the boy was not found. He would never find him, the man felt sure of this.

All his life he had dreaded this—the little life of that baby boy. He had been like a man who wandered among thieves with a diamond in his possession in full sight of all eyes. It seemed to him that some one must rob him of it. All the old stories of pygmies who stole children had troubled him sorely; and his heart had ached over the pitiful tale of the little chimney sweeper who, more than a hundred years ago, while plying his trade, came down the chimney of the nursery from which he had been stolen when a tinker fellow still, and recognizing it and his mother, was restored to love and home at last.

Often in the night had the thought overcome him that he had stolen from his bed in the darkness to feel the little head of his sleeping boy on the pillow of his crib. Even his wife, the child's mother, who had loved him so, would have laughed at his fancies. So he kept them to himself. Only once—once he was forced to tell her. That was when he tattooed the child's foot.

Right on the instep he had marked it with a little blue W. It was painful—very painful—but worse than it did the boy, and the mother, coming home, had been angry and grieved, and then he told her.

"If the child were stolen we should know him, though his face were altered—though he forgot his name and us. That is why I did it."

And she had said:

"People have children enough of their own. Children are only valuable to their parents. You are so romantic—so foolish."

"Now it had come. The foolish fear was realized. Lost or stolen, the boy was gone, and that tattoo mark was the only thing that comforted him. Alive or dead, they should know him, now or after long years, for those marks were indelible, and no one else would mark his foot with a tiny W. and the tinker cross that followed."

Alive or dead! Could the boy be dead? He cast up his hands in his agony and uttered a cry that rang through the sleeping street. People turned in their beds, and said to themselves there must be a fight or that some drunken man was making night hideous. Some early risers ended their sleep and there, for no one knew why the man cried out, or who knew, or where he went, save the solitary policeman, who gave him a grave salute as he passed. Neither asked the other, "Have you found the child?" They knew the question was useless.

But at home, where the lights had burned all night, the mother, who pined to and fro, asked it, though she knew the answer would be "No."

"You have searched everywhere," she said. "You have forgotten some place—some one's house where he may have gone. Go out again—go. I will go also. You told me you would bring him back, or I would not have left at home. Go!"

The man turned on his very threshold.

"I thought he might be here," he said. "And I wanted to tell you—the tattoo mark—we shall be sure—"

Then he fell on his face. For twenty-four hours he had not tasted food, only his faintness told him that he was hungry.

Then the mother remembered that she was also a wife. The wretched people ate and drank—stones and sea water, for ought they knew; but they looked for their child in every direction. The river was dragged, and the hospital, even the prisons, searched.

They spent their small means in advertising. They posted notices of

their loss on the walls. All in vain.

After others knew that they had followed a forlorn hope, they still pursued it as earnestly as ever. And so the weeks rolled by, months faded, the years followed. There was a hard case. If death had taken the boy it would have been easier to bear; but they did not believe him dead; where was he? In whose hands? Had he mourned for them and for home? Had he been ill-used—beaten? They knew nothing; and suspense wore their lives away. It was an old story to others very soon; it was always terribly new to them. At any moment it seemed to them that the door might open and their child enter, and the patter of little feet upon the stones set their hearts beating wildly. This when ten years had passed, the child of four would have been a child no longer, but a youth taller, doubtless, than his mother.

No other children came to these people and they were very miserable. The man seemed crushed—he had neither ambition nor energy. The woman went about her daily toil in a dull, listless manner. Their hair grew gray, and their brows wrinkled, very early. Friends were pitiful; but grief does not invite—it rather repels.

At last they seemed to stand alone in the world; old acquaintances and relatives were gone, or had forgotten them. They made no new ones. Poor, lonely, sad, they clung to each other, and shared each other's sorrows and trials. There was no joy to share. This child would have been 18 years old—was, if he lived—when what is called a piece of good luck happened there. A far away relative died and left them a little fortune. He had not taken much notice of them during life, but he had given them a thought on his death-bed. They were comparatively rich. When they knew it the same thought came to each one at once. The woman uttered it first.

"Martin," said she, "perhaps we can find our boy, after all. When once we have the money we will advertise him all over the length and breadth of the land. He may not remember but the blessed mark you put upon his foot, that he will know of. He will come to us—I feel sure of it—at last, Martin, at last."

Yes, it may be so, Agnes, the man said. "It may be so; the time has been long, the days woeful, but we may be happy, after all that has gone. Agnes, I believe it will be so."

They kissed each other and made ready for the journey which they must take to enter upon their inheritance. And they traveled together over the road with eyes that grew brighter for their small speck of hope in their hearts. Through all the proceedings that followed, this grew and grew; and when, at last, they found themselves undisputed owners of a pretty house and money enough to live on in comfort, they began to feel sure that their boy would yet share it with them.

The first evening in their new home was almost happy.

"Agnes, we must put this cash away in a bank to-morrow," said the husband, counting over a roll of notes. "It is not safe to keep it here, and we must be careful; we have that to do which makes us economical."

"Yes, Martin," said his wife, as she held the light for him and he looked the small, old-fashioned safe. "You see, when the boy comes to us we will want to do all we can for him, and home must be a pretty place. We can live on almost nothing until he does come."

Afterward, in the dark, their heads close together on the pillow, the elderly couple talked on, dreaming like children.

"Martin," said Agnes, "when he does come, our poor boy, perhaps he will be rough and not well mannered, he has not had us to teach him; we must be very lenient."

"Yes, yes," said Martin, "but the boy will improve. Young as he is, he can go to college yet."

"Away from us," said the mother. "No, no, he shall come home every day," said the father. "Usually he will be tall, I wonder? We are usually tall, but your people are shorter."

"Something may have happened to hurt his looks," said the mother, "but we would only love him the better for it if it is so. However he comes, we will be good, so good to him. He will come, will he not, Martin?"

"No, no, I feel sure that he will come. I've known all the while that he was not dead," said Martin. "I'll advertise all over the United States—all over Europe. If that fails, even in India, in some way. You see, he may have been carried to some foreign country. Men who know all languages that are spoken shall see that my advertisement is put into each one. Yes, we shall have him back."

"Hark," said Agnes, "what is that?" They listened. A low, grating sound at the door below, regular and carefully subdued—a click—a crack—"Some one is trying to break in," said Martin.

Agnes hid her face in the pillows. They were alone in a lonely house on a lonely road. They had several thousand dollars in their possession. Martin was not a powerful man, and though he had a pistol, there might be two or three against one, and then there was little hope for him.

He arose and took his weapon in his hand, and felt about in the dark for matches. And Agnes heard a

creaking of the flooring and the sound of muffled footsteps, and also sprang to the door.

"They are at the safe below!" cried Martin. Agnes, the money—the money for our boy! Oh! if my life is lost for its sake, I cannot lose that. I cannot—I cannot."

"Martin! Martin! Stay—do not go. What can you do, one man alone?" screamed Agnes.

But he was gone; she was alone in the darkness. It was all over in a moment. There were shots, oaths—a full silence. She crept down stairs, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Leaning against the safe was her husband, blood upon his sleeve, on the floor lay a man in a black mask, stiffening in death.

"Martin!" sobbed the woman. "Martin!"

"I have killed him!" cried the man. "Fasten the door—put up the great bar. Had I not forgotten that they could not have entered. Oh, it is terrible, but I could not lose every chance of my boy. They fired at me, I at them. I was a little hurt—not much—and the money is safe—untouched. Oh, to think I should have killed a man!"

"Martin, he may not be dead," said the woman. "He is young. I hope he is not dead. Perhaps he is somewhere. Let me bind up your hand. Then we will try to restore him. Dear Martin, even if it is so, who can blame you? Poor, poor boy!"

She bound up the graze on her husband's hand. Then lifted the young man's body to the soft rug, and undid the mask. A face was revealed, young and handsome and palid as marble.

"Oh, it is terrible!" said the wife. "No older than our poor boy. Oh, Martin, he is dead, I fear. I will loosen his neck tie. You take off his shoes and rub his feet. Oh, morning is so far away! This is such a lonely place. Martin, what is it?"

She stared at her husband in terror. His face was as the face of death. He sat ghastly and terrible to look up on, holding in his hand one of the feet that he had undressed.

"Dead!" he said wildly. "Dead! and I shot him—I!"

"Martin!" shrieked the wife. She laid the dead man's head down on the rug and crept up to her husband.

"God will forgive you," she said; and then her eyes, dim, themselves upon the point at which her husband stared.

It was the foot of the young burglar. The left shoe was off—the stocking lowered, the high white instep was uncovered, and on it she saw the little tattooed W with a tiny cross beside it. It was her son who lay there.

"Martin!" she screamed again. "Martin, remember what I told you. He had not us to teach him what was right—remember."

But Martin only moaned.

"He is dead, and I killed him!" He felt blindly for his pistol. "Forgive me Agnes, for I cannot live," he said; but at that moment the woman, with her hand upon the breast of the prostrate man, screamed out:

"His heart beats—Martin—he lives!"

The next day a strange story flew about the neighborhood. The child those two strange people had lost years ago had returned to them. That very night burglars had entered the house and wounded him. His life was in danger. The doctor had been there all the morning, but the mother had no fears.

"God had sent him back, and he would not die," she said.

It is never too late for repentance, and the love of those poor parents was very strong. Strange as the beginning was, the end was peace, and the household, so strangely re-united, was a happy one at last.

A MARVEL IN MAP-MAKING.—Master Collin Cole, of Fayetteville, has obtained another premium on his elegant map of North Carolina, this time from the Cumberland Agricultural Fair. This map is surely a wonder.

Production for a boy at 17 years of age. Besides giving the location of the marl beds, the gold, silver, copper and other mines of the State, the date of the organization of each county, the name, length, and termini of every railroad, the location and time of foundation of every high school and college, the area of the lakes, swamps, and sounds of the State, and all the battle fields, Revolutionary and Confederate with the date of each battle, it also shows what sections are productive of corn, cotton, wheat, tobacco, rice, and other agricultural products, where the factories of different sorts are located; their capacity where and by whom the early settlements were made, and much valuable historical information that can be found only by extensive research in many different sorts of books. A very intelligent and prominent gentleman after a careful examination of the map remarked that it was one of the most wonderful productions of the sort he had ever seen.

On the margin of a large map are a geological map, a mining and manufacturing map, and a historical map, besides a complete list of the signer of the Mecklenburg declaration of Independence and much other valuable information in a tabular form. It is the product of a school boy's leisure moments.

Miscellaneous.

The Image in the Glass.

A young man of this city had long paid attention to one of the fairest daughters of Cleveland, now visiting here, and had been engaged to her, when suddenly, for some reason or other, she concluded to marry some one else. The unsuspecting young man went to call on her at her aunt's on Calumet avenue last week, and as she drew back her ruby lips when he prepared to greet her with a loving kiss, he at once thought there was something up, and glancing at her again, he noticed that she wore none of his gifts, which he conjectured were in an ominous looking parcel on the sofa. This conjecture was subsequently proved to be correct.

"Mr. So-and-so," she said—she had been wont to address him as "Augustus" and "darling"—"Mr. So-and-so, I have consulted my heart seriously, and discovered what I have often suspected—that we are not fitted to make each other happy. It is better that we should part—our engagement is at an end."

Her words sank into him like blue pills, and he felt a deadly tugging at his heart-strings, but he instantly composed himself and settled upon a plan of action. Bounding joyfully from his chair, he danced lightly round the room, shouting, "Hurrah! You're the bulliest gal in the universe. I feel as though the whole Palmer house has been lifted off my manly bosom."

The beautiful girl gazed at him for a moment as if she thought he had hidden a long farewell to all his gray brain-matter, and said, "What does this mean?"

"Mean!" cried the young man, walking on his hands up and down the sumptuous drawing-room; "it means I'm free. I've been trying to muster up courage to ask you for two weeks past to cancel our engagement, but I couldn't—it would have been going back on my word, and besides, I knew that husbands at this period of commercial depression were hard to get."

"Sir-r-r!" said she, glaring at him like a tiger cat, "your presents are all in this package. Take them and return me mine. This painful interview had, p'raps, better be brought to an end."

"I'll send you all of 'em I can find, but I guess our cook carried off your Tennyson with the marked passages in it—I lent it to her—and some of your locks of hair and pressed rosebuds, and things I burned when I was cleaning up my room the other day, and as for your ring, I don't think 'Corra' will give it to me."

"And you who may this creature 'Corra' be? Is she the cook at your boarding-house?"

"Oh, bless you, no—she's the girl I am in love with, and that I'm going to propose to this very evening, as soon as you give the package of presents and let me go. I hope you didn't forget to put the diamond earrings I gave you into it. I'll give them to her and be \$200 ahead."

The beautiful Cleveland girl's cheeks glowed so that you could have lighted a match at them if you weren't afraid of having your fingers burned by the glare in her eyes.

"Tell me about this 'Corra' of yours. Is she good-looking?"

"Good-looking!" said the young man, excitedly; "hold on till I show you her picture," and he searched eagerly in his pocket. "No, I must have left it my other coat. Well, never mind; she's a beauty. I used to think you were pretty fair looking, but you—hair so long that she steps on it when it is let down and she tries to walk; eyes that make you feel as if you were getting back a \$10 bill you had never expected to see again; a waist very much like yours only much smaller, and so on for her feet—why, you couldn't put more than fifty per cent. of your toes into one of her boots. Well, good night, Miss What's-your-name; I told her I'd be around to-night if I could. I'll trouble you for that package."

"Augustus So-and-so," she hissed in a low, concentrated tone, putting the package of presents away under her chair, "if you go out of this house before one o'clock to-morrow morning I'll scream. And I want you to understand that our engagement is to hold, and if you don't marry me by the first day of November, which will be as soon as I can get my trousseau ready, I'll sue you for breach of promise, laying the damage at \$100,000; and I've got letters from you that'll make a jury find for the plaintiff without leaving the box. And if ever you name that wretched creature's name to me again the longest day you live I'll shoot you and scratch her eyes out—so, there! I don't care for you one bit, but I'm going to marry you out of spite."

She hurried herself into his arms like a whirlwind and sobbed upon his shoulder. He smoothed her hair and called her a large and varied assortment of pet names, and observing his image in the glass over the mantelpiece, winked at it rapturously.

They are to be married on New Year's night.

You can never get ahead of Chicago, Chicago Tribune.

During November there were 27 deaths at Raleigh, of whom 13 were white and 14 colored.

Value of a Vote.

It was the morning after an election a weary-faced, patient-eyed man came to the reporter and said:

"I want you to make a few figures for me. I'm a little unstrung to-day, and can't trust myself."

We recognized him as a defeated candidate for the Legislature and a good fellow in his way. We signified our willingness to accommodate him, whereupon he drew forth a little note book, with the explanation:

"You see I have been keeping a little account of my expenses in this canvass—wanted to find out what it would cost me, you know. I set the items down as they came, and I think I've got nigh about all, though there may be a few which I over looked. I want to see what each vote cost me. Are you ready? Well, put down Benjamin Joseph Mallen, candidate for the Legislature."

Received 391 votes.

Cost—9 months and 23 days time, 1,376 hours sleep, 4 acres of tobacco, 25 acres of corn, whole sweet potato crop, 25 sheep, two front teeth one handful of hair.

GIVE AWAY—531 papers garden seed, 97 plugs tobacco, 803 drinks of whiskey, 27 Sunday school books, 2 pairs of galluses, 4 calico dresses, 7 dolls, 19 baby rattles.

MISCELLANEOUS—Lied 2,499 times shook hands 14,770 times, talked 1,600 Patent Office Reports full, held 122 horses, and 125 babies, kindled 6 kitchen fires, cut 2 cords wood, pulled 90 bundles of fodder, toted 17 buckets of water, hung out 1 washing of clothes put up three stoves, got dog bit twice, got one watch smashed by corn sheller.

LENT OUT—3 barrels of flour, 8 bushels of meal, 75 pounds bacon, 18 pounds butter, 5 dozen eggs, 3 umbrellas, 13 lead pencils, one Bible dictionary, one mowing blade, one hoe, 1 pair pants—none of which have been returned.

Called opponent a perambulating liar, doctor's bill \$10, had two arguments with wife, resulting in destruction of flower vase, one dish of hash, one shirt bosom, 10 cents worth of sticking plaster.

Had it proved in public that my great uncle was a cannibal, that my grandmother wore hoops, that I will die in the penitentiary, that my boy will be worth a million in bonds, and that his son will have 29 children, all gals.

Spent \$351 traveling and sundry expenses, and, lemme see, oh, yes, I left the other items at home. Will get 'em this evening. And then I want you to add up and divide, and tell me how much them 391 votes cost me—divided into all them items separately, you see; one vote to so many dollars and so many potatoes and front teeth, and so on, all run out into fractions, you see. And then you can go and calculate how long them things or their equivalent would run Memphis during the yellow fever, and how many eight day clocks the time I spent would run, and how many grist-mills, and how many trains of cars from here to Boston, filled with pig iron, could be moved by the power and energy I spent in the race; and oh! you can make lots of beautiful statistics out of them when I bring you the other items this evening—lots and lots."

Then he left, and we have been dodgin' around corners ever since to keep from meetin' him again.

HIGH AUTHORITY.—The late eminent chemist, Prof. James V. Z. Blaney, says, in his letter of December, 4, 1874: "Since I became satisfied, by my analysis, with the purity of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, of its freedom from adulteration, the care taken in its preparation, I have had it used in my own house."

A WARNING.—An exchange in a neighboring town contains an account of a sad affair. It says that a certain man in that town who has never advertised, was found dead under his counter where he had been lying for two days. He was accidentally discovered by a small boy went to get a nickel changed. As he had never advertised, people had forgotten where his store was, and hence nobody happened to discover the corpse until decomposition set in.

POSTMASTERS APPOINTED.—The following nominations of postmasters were sent to the Senate on the 3rd inst.: Samuel L. Arnell, at Columbia, and Samuel Rexinger at Clarksville, Tenn.; Robt. M. Orrell at Fayetteville, and David L. Bringle, at Salisbury, N. C.; Edward H. Brooks, at Camden, S. C., and Benj. M. Cozart, at Farmville, Va.

With the present month the countries in the postal union will adopt an international postal card. The cards of this country will be two cents in price, blue in color, but otherwise similar to the one now in use. They can be used without any additional postage. The figures show that the United States now sends abroad about twice as many postal cards as come here from foreign countries, of which indicates that we are benefited by the treaty in this particular.

Office: Second floor Stewart's Corner Building.

many other diseases. A sure cure guaranteed, or

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