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SPECIAL ATTENTION

Called to the fact that A. Robinson, who prides himself on keeping a "Fancy Barber Shop," is still in Monroe, at his old stand on South Street, always ready and anxious to serve his customers. His shop has just been thoroughly renovated; he keeps good assistants, sharp razors and scissors, and all may rest assured of being promptly and properly waited on. Be sure to call at his shop whenever you want any barbership. Monroe N. C. —mch8-78-3017

A. H. CROWELL & SON,  
—DEALERS IN—

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

A Full Stock on hand all times, and the  
Lowest Prices Guaranteed  
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Geo. W. Howey. W. A. Watson

Lumber for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY GIVE notice that they have on hand for sale a large supply of PINE LUMBER, of all sizes, at their Steam Saw Mills on the C. O. R. Y. miles from Monroe. Prices very low to Cash Buyers. J. E. TRAYLOR. 25.6m  
dec1-1879

DENTAL NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED a partnership in Dentistry and will occupy the office in Stewart's Corner Brick building. Either member of the firm will visit patients in the country when desired. J. E. TRAYLOR. J. W. STEPHENSON.  
nov26, 1879

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YOUR PROPERTY

—WITH—  
W. H. FITZGERALD,  
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OVER FORTY-SEVEN MILLION  
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Estimates made and orders received for all kinds of

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Plain and Cut Glass,  
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Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from \$50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular.

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DO NOT PAY \$25.00 PER QUARTER CITY GAZETTE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

# The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VII. MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1880. NO. 34.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Famine in Ireland.

Our worthy contemporary, the Raleigh Observer, plainly points out the duty to distressed Ireland in the following words:

"Three hundred thousand people are slowly starving to death in Ireland, and this at a time of general commercial peace, with England and America wealthier than ever before. Where are the ships of America loaded with our surplus millions of wheat? Is there not a duty we owe to the common brotherhood of humanity? Can we not emulate the example of thirty years since, when we sent vessels of corn to relieve the distresses of the Emerald Isle? Then we were poor, with but half our present population, and not a tithe of our present riches. Out of our abundance let us now consecrate something to the sacred cause of preserving human life. Millions, billions have been spent to shed the blood of man; let us now give a pitiful thousand to alleviate woe and rescue those who die a thousand deaths while perishing from the pangs of gnawing hunger. As appropriate to the situation, we reproduce the following touching verses, which all of our readers will do well to read:

[This powerful and pathetic piece was suggested by many of the painful incidents of the memorable Irish famine of 1846. The title was the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying of starvation. She found three grains of corn in a corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had. The whole family were perishing from famine.]

Give me three grains of corn, mother,  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,  
Dying of hunger and cold;  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

I am gnawed like a wolf at my heart mother,  
A wolf that is fiercer for blood—  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing at my heart for food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see—  
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,  
How could I look to you?  
For bread to give your starving boy,  
When you were starving too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eye so sad,  
And I felt it in your hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,  
The Queen has lands and gold,  
While you are fighting for your empty breast,  
A skeleton babe to hold—  
A babe that cannot see you, mother,  
As I am dying now.  
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famishing upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,  
What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
Perishing, one by one?  
Do the men of England care not mother,  
The gentlemen and the high,  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across the channel, mother,  
Are many that roll in gold;  
There are rich and proud men there, mother,  
With wondrous wealth in view,  
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when he died;  
Quick for I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is all alone;  
Mother! dear mother! I am die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

The example of the New York Herald in contributing so liberally, (\$100,000) for the relief of Ireland is having an excellent effect. Contributions are pouring in, and the Herald says it expects to receive contributions from every village and city in the United States and Canada. A New York special to the Washington Post says:

"Among the latest contributions acknowledged by the Herald are the following: August Belmont, \$500; Smith, Churchill & Scribner, \$500; E. A. Buck, editor of the Spirit of the Times, \$1,000, and Harry Hill, \$100. Politicians, firemen, actors, actresses, school children and others are among the contributors. Dion Boucault suggests that the United States should devote St. Patrick's day to a performance in aid of the Herald's Irish relief fund. Contributors to the Herald's fund who live out of the city can send their subscription by Adams Express Co., which has consented to perform this service free of charge. The Master Stevedores' association has resolved to give its services in loading all provisions intended for the starving poor of Ireland, and the members of the Cotton Exchange has just subscribed \$500 for the relief of the Irish distress, and more money will be raised soon. James Keene, the millionaire broker, it is announced on good authority, is preparing to send to the distressed people in Ireland a ship load of grain, his contribution to their relief. J. W. Donahue, treasurer of the Parnell Irish famine relief fund, acknowledges the receipt of \$933.33 up to date.

Wilmington, says the Star, began the good work early, and probably nearly \$1,000 has been contributed by its citizens.

## The World's Holiday.

IT WILL COME WHEN EARTHQUAKE POWER RUNS OUR FACTORIES.

In a recent lecture in Hartford on volcanoes, Professor Denton says: "Volcanoes are near the sea. What more obvious remedy than to bore into their sides and let in the sea, and let the two fight it together? Do you know what makes earthquakes? It is the vapors from molten metals in the earth. Like steam in a boiler, it must have vent. Volcanoes are the weak spots in the earth's crust. That's a horse haven't harnessed yet. But we shall. When we can run our factories by earthquake power, the holiday of the world will have come. If only 1,000 years ago, a prophet were to have told the people of Europe what would be seen to-day, he would have been considered crazy-wild. I am very likely so regarded, now, for some of these assertions. But it is not possible to tell the reality of the glorious advances that are actually to be made. Great tracts of rice exist to-day in China, without one single weed. There are large fields of grain in England in which it is impossible to find, even in search for \$5 reward, a single weed. Men are going to decide what shall grow!

Do you think it cannot be done? I'll show you that it can. [Here the lecture cited Australia—long ago a country of men who lived upon snails, slings, etc., and destitute of fruits and grains—now a vast region of fruitfulness, with all kinds of wheat and other grain, and figs, apples, grapes, oranges, pomegranates etc. in abundance.]

They made a world to suit themselves. And this is what we are going to do everywhere, in the good time coming. We shall drain lakes and have gardens where the water now is—even as Lake Hattum, long lying as it is, has already been pumped out, and converted into a great garden.

The lecture spoke of the fuel question. England's coal mines will last a couple of hundred years; then they will come to ours, and ours will last for thousands of years. What next? Oil is more abundant than coal. The oil territory, far larger than the coal, we are only just beginning to draw upon. It is a fuel that will last for tens of thousands of years.

What after the oil is gone? Our globe is an endless reservoir of heat. Bore down a mile and a half and you come to boiling-water heat. Boiling water can be taken to our houses and our conservatories, in pipes—just as it actually is taken, at one place in France—only there nature, and not man, bored the holes. Houses and grounds can thus be heated, and will be, in this city. We are going to do it. I venture to say the next fifty years will see this accomplished in many places. The deep boring at Pesti, in Hungary, shows, by its results already attained, what we are going to do. I really begin to believe I am going to live long enough to see some of prophecies fulfilled. We are going to make a climate to suit ourselves.

Is that absurd? How was it once, when men dwelt in caves? See the glass we have made to let in the blessed sunshine. You have in Connecticut alone sand enough and iron enough to make glass frames to cover vast areas, in which we could, and some time shall have a scene of endless summer. Just as I have seen, in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the glass palace at Sydenham, birds flying from tree to tree and from flower to flower. There will then be no need to send invalids to Florida and the West Indies; with immense glass conservatories we shall have our own tropic climate in mid-winter.

The lecture next spoke of crowding. He denied emphatically that even England is crowded. A third of its area is given up to useless purposes and to private parks. It could sustain double its population, under a proper system of living and agriculture that would permit the poor to live. The great Mississippi valley alone could sustain the present population of the world, with a right knowledge and use of agriculture, and the right methods of life.

Every field will one time be a picture and the world will be a garden of God. There will be no deserts, but the waste places that now are will be scenes of beauty and of joy and singing. It will be the glory of Lebanon, the excellence of Carmel and of Sharon.

Can deserts then be redeemed? They can and will be. Under vast Sahara lies clay, under that water. They will be raised by boring. Palms and orange groves will wave, and cities serene, where now all is a hideous desert.

The forests of North Carolina produce twenty-two different kinds of oak, eight of pine, none of spruce, seven of magnolia, eight of hickory, and five each of elm and birch.

The Observer says there are prospects of a water famine in Raleigh. Fifteen of the public wells are reported by the street commissioner to be dry.

There was a snow Thursday night along the line of the Raleigh & Augusta Railroad.

## The Advantage of Having a Purpose.

THE CAREERS OF TWO MEN IN ONE OF OUR CONNECTICUT CITIES AFFORD SUBJECT FOR THOUGHT, WHETHER THE MORAL DECEASED.

Not twenty years ago one of the most promising Episcopal clergymen in Connecticut was the Rev. Mr. —. Settled in a beautiful city with a parish that adored him, young, handsome and talented, he easily married in one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the town, and all seemed bright before him. To-day I hear of him as staggering through the streets of a rural town with a helpless invalid wife and a half-starved family. The wheel has turned very fast with him, for while his progress was upward so far as promotion to larger and larger cities is concerned, yet his degradation of late years been no less rapid. Not that he is altogether to blame for the mischances that have befallen him, for there have been some domestic misfortunes, and there were some unfortunate influences in some of the churches over which he has ministered that did not help him. Yet a stronger man would have overcome these and the fact remains true that a brilliant writer and able clergyman has gone to wreck for lack of moral principle.

To the same city, some thirty years ago, came a young physician, who accidentally stumbled upon the town, and stuck up his shingle without a single acquaintance save a druggist, who told him he was "a fool to settle there."

"We shall see," was the response. The first Sunday of his stay he attended church, and on his return he said "I saw my wife at church to-day."

"What do you mean? I understood you to be a bachelor."

"So I am; but I saw in church the lady I shall marry."

"Who is she?"

"I don't know. I never saw her before, but she sat in the center of the middle aisle and was dressed so and so."

"Goodness, that is Miss —, of one of our oldest families. She wouldn't look at a poor young doctor like you."

"We shall see," said the doctor, who in less than two years made a bride of the lady in question, rose to a fine practice in the town, and to-day, as he has been for years, the leading physician of one of the leading cities in America, in possession of a princely income, a man whose name would be recognized by two-thirds of our readers were it given here. This man had a purpose.

Almost Perpetual Motion.

A MOTOR WHICH, THE INVENTOR DECLAIMS, WHEN ONCE STARTED WILL RUN TILL IT WEARS OUT.

All day yesterday the small rooms of Albert Pietrowski, at 26 Spring street, were crowded with visitors who had gone thither to see the new motor that was advertised in the Sun on Monday. Mr. Pietrowski is a Pole. He is an engineer by profession, and has been in this country sixteen years. He has devoted his leisure hours to the elaboration of his invention.

The model that he exhibited yesterday consists of a pair of hollow metal wheels, four feet in diameter, which revolve on the same axis, but in opposite directions. The moving power is nine metal balls placed within the wheels so as to bear the rim down at first, and then gravitate toward the axis, where a side groove runs the balls off to a grooved radius of the wheel revolving in the opposite direction. Four balls were placed in the grooved radii of the first wheel and four in the radii of the second, and when momentum had been gained the ninth ball was added, to give additional power. To the axis of the wheels, which is also the axle of smaller grooved wheels that regulate the speed of the machinery, the shafting is applied.

Give me a cast-iron wheel sixty feet in diameter," said Mr. Pietrowski, "and I will show you a motor of 300 horse power, that requires nothing to keep it in operation. It will continue to run until the material wears out."

Several of the engineers who witnessed the working of the Pietrowski machine yesterday were sanguine in the opinion that for all practical purposes, leaving out the engine of the locomotive and the steamboat, it will be found of great value.

A Scotch clergyman, whose habit it was to preach bell fire to his congregation in large doses, had occasion to visit a poor sick parishioner. After enlarging with considerableunction on his favorite topic, he said to her: "Now, my dear woman did you ever appreciate the tortures of the damned before?" "Nae, nae, never till you came here," was the rather equivocal answer.

"Do animals have fun?" asks some unobserving individual. Of course they do; When a sow switches her tail across the face of the man who is milking her, steps along just two yards and turns to see him pick up the stool and follow, she has the most amused expression on her face possible, and if she can kick over the milk pail she grows positively hilarious.

## A Railroad Experience.

BARDETTE, the humorous lecturer of the Burlington Hawkeye, narrates this little episode as occurring to him while journeying up in Massachusetts:

At South Acton a man got on the train, walked the aisle until he came to me, and then he paused and glared at a valise on the floor.

"Take away that valise," he said gruffly, "or I'll put my foot on it."

"Put your foot on it if you wish," I said, "it won't hurt your feet, I don't reckon."

Dow, he went into the seat beside me and up went his feet on the valise. Presently the mud and snow on his arctic began to melt and run down the sides of the valise in ugly little streaks. The man from South Acton seemed to take a savage delight in scraping his feet around and making the havoc as great as possible.

"Tollable nice valise," he presently growled; "should think y'd rather put it away than have it tramped out."

"Good land," I said, a little testily, "I can't take charge of all the baggage in the car. It's all I can do to look after my own."

The man from South Acton stared at me with a changing countenance as he half lifted his feet.

"Ye ain't goin' to tell me this ain't your valise, be ye?" he asked, anxiously.

"Of course it wasn't," I said; "would I let anybody ruin my valise in that way?"

"Well, then," he wanted to know, "whose is thunder was it?"

"Belonged to a gentleman who had gone forward into the smoking car," I said.

"And if he doesn't thump you when he comes out," said the fat passenger cheerfully, "I'm most awfully fooled."

The South Acton man took his feet off the valise and looked at it ruefully.

"Who is he?" he asked with visible anxiety.

"College chap," said the tall, thin passenger.

"Boss kicker in the Harvard football team," said the fat passenger; "has a leg like a boom derick."

"I know him," said the passenger with the sandy goatee; "he's a raging tornado of wrath when he's waked up."

"Bad man," said the fat passenger; "I don't want no business with him."

The man from South Acton looked at the valise with glances of concern and apprehension, and then turned on me somewhat indignantly.

"Gaul darn ye," he said, with a subdued snuffle, while he took out his handkerchief and began repairs on the valise, "gaul darn ye, why didn't ye tell me this seat was occupied?"

## Aunt Anarky's Presents.

AUNT ANARKY dropped in the other morning before breakfast.

"Was on my way down town an' jus' thought I'd come by an' see how you're all gettin' long," she said; "den I had a few aigs I thought I'd bring you—ez more ev'body's hens is quit layin'—dair's a dozen all but five."

"I'm glad to get them; how much do you ask for them?"

"Ax fur 'em? Law, honey, can't I bring you a little present onct in a while den chargin' you nothin'? Dem aigs is a present."

I well knew, by rich experience, the price of such "presents," but as women always do on such occasions, I gracefully accepted the situation—and the eggs—cordially thanked Aunt Anarky.

"Phony told me to tell you howdy, an' says here's a stalk of sugar cane she saine you—course she don't charge nuthin' for one stalk." More thanks and more anxious rummaging in the storehouse of my brain what to give the two. But from the depths of the big basket came three ears of pop corn.

"Blazy Ann saine 'em to you to member her by." More thanks; then Aunt Anarky is sent to the kitchen to get her breakfast.

"Breakfast? Lawdy, you all ain't done et yet! Here's da sun a hour high! Had my breakfast long go an' forgot 'bout it—but I lieve I'll step in an' git a little mouffe mo'."

Putting her empty basket where I would be sure to see it—and seeing fill it—she went bobbing off to the kitchen, but turned back to say, by way of a joke, "Iee gwine to dreen dat coffee pot, sho?"

After breakfast she went down town and came back just in time for dinner. When ready to start home she happened to remember that Phony said, "Please 'um, send her a spoon of thread, not too coarse; an', if you've got it to spare, an ole overshirt."

As these things happened to be come-at-able, Phony's wants were supplied. Then Aunt Anarky said:

"Blazy Ann say as how she never ax you nuthin fur dat popcorn, but ef you feels like sendin' any ole drees—dat un you got on 'I do—an' some o' your ole Sunday shoes, an' nuff nor'd home apoon to make her an apun, she'll be mighty glad. She's got a dominicker chicken to send you when it's big nuff to be took from de ole hen."

As far as was reasonable I supplied the demands of Blazy Ann.

"Whew!" said Aunt Anarky, won't dem gals be proud o' dem thing! Well, I've got to be goin', 'dout you wants to gie me some ole thing fur dem aigs. Yain't got no two calker curtains to lined my quilt wid, I reckon, an' a cup o' rice an a little handful o' flour an' Josh-way told me to tell you howdy, an' ax you fur a little sweetnin' fur his coffee."

The memory of Aunt Anarky's past kindness caused her basket to be filled but as she stowing in the paper of sugar she gave me a farewell hint:

"Dunno what dat air nigger want wi' sugar fur de coffee, when he'n't got nary grain of coffee to put sugar in!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Warm Winter Stories.

The warm weather which has distinguished this winter and rendered it in many respects similar to the notable winter of 1827, has called forth many stories by the older people of remarkable occurrences that furnish a year. One of the "oldest inhabitants" somewhat noted for big yarns and the easy, nonchalant manner by which he extricates himself from apparent inconsistencies, was at a neighbor's house during the pleasant weather a few days ago, and espousing a bee-hive in the yard remarked that those bees would swarm in a few days, sure. He said in the winter of 1827, he had a hive of bees to swarm, unexpectedly to him, which he afterwards ascertained to have been caused on account of the immense quantity of honey in the hive; it was so completely filled, that there just were't room in the hive for the bees, and they were obliged to swarm. Having no gun convenient, said the narrator, "I jes knocked the head out of a five-gallon whiskey keg, which happened to be in the smoke-house, and hived my bees in it. I noticed that they kept working and seemed industrious like, and so one day my wife says to me, says she, 'Tule, the fus thing you know them bees will swarm agin. I thought that couldn't be possible, bein' there was not a great many flowers and blooms for 'em to feed on, though it was a mighty warm winter; but one day sure enough I heard a terrible buzzin in the yard, and on goin' out, I found the same bees swarin agin. And what do you think? I emptied the honey out'n the keg and strained it off nicely for market, and it panned out jes even ten gallons of clear, strained honey."

"What, ten gallons of honey out of a five-gallon keg?" asked one of his incredulous listeners.

"Yes," replied uncle Rile, not the least disturbed by his interlocutor, "you have no idee how bees can pack."

A little girl the other day referred to the moustache of a young man as a "bang" on his lip.—Pittsburg Telegraph.—If she doesn't look out, one of these days she'll get a bang right under the nose.

## A Minister Wanted.

The following anecdote is old but good, and many of the present generation have not seen it:

The people in one of the out-parishes of Virginia wrote to Dr. John Holt Rice, who was then at the head of the theological seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who would write well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on, describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was, they gave their last minister \$350; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars. The Doctor sat right down and wrote them a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description; and as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly he might live on \$400.

## A Pleasant Remedy for Toothache.

Dr. T. C. Osborn, states his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache with which she had been suffering all night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it occurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. [After cleansing the decayed tooth," he says, "I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be necessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I arrived at my office two other patients were awaiting me with the same affliction, and I determined, by way of experiment, to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise, both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December, I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for "toothache drops." This, he reports he has done, and that every one seems delighted with the medicine.]

WANT TO PAY CASH.—Old Squire C. was postmaster, storekeeper and an autocrat of his village. He was the wealthiest man in it, but had the reputation of being the sharpest man in his dealings with the poor, yet a drunken loafer in the village once outwitted him. This loafer—an old man, generally called Sam—came one day to the store, trundling a wheelbarrow. The Squire was seated on the front step of his store, and seeing him approach called out:

"Well, Sam, what are you after now?"

"Why, Squire C.—" drawled the old rascal most obsequiously, "I want a barrel of your best flour, and want to pay cash for it, too."

"Oh!" said the Squire; "that's it, is it! Well, George,"—turning to his clerk—"roll out a barrel of that Genesee flour, and help Sam to put it on the wheelbarrow."

This was soon done, and Sam very quietly began to wheel it away. The Squire had not received his money, and he sprang up at once and called: "Sam! Sam! I you said you wanted to pay cash for that flour. Where's the money?"











