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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, Mecklenburg, Stanley and Richmond counties.
Particular attention paid to collection of claims and settlement of estates.
Office in the Court-house, between the Sheriff and Register of Deeds.

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Particular attention paid to collection of claims and settlement of estates.
Office in the Court-house, between the Sheriff and Register of Deeds.

D. R. J. W. STEPHENSON,
Dentist,
LOCATED IN MONROE, N. C.

Teeth filled and inserted in the latest style known to the profession, at reasonable prices.
All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
Office in Wacker's Building, Second Floor.

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

H. B. ADAMS,
Attorney-at-Law,
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GIVES prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office: Second Floor, House on the corner of the Court-house and People's Bank, May 8, 1878.

RUFUS P. DAVIS,
Attorney-at-Law,
MONROE, N. C.

(Office over People's Bank.)

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. ED. TRAYWICK,
HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED in Monroe, offers his professional services to the citizens of town, and surrounding country. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction given. Office over G. W. Flow's store east of county jail.
may 17 648ft

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 the old brick house, and would be pleased to have them call when in want of any article in his line.
Monroe, Oct. 25, '78; 20ft

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
ad26,79 20ft

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 the old stand on Shell's corner, always ready and anxious to attend to the wants of his customers. His shop has 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 barbing done.
Monroe N. C.—mch 19-30ft

JOHNSTON & MCNINCH,
CHARLOTTE
MARBLE WORKS.
Price List and Drawings of Gravestones furnished on application. oct1878ft

GO TO RUDGES TIN SHOP
at Monroe, N. C., for
COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.
And TIN WARE, ROOFING AND GUTTERING a specialty through the Summer.
mch29ft J. W. RUDGE.

The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VII.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1879.

NO. 17.

Poetry.

"ALL FOR GOLD."
BY LOUISE B. UPHAM.

"All for gold I shall wed," fair Annie said,
And she archly tossed her sunny head
As the farmer John passed by.
Time was when on the daisied green
They twain, at eve, had oft been seen;
And rumor had said John's farm will wear
A brighter look for Annie's care
And the swallows homeward fly.

But a banker rich fair Annie spied,
And he easily won her for his bride,
While with song the days were rife;
And she took no thought of the billowy hay
That adorns the meadows in winnowing lay;
And nought was the fragrant, loaded grain,
The cornfields green or the waving grain,
To the charms of a city life.

For homestead gray, she had rich brocade;
In her shining hair bright gems were laid,
And gems decked her little hands;
But alas for the days when they grew so long
That her heart forgot its wild-wood song!
And alas for the nights when no star shone
On the low-bowed head, as she sat alone
And dreamed her guided hands.

It was no new tale; only Youth and Age,
This named again writing on one's life-page
And walking the self-same way;
But in seeking and winning and hoarding his
gold.

The heart, as well as the man, had grown old;
And shadows upon broad'nd that young brow
That should have shown clear with love's holy
glow.

That she took on her wedding-day.
And whenever she passed the well-tilled farm
Where John's honest heart beat true and
warm.

A strange mist filled her eyes.
And she mused of the friendless tenderest joys
That moulded the lives of men and boys;
And she thought of the golden happy days,
Enshrined in the love's once cast away
For wealth's more glittering prize.

And, anon when her high-bred daughter came
To whisper low the lover's name
She scarcely dared repeat
The maiden word she once smiled,
And blessed and gave away her child
To one low-born; but she never knew
It was John's son who had come to woo,
And that Pride lay low at Love's feet.

Selected Story.

Our First and Last Quarrel.

"Will you take charge of \$100 till to-morrow morning, Marian?"
"Take charge of \$100, Harold?"
cooed my wife in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"You know, my dear Marian," I began with a business-like air, "that the failure of Hardings Brothers threw scores of men, women, and children in this neighborhood out of employment, in the very hardest part of a very hard year. This evening a meeting was held with a view to enlisting the sympathy of the public. A subscription-list was got up, and a collection made there to the tune of \$100. As nothing else could be done with the money to-night, I was, as treasurer, obliged to bring it home."

We immediately went into a consultation as to where the money should be put. Both of us failing to hit upon anything better, the wine-bottle was agreed upon; and, as I looked over my evening paper, I watched her place the black japanned box in the drawer, lock it, lock the side-board, and place the key in her own purse.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly; "I shouldn't think any one would get at that before to-morrow morning, for this purse goes into the well of my dressing case to-night, and that will be locked and the keys put away in my dressing-table-drawer, so we are doubly and trebly secure."

In spite of these precautions there was a load on my mind, that I felt would only be removed when the money was safe in the bank. I envied my wife her happy insensibility, for in less than half an hour she was quietly sleeping, while I tossed restlessly to and fro, thinking about the money and wondering whether any one could possibly get at it at last, a grand idea struck me, which was to put it inside the piano. No doubt I should have done so, had not circumstances intervened—i. e., fall asleep.

Breakfast was a hurried one, and when it was over, I had my coat and hat on, ready to start off to an important case, I reminded Marian of the money, and begged her to get it out quickly.

"I had quite forgotten it," she exclaimed. "Here, Marian, run upstairs, and fetch my purse out of my dressing-case, the keys are in my dressing-table-drawer."

Marian flew up-stairs to do her mistress' bidding, while I stood and chafed in the hall, and submitted to her purse, and Marian ran into the dining room. Two or three minutes passed, and Marian was still fumbling about at the sideboard. I entered the room impatiently. Marian looked at me crossly.

"This is quite too bad, Harold. What have you done with the box?"
"Done with the box?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Marian? What have you done with the box?"

"I won't stand this trifling any longer," replied my wife. "It's a shame to give me the responsibility of that money and then tease me like this."

"What on earth is the woman talking about?" I cried bewildered. "Say what you mean in plain words. I beg."

"The money's not here. It's gone."

box and all, Marian replied, with a white face.

"Gone!" I cried, "gone! Where's it gone, how's gone, or who has taken it. I should like to know? You must be raving. Let me come and look."

A man placed in such a position is bound to have an idea on the subject, and to assert it, so I suggested that Marian must be the culprit.

"No, no, don't say that," cried my wife excitedly. "I'd as soon believe that I was the thief as she. I've known her all my life. No, no, it isn't Marian."

"You admit that it cannot be any one outside the house, so it must be Marian; that is plain logic," I said, with as much evenness of temper as I could command at that moment.

"It isn't Marian," replied my wife stubbornly; "I'll never believe it."

For my part I felt sure that it was Marian. And as it was quite impossible that she could have got rid of it yet, I hoped I should easily discover it.

But she denied the charge emphatically that it was with a very anxious heart I betook myself to the bed-side of my patient. After paying one or two minor visits I returned home.

Martha opened the door, and immediately retired into the kitchen, without a word. Marian was nowhere to be found. I went up-stairs in search of her. She was not there, but a little table in the corner covered with writing materials betrayed her recent presence. An open letter in a handwriting I knew and detested attracted my attention, and I picked it up and saw it was from her brother Frank, graving for \$50 to save him from a grave difficulty.

Presently I heard Marian enter the house. With the letter in my hand I confronted her. She turned first white and then red, and asked me by what right a gentleman entered a lady's private room and read her correspondence.

I paid no attention to this high-flown language, but replied by asking her whether she had been out to post a letter. She admitted she had.

"To Frank?" I inquired.
"I decline to say," she replied haughtily.

"Containing money?" I asked.
"That I also decline to say," she replied.

I think any one else in my place would have come to the same conclusion as I did—namely, that the letter was to Frank, and that it contained money. A few inquiries at the post-office confirmed my supposition.

From the time of this discovery a cloud seemed to have settled over our usually happy household. Marian was sullen and angry and sat the head of the table without speaking a word. Between meal times I scarcely ever saw her. Martha sided with her mistress, and always looked at me reproachfully.

In the meantime other cares were pressing hard and fast upon me. In spite of a rigid examination I could discover no clue to the lost money.

Of course I had been obliged to make it good; and, in order to do this, had drained myself of every available farthing.

I went to my father and, plainly stating the facts, asked him if he would lend me the sum I had lost. This he agreed to do; and the conversation turned on family matters generally.

The unhappy coolness which had arisen between myself and Marian was presently discussed; and when my father taxed me with unkindness toward her I felt bound to explain to him Frank's demand, and her resentment of my interference.

My mother started up suddenly from a fit of thinking and plied me with questions.

"Was Marian the only person who had access to the sideboard?"
"As far as I knew, the only person," I replied.

"And did you say her letter to her brother Frank contained money?"
"Yes—a P. O. O. for \$50."

"Had she \$50 of her own?"
"Not that I knew of."

"Was she likely to have saved it from her allowance for housekeeping or purposes?"
"Very unlikely indeed."

"Then," my mother continued, "it seems to me that the nearer home you look for your money, the sooner you will find it."

When I arrived home my mind was torn and distracted by conflicting opinions. I felt very anxious to discover some sign of innocence, or may beguile.

"Marian," I said, as gently as I could, "where did you get the money from that you sent to Frank?"

She started, and turned quickly round upon me.

"How did you know I sent money to Frank?"
"Never mind how I knew it," I replied. "Where did you obtain it?"

You must answer me that question before you leave this room," I added more sternly; for her evasion of my question disgusted me.

She looked so steadily in the face for a minute, then dropping her eyes, and clasped her hands tightly together she exclaimed—

"I see now the drift of your question. The money was lost at the same time that I sent some to Frank. Harold, you suspect me—your own wife—of being the thief."

"Marian," I answered excitedly, "one word from you will dispel it; or

if it should be otherwise (here I extended my hand to her, but she flung it from her), you have only to acknowledge it, to obtain my free forgiveness."

"Your forgiveness!" she added haughtily, "I do not need it," and without another word she left me.

A day or two after this I found a note awaiting me when I returned home to dinner. The hand-writing was Marian's, and my delight at seeing it was so great that I kissed it again and again. Eagerly I opened it and read it. It ran as follows:

"The society of a thief cannot be congenial. For that reason I have kept out of your way till I had made my mind what to do. I shall not trouble you any more. Baby and I have gone to my father. I know you can claim baby if you like to do so, but I think you will see that it is better for him to be with me. Do not ask me to come back. I never can. The miserable life I have been leading lately would soon have killed me, and my life is precious to my child."

"Your unhappy wife,
"MARIAN."

That was all, except a few words at the end that had been hastily scratched out, of which I could distinguish only, "Oh, Harold!"

Strange as it may seem, this note did not shock me as the discovery of Marian's guilt had done. I felt so angry with her for her unreasonable conduct that my tender feelings remained almost untouched. My love for the Marian of former days had not decreased one whit, but my anger with the present Marian was for the moment paramount. The child was bet from her, and for the present she should keep him, for I had no feeling of jealousy.

My anger was not, however, without its effect. I felt so angry with her for her unreasonable conduct that my tender feelings remained almost untouched. My love for the Marian of former days had not decreased one whit, but my anger with the present Marian was for the moment paramount. The child was bet from her, and for the present she should keep him, for I had no feeling of jealousy.

I was beginning to get a little accustomed to my renewed bachelorhood, when one night, very late a telegram was brought to me, worded thus:

"Come at once to baby."

The night train would leave in about an hour's time. I packed a few things and started to catch it. In about three hours more I was conducted into the room where Marian was sitting with our little one lying in her lap struggling hard for life. Some medical man was already there, bending over the child and anxiously gazing at its contorted and livid features, but, as far as I could see, doing but little to assist in the battle against death. He left at once, and Marian looked up at my face and said—

"Thank God, you have come! He was doing no good. Oh, Harold! I saved my baby; save my child."

"I will do what I can to save our child," I answered.

I called a servant and gave my instructions. I stood at Marian's knees, watching for the approach of some favorable symptom. Only once Marian spoke, and then it was to ask me with blanched face and faltering lips if there was any hope.

"To the last moment, yes," I answered; and she was relieved at once, hardly comprehending from my words how faint that hope was.

Presently the struggles grew more frequent, gradually the almost lifeless limbs became imbued with fresh vigor, the heavy lids relaxed, the gasps for breath became more effectual, and with a mighty effort nature asserted her sway. In a short time baby was nestling peacefully in Marian's arms, wrapped in a sweet life-giving slumber.

When he was laid in his cot, his mother turned to me and said pathetically, "Oh, Harold! when baby was so near death, and you far away, I could not help seeing how wicked I had been to leave you as I did. Will you forgive me, dear, and take me back for baby's sake?"

I could only kiss her, and press her to my heart. After awhile I said, "It was only those words, 'Will you forgive me?' that I wanted. If you would have spoken them sooner, we need never have parted."

"Oh, Harold! how can you? It was not that I was asking you to forgive me but my folly in leaving you. I am as innocent of taking that wretched money as my own child. Won't you believe me?"

"I do, my darling, I do," I replied, with genuine delight. "I would have believed you then if you had said this to me; but you know you never designed me a word, and what was I to think?"

"I was so horrified at your even suspecting me that I fancied it was beneath me to deny it. I cannot now understand what could have prompted you to think such a dreadful thing of me. It is very hard to bear."

I was beginning to wonder, too, how I could have suspected my own Marian. Circumstances—and my mother were more to blame than I, however.

In answer, I murmured something about Frank.

"Ah, that letter to Frank; I remember him. You were always so hard upon him that I didn't like to tell you about it. He really had been trying to keep on steadily at the post, but his kindness had obtained him, but old debts were constantly coming in, and his limited salary would not meet them and keep him as well. There was one man who pressed him hard for \$50. He had spent his last quarter's

salary within a dollar or two, and more would not be coming for some time. He wrote and told me this asking me to help him, but I could not. He wrote again, and said he must draw on his salary, but I begged him not to do so, so soon. I was sure his employers would think it a bad sign. The man threatened to expose his former habits to the firm which you know might have ruined him with them. I resolved to help him this once, and in order to do so sold my diamond brooch, which I scarcely ever had occasion to wear. I got \$50 for it, and I sent him notes to that amount—the little I guessed at what cost."

"My poor, persecuted, self-sacrificing little woman; why did you not tell me all? Why could you not trust me?"

"We were both to blame," I replied. "I am not going to exonerate you quite, little wife, but I am going to own my fault. I was a brute to doubt you. Marian, you must forgive me, dear."

"Oh, Harold! we shall be so happy again, shan't we?" the little woman replied; and then she wound up our reconciliation in a truly womanly style, with tears and smiles and kisses.

But the mystery of the money was still more dark after Marian's explanation, and it was months before we penetrated it. We did so at last, however.

Our piano being sadly in want of repair, I sent to a professional man to come and "do it up." I was in the room when he proceeded to take it to pieces. As soon as the front was removed, I perceived a little black box snugly lodged inside, which I immediately recognized. My grand idea now flashed into my mind. Here, then, was the clue to the mystery. I was the thief. In my anxiety I had placed the money in the piano, while still under the influence of sleep.

Marian was delighted. She actually shed tears of joy when I told her of my discovery.

"Oh, you abandoned man," she said, shaking her head at me, "to suspect me, when all the time you had stolen your own money!"

Miscellaneous.

An Eloquent Frustrated.

An English girl near Manchester, tied a string to her toe and let it—string, not the toe—hang out of the window for a gentleman friend to pull in order that she might not miss her music lesson. The vector of the church, it is further stated, hearing of the arrangement, refused the couple the sacrament. And this reminds us of a little story. Once upon a time, a young lady who desired to go on an elopement tour, adopted the English girl's plan, and the lover was to be on hand at daybreak to give the signal. The string used for the pedal was a strong cord, and one end was dropped out of the third story window into the back yard, and the other end attached to the damsel's great toe. And the legend runs that a healthy goat, of the William persuasion, arose early the next morning to look for the early worm, as it were, and wandered into the yard; after eating up all the tomato cans, barrel staves and broken crockery ware, he found the string and took that in as dessert. As soon as the string was drawn taut, the goat stood upon his hind legs, and gave the string an amplexing jerk. The girl awoke. The goat gave another sudden pull, and the maiden jumped out of bed with a smothered cry of pain. Then she stooped down to detach the cord just as the radiant sun least gave another violent jerk, and she lost her equilibrium—and her toe, too, almost—the cord cutting into the tender flesh. She sprang to the window, and called in a hoarse whisper, "Stop pulling Charles, I'll be down in a minute." Then she made another effort to untie the cord, but that diabolical goat gave his head several angry bobs and each time the girl gave a cry of pain. Again she softly called out in the darkness: "Charles, if you don't stop jerking that way, I'll not come down at all." She was answered by another savage pull, and the cry of anguish that escaped from her lips brought her mother in with a look of affright and a lighted lamp. The young lady fainted, the elopement was nipped in the bud, and the disappointed maiden's big toe was sore for two weeks. The goat escaped.

As APPROPRIATE ODDS.—In Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes, each paraffin character can find an appropriate odor. For the clergyman and orator, his refreshing and fragrant *Floral Riches*; for the brilliant and witty his charming *Evening Violet*; for the sedate and robust, his persistent *Thibet Musk*; for the lady of fashion, his captivating *Hyacinth*; for the young gentleman, his delicate *Astia Douquet*; for the young lady, his sweet *Pet Rose*. We know our friends by their voice; why not recognize them by their sweet and particular odor?

A quiet and pleasant home is insured to all mothers that use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for their little ones. It contains nothing injurious.

Stotesbury's Stove.

When Stotesbury was a bachelor, writes Max Adler, he boarded with a Mrs. Smiley, a landlady who lived in a very large house, the upper rooms of which were, for the most part empty. As the cold weather came on, Stotesbury concluded to buy a stove with which to make himself comfortable. His room was very small, and he purchased the most diminutive stove he could find. It certainly would not hold more than a couple of quarts of coal. Everybody has seen such stoves at the stores. There was no stove-pipe hole in Stotesbury's room, so he had an aperture punched in the ceiling, with the intention to use the pipe-hole in the vacant room above. He got about fifteen feet of pipe, and when it was all fitted below and run through the floor, he went up to put the end in the chimney.

He was surprised to find that the vacant room also had no stove-pipe hole. It must be in the attic-room above. So he bought twenty feet more pipe, cut another hole in the ceiling, and after fixing the sections on he proceeded to the garret with the intent to run the pipe into the flue. Imagine Stotesbury's anger when he found that there was no hole in the chimney up there, either! In a fury he went down-stairs to examine the house from the outside to discover just where the chimney was situated. He found that it was over on the other side of the building. Then he bought forty feet more pipe, cut a hole from the attic-room to the entry, from thence to the attic, and then ran his pipe all the way across, and at last got it safely into the chimney.

There was so much pipe and so little stove that the stove looked like a mere excrescence on the end of the pipe; the draught was fearful, and sometimes when the wind was high it would draw the entire bed of live coals up out of the stove and shoot them out of the chimney with terrific force. Crowds of people used to gather around Mrs. Smiley's house on windy nights to watch the chimney belching forth red-hot stones and ashes in a way that would have made Mount Vesuvius ashamed of itself. Stotesbury used up two tons of coal a week in an effort to supply the volcanic eruption with fuel.

One night, however, so Stotesbury tells us, there was a hurricane, and as soon as it struck the flue of Mrs. Smiley's chimney, it drew Stotesbury's stove into the pipe, wrong side out and lifted the whole concern up through the window.

The next morning passers-by were amazed to see seventy-five feet of covered stove-pipe standing on top of the chimney, with Stotesbury's stove at the end, swaying about with the wind. This is Stotesbury's narrative. We do not vouch for it. We only know that he was educated to believe that lies are wicked.

A Water Velocipede.

Prof. E. P. Harrington, of this city, says the *Detroit Post*, has invented completed and tried satisfactorily a machine which is certainly a novelty in the way of locomotion. In appearance on a side view it presents considerable resemblance to a bicycle, but it is intended to run on the water instead of on land. The wheel is four feet in diameter and seven inches through. Near the outer rim are sixteen paddles similar to those used on a paddle-wheel of a steamer. The interior of the wheel is supplied with air chambers for buoyancy, and with water chambers for balance. The saddle is placed further back and lower than in the improved and bicycle. Treadles for the feet are provided, and these are connected with a gearing attached to a crank turned by hand, so that in propelling the machine either the hands or feet, or both together may be used. The buoyancy of the wheel is about 400 pounds. Running back of the wheel are shafts, connecting, not as in the bicycle with a smaller wheel, but with two artificial fish of cedar resting on the water side by side. These fish serve the same purpose in balancing the machine as the small wheel does in the bicycle and also serve as a rudimentary guide to the direction of the machine. The whole weight of this novel apparatus is about seventy pounds. Mr. Harrington has tried it successfully and finds no difficulty in propelling it or in keeping it balanced in the water, though its possibilities as regards speed have not yet been fairly tested.

This night, Two lovers lean Upon the gate;
A nearing form is seen; It is their fate.

A piercing scream from her The welkin rent;
It was, as you infer, from a girl Her pa-ri-ent.

The lover sought to scoot; Alas! too late;
He's hoisted with a boot Beyond the gate.

To think clearly and act quickly one must have good health. Indigestion is the foe to health and should at once be driven out the system by the regular use of Dr. Bull's Balmore Pills. Price 25 cts.

JOB PRINTING

POSTERS, HAND-BILLS, LETTER-HEADS, PROGRAMMES, Add in fact, everything in the printing line, executed with rapidity, neatness, and at very low prices. FARMLEY WORK & SPECIALLY.

Facts and Fun.

—Thanksgiving day is a little less than two months off.

—When he paid a heavy bill at the milliner's for bonnets, silks and laces, he groaned. "There's a woman at the bought'em of this."

—"Beauty and booty" says a young man, "is all right except when the daughter's beauty is accompanied by the old gentleman's booty."

—The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke from his neighbor's chimney.

—In these days of snobbery and empty show, that is truly brave who isn't afraid to wear old clothes till he can pay for new one.

—It is folly to pay forty cents for a sheet of music when you can go to church and get it by the choir for nothing.

—Miss Sallie Root, of Reading, refused all food for over two weeks. She wanted to be put under the ground—which is the natural place for roots.

—A man who isn't sea-sick on a propeller in a heavy sea could stand being barreled up and rolled up and

Political News.

Hon. L. A. Wicks has been nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Louisiana.

Senator Blaine expresses the belief that the Republicans will carry Ohio by 20,000 majority.

John J. G. Amory declines to be nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the straight Democrats.

Edw. B. Washburne says that General Grant has never told any one that he will not be a candidate for the third term.

The Republicans had majorities in the recent elections in Colorado and Connecticut, for town officers, Supreme Court Judges, &c.

The Hartford, Conn., Times says: "The Republican fire is opened all along the line on Gov. Tilden as if he were already nominated. They do hate and fear that man."

Six counties of Pennsylvania have thus far given instructions to their delegates to the Democratic State Convention, to favor delegates to the National Convention who will vote for Mr. Tilden.

A committee of democratic ladies of Columbus, headed by the wife of Senator Thurman, have entered the campaign in Ohio, and offer two hundred and fifty dollar banner to the democrats of that county which shall show the largest increased democratic vote over that cast at the last presidential election.

The New York Herald says a movement is on foot to effect a consolidation or condition, temporary or otherwise, between the two democratic organizations in New York, by which a united front will be presented to the republicans in the matters of county nominations.

A Columbus (Ohio) dispatch to the New York Times says: "While there is no reason to doubt that the Ohio republican State ticket will be elected by at least 10,000 majority there is danger, and serious danger, that the democratic legislative ticket will be elected, which would doubtless insure Mr. Thurman's election to the Senate."

The spirit of brag is abroad in New York. The Robinson Democrats claim that they will carry the State by 20,000 majority, while the Cornell Republicans won't look at any figuring under 30,000 as the proportions of their victory. The disaffected Curtis Republicans and Kelly Democrats have views of their own of the result, which it is needless to say, do not correspond with the estimates of the regulars.

State News.

—Passengers on the Carolina Central Road yesterday report a terrible accident to a colored freeman in the employ of the Company at Laurinburg, who, after cleaning his engine, laid down on the track and went to sleep, and while in this condition the train coming this way ran over him and cut both legs off. He tried to spring to his feet after the accident, and his cries and groans, and frantic actions, as he began to realize the full extent of the horrible misfortune that had befallen him, are represented to have been heartrending in the extreme. He was still alive at last accounts. — *WV. Star*, 8th inst.

—Raleigh Observer: It has been ranged to begin the glass ball shooting on Wednesday at 11 o'clock with the match for the \$100 W. & C. Scott & Son's gun at twenty balls. This is to be followed by the second match for the \$50 gun at eighteen balls. On Thursday the shooting will begin at 11:30 with the match for the Winchester carbine, in which sixteen balls will be used. Then the fourth for the hunting shot with fourteen balls. The successful shot will not be allowed to enter for any other prize.

—Oxford Torchlight: From all parts of Granville the gratifying intelligence comes that our farmers have met with splendid success in curing their large crops of tobacco. There is more of the fancy leaf in our country to-day than ever before at any one time. More than three-fourths of the crop has already been housed. The short crops of weed in other countries will necessarily cause our Granville tobacco to take its usual position (at the head) in the markets of the world. Our farmers have a rich harvest in store for them.

—Charlotte Observer: A Mecklenburg man, V. W. Rice, of Morning Star township, has just invented and put into operation a new cotton press, which has great advantage over others in the market of its cheapness. The presses now used generally throughout the country cost from \$125 to \$180. Mr. Rice says he will guarantee that the construction of his will not exceed \$25 and that it does the work as well and as rapidly as any other he has seen.

—Oxford Torchlight: Last Saturday the boiler of the cotton gin of Mr. L. Boyd White, at Church's Store, Warren county, exploded, wounding Mr. W. severely, and killing three colored employees instantly, part of one of the bodies being found upon the house tops. Several other parties were wounded but not dangerously. Alfred Carroll, Douglas Alexander and Benjamin Hughes were killed.

—Wilmington Star: It is stated that the skull of the colored man who jumped from the excursion train at Nichols, S. C. the other day, was smashed like an egg shell; but that a bottle he had in his pocket was intact.

—Rev. John Douglass, an able minister in the Presbyterian Church, died in Mecklenburg county on the 8th inst.

—Charlotte Observer: As the passenger train on the North Carolina Railroad, due here 12:37 yesterday morning, was nearing Durham, a man stepped from the side of the road and planting himself in the centre of the track there remained with his arms folded until the engine struck him and the cars passed over his body. He made not the slightest effort to escape, but on the contrary acted as if he was bent upon suicide. If this was his purpose he accomplished it speedily. He was badly mangled, both of his legs having been broken and his skull split open. He died instantly. The remains were taken to Durham, where they were at once identified as those of a countryman named Haywood Redmond, who lived near the town. He was a man about fifty years of age and had been addicted to drinking. During the day he had been seen in a somewhat inebriate condition at Colonel W. P. Canaday, collector of the port of Wilmington, and J. J. Mott, collector of the sixth revenue collection district, were in the city yesterday. It was rumored that they came to consult on the political situation. — Intelligents farmers freely express the opinion that they will not be over two-thirds of a crop of cotton in the county this year, and some go far as to say the proportion will be very little, if any, over a half. — Those who have heard or read the evidence in the trial of George Pethel, acquitted four weeks ago by Mecklenburg Superior Court, of the charge of poisoning his wife, will remember that great stress was laid upon the utterances of the prisoner prior to his wife's death, that, if he were unmarried, he would not tie himself to any woman living. These and the public generally who know anything of the case will be surprised to hear that he is again married. The name of the young lady is Miss Margaret Rodgers. The marriage took place in the town of Salisbury.

—Recently the remains of a Mrs. Toole, who was buried some time ago near Louisville, Franklin county, were exhumed and were found to be petrified. A Raleigh News correspondent says the nose and one finger broke off.

—It is reported in Wilmington that Tom Johnson, colored, a notorious outlaw who infested that community about a year ago, has been shot in South Carolina. The report comes through a wife who has just returned to Wilmington.

—Two very successful religious revivals have been progressing in Wilmington for several weeks in the Methodist and Baptist churches. In the former 180 persons have professed conversion and in the latter 190. The meeting still continue.

—The Raleigh Observer will, on and after the 1st of November, issue a semi-weekly in addition to its daily and weekly editions.

—Several killing frosts in Surry county have seriously injured growing tobacco crops.

Monroe Enquirer.

WM. C. WOLFE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

HALE'S WEEKLY.—The first number of this paper appeared on last Tuesday, as promised. It is published at Raleigh, N. C., by P. M. Hale, Esq. We are well pleased with it. Its thirty-two columns are well filled with interesting matter—and, typographically, it is a beauty. We wish it the greatest success. From its well-written salutary we take the following:

"This will be a North Carolina Democrat to Newspaper. As a newspaper it will care for no man above another, and as a Democratic newspaper only for the party nominees. With the making of candidates, and with intrigues for office, it will have nothing to do. Its business will be to print the news, to be just to all men, and to advocate the principles of the Democratic party as necessary to the prosperity, to the salvation, of the State, the South, the Union. When the party is in the ascendant, we will name the instruments to carry out its will, they will receive the hearty support of this paper before election and, what is at least as important, its earnest co-operation after election. The short crops of weed in other countries will necessarily cause our Granville tobacco to take its usual position (at the head) in the markets of the world. Our farmers have a rich harvest in store for them."

No household is complete without it. No druggist can afford to omit it from his stock. It has become a necessity, for it never fails to cure Neuralgia and Headache, and it is called Hutchinson's Neuralgia. Sold by H. C. Ashcraft, Monroe, N. C.

The Ingalls Investigating Committee in Kansas, is bringing out some evidence that will be very damaging to the Republican party. Gov. Vance is a member of this Committee, and his duties as such have prevented him from entering the campaign in Ohio. The following from a Missouri Republican paper, shows one side of the case:

"The testimony presented every day in the Ingalls case in Kansas, proves that election was a rotten one—not a real election by the Legislature, but an election bought by corrupt men acting under the direction and with the consent of Ingalls. It is money, money, money, everywhere. 'How much are you giving for votes?' 'How much more is needed?' 'How much will it take to carry us through?' The air is full of corruption. It nowhere appears that Mr. Ingalls was a candidate because he had separated certain principles, because he was the successful advocate of great measures, or because he could in any way benefit the material interests of Kansas."

New York's Undertakings.

The New Yorkers, an exchange remarks, are a great people, and do not hesitate at some of the most stupendous undertakings. One would think that the East River bridge should be well off their hands before they would be ready to attempt another local work of vast magnitude, but such is really not the case. They have a project on hand for tunneling North River, and thus connecting Jersey City with New York, and they have already begun work on this new and vast undertaking. A company was formed and a charter obtained for this work some five years ago, but the matter got into the courts and the work has been delayed. Now the dispute seems to have been settled, and the undertaking, it is said, will be prosecuted vigorously. The following are some of the salient points of the new enterprise: It is understood that Washington Square will be the New York terminus, and the tunnel, which has been started a hundred feet inland in Jersey City, will be twelve thousand feet long, twenty-six feet wide and twenty-four feet high, and sixty feet beneath the bed of the river. It will be laid with heavy steel rails, ballasted with broken stone and supplied with gas pipes, pneumatic tubes, water pipes and telegraph wires. Within a short time work will be begun at the New York end and prosecuted day and night, it having been estimated that the tunnel can be completed within two years. When finished, it will enable some four hundred trains to enter New York every twenty-four hours, from the Pennsylvania, Erie, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the Jersey Central. New York justly regards this as one of her biggest things.

Mr. Hayes Insulted.

The following is from the Hannibal, Mo., Courier: The travelers arrived at the depot at 10 p. m., and were rudely assailed by a crowd of roughs with jeers and abusive shouts. The President appeared on the platform of the car, but upon observing the character of those present retired within. General Sherman then appeared, and, being called on for a speech, said:

"Boys, I am General Sherman. My home is in St. Louis, and I expect to live and die in your State. This is a glorious State, rich in everything that goes to make communities prosperous and happy, but I tell you that as sure as there is a God in heaven, the day will come, and ere long, too, when Missouri will be peopled by ladies and gentlemen who will not insult the President of the United States when he comes within your borders. (Cries of good, good; right, right.) I know your State and have traveled across it in every conceivable direction. I tell you that your children will be the richest in these United States. (Cries of 'Hayes, Hayes, we want to see Hayes.') The President came out to see you, he will hardly care to come again after the treatment he received. You must not insult the President of the United States, and you must not insult me, if you do, so help me God, I'll fight. (Cries of 'You bet, we know you'll fight!') If you will promise to be respectful I will see the President and I think he will come out and see you again. (Cries of 'Three cheers for General Sherman!') Never mind cheering for me; just treat the President respectfully."

Public School Matters.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the case known as that of the State vs. Robinson is printed to-day. The decision is very able and will command not only man's assent as Law, but commend itself to their judgment as the good sense which is the perfection of law, as the Law is the perfection of human reason. It will at once put an end to the notion, somewhat industriously propagated, that the Speakers with propriety might have affixed their signatures to the School Bill; indeed, that the Court had so intimated by simply deciding that it had not the power to make them do so. The Court declare, it will be seen, not only that the Speakers could not be coerced but that they had no right to sign the School Bill which was before the Legislature in its late session, except while the Legislature was in session and in its presence. So Chief Justice Smith, who announced the opinion of the Court orally a few weeks ago as now in writing distinctly declared from the Bench. The Speakers have acted with entire propriety and with great discretion, having regard only to the proper discharge of their official duties.

It is probable that there are some who may regret the failure of the bill to become law, under the impression that the School System has received serious damage, and that the educational famine is to be even more serious than it has been for the past fifteen years. This is a mistake. The school income from taxation remains unchanged. The new bill indeed proposed a slight increase of taxation for school purposes; from 84 cents on property and 25 cents on the poll to 10 cents on property and 30 cents on the poll, equal to some \$50,000 a year. This is saved to the people by its failure to become law, and a greater saving is made to them in the matter of books. Under the stringent provisions of the proposed law an abrupt change would have been made in all the books used, to great expense and inconvenience and in many cases exclusive from school. Under existing law the change will be gradual and more easily made by large numbers of people not rich in this world's goods. *Hale's Weekly*.

Various and all About.

—A man in Robeson county recently killed two deer at one shot.

—Citizen Foster of Ohio, wants the boys to "vote as they shot." If Mr. Foster would vote as he shot it would be behind the kitchen door. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

—The last from ex-Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, is that he will speak out and tell what he knows about Senator Conkling's crime, and his foul conspiracy to break up his (Sprague's) home and have him incarcerated as a lunatic.

—It will interest railroad men to know that the proprietor of the Pullman car invention reports that paper wheels have run 400,000 miles under his cars without repair, while the average running power of an ordinary wheel is from 55,000 to 60,000 miles.

—Judge Pressley says the number of crimes in South Carolina, as shown by the records of the courts, is not more than one-sixth what it was two years ago. The reason, he thinks, is that the law is now enforced and that criminals are actually punished for their crimes. The criminal docket all over the State is very light now.

—We notice in the Morganton Blade that in a recent charge Judge Schoenck gave the Legislature a severe rebuke for the act "extending the jurisdiction on the Magistrates' Courts, and giving to a man power the right to deprive one of the liberty of action and right of property. He declared this act a high-handed and dangerous encroachment upon the liberties of the people, which the Parliament of Monarchical England would not dare to make." — *Star*.

—The Democratic friends of Gen. Hancock are organizing a "Hancock boom." They propose to establish a Hancock headquarters at Washington when Congress meets and to begin the work of actively pushing him for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. They expect much assistance from the South and parts of the West. In this connection the Houston (Texas) Telegraph says:—"Gen. Hancock can rely upon the full vote of Texas in the National Democratic Convention."

Mr. Jefferson Davis wrote a letter regretting his inability to attend the recent reunion, at Salisbury, N. C., of the survivors of the late war from that State, in which he says: "Prominent among your objects is to allay ill-feeling which may remain between those who followed different flags, so as to unite all in proper efforts for the general welfare of your State. Nothing surely could be more commendable than the object, and nothing is less Christian or more unseemly than malice and a cherished desire for revenge."

SENATOR THURMAN, in a letter to a personal friend in Washington, says there is not the slightest doubt in his mind but what General Ewing will be elected Governor of Ohio by a handsome majority, and that the Legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot. He says his confidence is not based upon casual observation, but a precise knowledge of the work being done and the sentiments expressed in localities which were for a time justly regarded as doubtful to the Democracy. Next Tuesday will decide the contest.

—Marshal Douglass, of the Western District of North Carolina, has fifty deputies in his service. He reports to the government that Redmond, the notorious South Carolina moonshiner, upon whose head a price has been set by the government for the killing of one of its officers, is now firmly entrenched in the mountains of Swain county, N. C., with a band of twenty-five or thirty desperate followers. Only a few days back some of Marshal Douglass' deputies ran across Redmond and his band, but as they were much inferior in point of numbers they withdrew from the vicinity without much ceremony. He asks the government to offer \$1000 for his arrest, and guarantees his capture if this is done.

—One of the most important matters, says the Washington Critic, that will demand the attention of Congress during the coming long session is the passage of some law to govern the counting of the electoral votes in February, 1881. A constitutional amendment upon this subject is urgently needed, but this cannot be had in time for the next electoral count. The two houses being of the same political complexion, there is far less danger than there was in 1876-77 of a disagreement between them as to the disagreement is always possible, it ought to be provided against. It seems strange that our legislators should occupy themselves so earnestly with minor matters while a constitutional provision which every four years is liable to bring us to the brink of revolution, if not even to plunge us over it, remains unamended.

JUST WHAT WE HAVE NEEDED FOR MANY DAYS.—A first-class Music House; and the McSmith Music House fills the bill to a dot. What is better, they sell at astonishing low figures and easy terms. One half cash and balance next "crop time." Don't forget it—they are exclusive agents for the "Mason & Hamlin" and Peloubet & Pelton organs. Just think—a five folio top, 5 octave, 5 stops including sub-base and octave coupler for \$55.00 steel and book included. Their pianos are first-class—none better. Read their advertisement in our columns and remember this is "Happy Mc's" Toast: "May your Homes be filled with Music and cares that infest the day, fold up their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away." We know every true Carolinian will say "Amen."

BUILDER'S MATERIAL!

Sash, Doors, Paints, Manties, Blinds, Moulding, Putty, Oils, Brackets, Class.

Builder's Hardware.

LINE CEMENT, PLASTER, LATHES, HAIR, LUMBER, BRICK.

Everything in BUILDING LINE at

Lowest Rates.

N. B.—All lumber Kiln Dried.

ALTAFFER & PRICE, Wilmington, N. C.

NOTICE.

I TAKE THIS PUBLIC METHOD TO NOTIFY all persons not to trespass or deprive upon my lands in Sandy Ridge Township, adjoining lands of S. B. Howard, R. T. Barrett, Mrs. Susan Ross, Jas. Delaney and others, either by cutting timber or prospecting for gold under the pretended claim of any one whomsoever or under any pretext whatsoever. Any one trespassing or depriving on said lands will certainly be prosecuted in the Courts to the extreme penalty of the law.

aug 30, 79 M. H. TRAYWICK.

IRON WORKS.

Charlotte, N. C.

JNO. WILKES, Prop'r.

STEAM ENGINES,

PORTABLE & STATIONARY

BOILERS

AND—

Hall's Self-Feeding COTTON GINS.

Centennial Power COTTON PRESSES.

SAW MILLS,

Screw and Ratchet HEAD BLOCKS,

Wheat and Corn MILLS,

Turbine WATER WHEELS,

SAWS OF ALL SIZES,

WITH SAW MANDRILS.

Gearing and Castings of all kinds.

CANE MILLS.

CLEGG'S PAT'T EVAPORATORS

READ AND HEED!!

THE FIRM OF ARMFIELD & LANEY having dissolved, we desire to close up the old firm matters at an early date. The notes and accounts due us must be settled at once. We ask those whom we have accommodated to call to our help in this matter and make early payments and

SAVE COSTS!!

Reader, don't conclude this notice is for some one else. If you owe us, IT IS FOR YOU. Those due us for Guano, either in cotton or money, will please make settlement as early as possible.

E. A. ARMFIELD, A. A. LANEY.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

WITH—

W. H. FITZGERALD, AGENT,

REPRESENTING OVER TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION ASSETS.

ALSO,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS

FOR SALE,

Estimates made and orders received for all kinds of

Stair Railing.

BALISTERS, NEWELS, & C., & C.

PLAIN AND CUT GLASS,

For Vestibule, Doors and Transoms.

161

Notice.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE Superior Court of Union county, I will on Monday, the 3rd day of November, 1879, expose to public auction at the Court-house door in Monroe, N. C., a

Town Lot

Adjoining the dower of Mrs. Hannah Correll being 16x90 feet; and also, the reversionary interest in the dower of Mrs. Hannah Correll, being the Lot and House originally occupied by C. Correll, dec'd, and the Stable Lot adjoining the dwelling house lot. Terms: One-fourth Cash, balance on a credit of six months, with bond and approved security. This 30th of Sept., 1879. A. F. STEVENS, Adm'r 161

WANTED

A live, energetic, and capable man to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good man will find this a rare chance. TO MAKE MONEY. Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. Some but those who mean business apply. Address: FISKE, HANCOCK & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NEW GOODS!!

IN STORE & TO ARRIVE IN THE NEXT TEN DAYS: THE LARGEST

STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS

WE HAVE EVERY OFFERED.

SUITS \$1.50 TO \$2.50—CLOTHING, UP-STAIRS—SUITS \$1.50 TO \$2.50

Hats and Caps.—HATS AT 25 CTS TO \$1.50—SHOES AT \$1.50 TO \$2.50

Ask to See Black Mohair Alpaca at 33 Cts.

Thanking the generous public for their favors in the past, we hope, by FAIR DEALING, and representing Goods in every Department AS THEY ARE, to merit a continuance of their favors.

STEELE & PRICE'S

CHICKERING, Knabe & Co. Mason & Hamlin & Co.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

PIANOS & ORGANS SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS. SENT ON 15 DAYS TRIAL.

Freight Paid Both Ways, if no Sale.

Sheet Music and Music Books &c.

Illustrated Catalogues and Prices Sent Free. Address, H. McSMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM BAKING POWDER

SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

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

DR. PRICE'S UNIQUE PERFUMES are the Gems of all Odors.

TOOTH PASTE. An agreeable, healthful Liquid Dentifrice.

LEMON SUGAR. A substitute for Lemons.

EXTRACT JAMAICA GINGER. From the pure root.

STEELE & PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST CEMS.

The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

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

WHITE SEWING MACHINE

\$1500.00 CASH TO AGENTS

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND DECEITFUL NUMBERS

NOTICE OF GRADING NUMBER ON SHUTTLE BASE PLATE

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS: WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Look Out For Him!

JOHN WENTZ, LEFT HIS HOME IN Goose Creek township Union co., on Friday the 28th of Sept., carrying with him his horse and buggy. I hereby forwarn all persons against trading for either horse or buggy as he has no power to sell them—having no right or title to them. I will give a liberal reward to any one who will seize the property and inform me so that I may regain possession of it. The horse is a medium sized clay-bank, 8 or 9 years old, is hip shod on one side, probably the right. Was in good working order. The buggy was an open, single seat, nearly new.

John Wentz is dark complexioned, with small black eyes, rather chunky made, weighs about 150 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches high—about 30 years old. When last seen he was in Charlotte. The public will confer a great favor by assisting me to recover my property.

ELIZABETH A. WENTZ, Coburns Store, N. C.

COMFORTS

FOR THE—

"Inner Man!"

The undersigned, in connection with their attractive Confectionary and Fancy Grocery store, next door to B. D. Heath & Co., will, on Monday next open

A RESTAURANT

Where they expect to keep a good bill of fare for the hungry public. A first-class cook has been employed; and no pains will be spared to please the appetites of their patrons.

Fresh Fish and Oysters

Will be kept regularly through the Fall and Winter. Give us a call. Luncheon at any hour.

oct 4, 1879 BRUNER & RICHARDSON.

or Union county, within twenty days from the town of Monroe, within twenty days from the service of this summons, and plead, answer or demur to the Petition to be filed in said case, and let the said non-resident defendant take notice that if they fail to appear at the place aforesaid, and plead, answer, or demur to the Petition as aforesaid, the said Petition will be heard *ex parte* as to them, and judgement *pro confesso* rendered. - - -

Done at office in Monroe, this 25th day of Aug. A. D., 1879.

12-St. JAS. C. HUEY, C. S. C. & J. P.

This image is a vertical, high-contrast black and white scan. It is divided into two main vertical sections. The left section is a light gray, almost white, area with a grainy, textured appearance, possibly representing a piece of paper or a light-colored surface. The right section is a dark, almost black, area with a similar grainy texture, possibly representing a dark surface or a shadow. A thin, vertical white line runs down the center, separating the two sections. There are some small, dark specks and artifacts scattered throughout the image, particularly in the lighter section, which are likely due to the scanning process or the original material's texture.

