

ACTS TABBY'S FUNERAL.

BY MARY KILE DALLAS.

There was Sister Parthenia and her husband, and Brother Adoniram and his wife, and Martha Jane Gloriana, that never got married and never went, and Walker and I. And we all took the big livered wagon and went over to Aunt Tabby's funeral, 'cause Aunt Tabby was dead and 'twas our duty. We hitched the old gray mare and the old white horse to the big livered wagon, and we all of us got in—Sister Parthenia and her husband, and Brother Adoniram and his wife, and Martha Jane Gloriana, that never got married, and Walker and I, all remarked. We hadn't been defal sociable with Aunt Tabby, no we hadn't for some time. We hadn't seen her for five years. When we called she sent us word she didn't care for no company. 'Twasn't our fault, you see. Some times she'd look out of window, and say, "I han't dead yet, not ready to eat up to-day. What's more, I ain't a d'v'n, so you might as well a saved your pains." She hadn't no great of a good temper, she hadn't. She was awful touchy and suspicious; that's what we use to say to each other. But we wasn't going to bear no malice now, we wasn't; and we was all going to her funeral like Christians. Well, black Jack, the handy man, he driv, and we went rumbly-bumbly over the road, and at last we came to the door, and there we stopped. Sister Parthenia and her husband, and Brother Adoniram and his wife, and Martha Jane Gloriana, what hasn't never married and never will now, and Walker and I, and there was that crusty hired help, Phoebe, standing at the door; and we ups and says to her: "We've heard that poor dear Aunt Tabby is dead." And says she, "Hey you?" And says we, "What did the poor dear, late, lamented deceased die of?" "Says she, "Of want of breath, like most folks, I reckon." Says we, "We've come to the poor dear critter's funeral." She says, "Well, as you've come, you'll hev to go in." So we outs with our pocket-handkerchiefs, and we says, "Boo, hoo!" and we put 'em to our eyes, and we walks in one arter the other. And we says: "Can we see the poor, dear, late, lamented deceased?" "And too-hooed, right out." And says that crusty, hired help, Phoebe: "No, you can't," says she, "not just now." But you can go into the front up chamber an I hev your tea," says she. "It's all set out," says she, "and the tempt is on the stove, and I reckon you can help yourself." "Yes," says we, "we don't need no waiting on, and we can look at the poor, dear, late, lamented deceased a great deal more comfortable after we've had our tea." So up stairs we went. And there was the attic an set, and the tea on the stove, and nothing much else in the room but chairs and a tall wardrobe. Then we all set down, and we all put our handkerchiefs in our pockets, and we didn't too-hoo right out no more. We just sot by and helped ourselves. Took the best bedstead down, I reckon, says Sister Parthenia. "Used always to stand here," says she. "Pat the deceased, onto it, mebbe," said Adoniram's wife, says she. "Hope not," says Martha Jane Gloriana, for I always rather reckoned on that best bedstead being left to me, and I don't want it to seem spooky, says she. Don't know why she should be so unjudgmental as to leave that great bedstead to a single party, says I. And Sister Parthenia's husband and Brother Adoniram and Walker, they et.

for the great bedstead as I would for the parlor chairs. I've kinder sot my mind onto the parlor chairs and the sofa. Says Adoniram's wife, says she, Adoniram being the oldest, I kinder sposed they'd go to us. Says I, I can't see why you should, Mrs. Adoniram; the last gustard you sent the poor dear late deceased, she said was flavored with something pison a purpose. 'Twasn't so, said Mrs. Adoniram. I put peppermint into it, instead of lemon-flavor, that's all. Mistakes does occur sometimes, says she. And what I want to know, says Adoniram, is about the real estate; them other fillings may go to thunder. And Parthenia's husband and Walker they et and, didn't say nothing. "Ain't it queer," says Gloriana, that she should be lying silent and not saying nothing while we say just what we like. It makes me all goose-flesh to think of it. I wonder whether she looks natral. If she looks spiteful, and mean, and hateful, she does, said Adoniram's wife. "Well, she warnt fine-favored to be sure," says Parthenia. "More lantern-jawed than most," says I. "And her eyes were crossed," says Adoniram's wife. "No, they was cast," says I. "One on 'em was crossed, and one on 'em was cast," says Martha Jane Gloriana; that's the way of it. One looked to her nose, and one looked to her ear. And ain't she flappy ears, said Parthenia; partly like a donkey when you see'd her with her cap off. 'Twasn't no wonder she didn't never-bit married, said Adoniram's wife. "Ain't the best looking gits married first," says Martha Jane Gloriana. "That I'll have you remember, Mrs. Adoniram. Nor them that tries the hardest," says Mrs. Adoniram. "Oh, yes, sometimes when they run arter a man, and will have him," says Martha Jane Gloriana. Says I: "Think what asolern occasion this is, and don't hev no words till we know what's left us." And Parthenia's husband and Walker they et. Says Parthenia. "Mebbe she will leave all to that hired help Phoebe," says Adoniram's wife. "If she does she is just as mean as dirt," says Gloriana. "Well, she was," says Adoniram's wife. "I don't say that," says I. "Taint for me to speak against deceased parties, but if she was able in her last moments to do something spiteful, she would." "Maybe she died on sensible," says Gloriana. "Let us hope so," said Adoniram's wife. "If she did not leave no will," says Parthenia, why, how will things be divided? "Why," says I, even to be sure, between you and your husband, and Adoniram and his wife. And Martha Jane Gloriana, what hasn't got married yet, and Walker and I. 'Twould not be fair, says Adoniram's wife, to give a singular woman as much as married folks; she haint no responsibilities. "She haint nobody to take care of her, neither and she would order 'ave most," says Martha Jane Gloriana. "Any way, the oldest ought to have most," says Adoniram's wife. "Well, see what the law says about that," says I. "Well, I reckon there ain't any will," says Parthenia's husband; "so jest let's talk it over. Now we'd order have the land." "Like to know why," says Adoniram. "Yes, state your reason," says Walker. "I'll have the cheers and sofa, if I fight for 'em," says Parthenia. "And I the best bedstead," says Martha Jane Gloriana. "I must and will have the parlor carpet," says I. "Mine's just worn out; and her black satin will do for mourning." "I'm going to have the black satin," says Parthenia. "I tell you that." "No, I will," says Gloriana. "No one of you durst touch it!" says Parthenia. "It's mine." And just then the awfullest thing happened. The door of the big wardrobe burst right open, and out walked Aunt Tabby. She came right straight up to the table in her long white gown, and we shrieked and frowed. Down the stairs we went, some on our feet, and some on our heads—Parthenia and her husband, and Adoniram and his wife, and Martha Jane Gloriana, and Walker and I. And when we got down into the garden, and picked ourselves up, we saw the window rise, and Aunt

Tabby's head stick out of it. "I ain't quite dead yet, you see," said she. "But I heard the report was around, and I calkulated I'd have a little fun. I shall wear the black satin myself yet awhile, and you needn't none of you come to my funeral when it does come off, because you won't none of you bein my will. Good-by, dears! Pleasant journey home." So black Jack he put the gray mare and the old horse to the livered wagon, and we all got in—Parthenia and her husband, and Adoniram and his wife, and Martha Jane Gloriana, that never was't married, and never won't be, now, and Walker and I, and we all went home. A Double Tragedy in Hartford County, Maryland. A most horrible double tragedy was enacted near Clemont Mills, Hartford county, Md., Wednesday morning, by Christian Lutz, a youth from the Maryland House of Refuge, a farm hand, who brutally murdered Miss Almira Street, youngest daughter of Mr. Roger Street, his employer, residing near the mills, and afterwards hanged himself in the presence of neighbors who had been summoned and arrested him. Miss Street was seventeen years of age. Her body was found at the foot of the cellar stairs of the house about 7 o'clock A. M. with the head partly severed from the body, with an axe, with which the deed is supposed to have been committed, lying near by, covered with blood. The victim had been engaged in preparing breakfast, and had gone into the cellar for something, when she was attacked by the young fiend with the axe, who dealt her repeated blows, as evidenced by several gashes left on the neck of the bleeding corpse. Lutz, whose age is variously stated at from sixteen to twenty years, was at once suspected as the murderer, and was put under arrest. Before the arrival of the Sheriff and State's attorney the murderer Lutz confessed the crime, and said he had no cause to kill Miss Street, and that he did the murder out of pure devilment. A rope was procured and Lutz was taken to the woods, about one hundred yards from the house. The rope was placed about his neck, the end of the rope thrown over the limb of the tree, and he was pulled up from the ground. Some persons in the crowd objected to hanging him, and he was cut down before he was strangled. Lutz, seeing that death was inevitable, asked for a gun that he might shoot himself. It was then suggested to him that he might just as well hang himself. He agreed to do so. He climbed the tree, unaided, and placed the rope around his neck. He then asked if it was properly a lute! Upon being informed that it was he coiled the end of the rope around the limb on which he sat, and, saying good-bye, let himself drop. The limb was about ten feet from the ground, and as he hung his feet were about two feet from the ground. He remained about six o'clock in the morning, when he was cut down. A coroner's inquest was held on the bodies of both Miss Street and her murderer, and verdicts were rendered in accord with the facts. MYSTERY OF DREAMS.—It is related that a man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried, and condemned; the shock of finding the halter about his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the "vanity of sleep," told how a certain man, being a shikh, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and how, upon waking up from this long dream, so short time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle filled with water, which he knew he over-turned as he fell asleep, had not time in which to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasant life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes when we go to a strange place we fancy that when we have been there? Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of a man, how far not?

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS. What do you think now? said a father, as he finished retaining his son for telling a lie. Well said the boy, truth is stranger than fiction—that's what I think. An old lady in a red cloak overtook a ram in a lane, and immediately two singular transformations took place—the ram turning to butt her (butter) and the old lady to a scarlet runner. "Don't lose your balance my dear," said an anxious mother to her little son, who was going down stairs; to which he responded: "Muzzer, if I should lose my balance where would it go to?" A man with a wooden leg was so overjoyed that it was wood, when a mad dog bit it, that he could hardly refrain from having his other leg replaced by one made of the same anti-hydrophobic material. "Can you tell me why Mr.—has taken up his abode at Cattedwahasar?" asked one gentleman of another. "Well," was the reply, "I don't know, but I should think that if anybody had an abode down there he'd want to take it up." In an obituary notice, the friendly editor wrote that "the deceased was a noble and big-hearted man," but the fiendish compositor put it "a nubby and pig-headed man," which made the friends of the deceased mad. "Do you know anything about an old story connected with this building?" asked an antiquary of a woman near an old ruin. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there used to be an other old story to it, but it fell down long ago." A small boy whose actions amiss takably indicated a violent pain in the stomach, was asked by his mother, soothingly, "My son are you in pain?" "Can I do anything for you?" "Yes mamee," he gasped; "please tell me if green apples grow in heaven?" "Go away; you're too heavy to hold on my knee," said a cross young man to his sweetheart's little brother. "Me too heavy?" exclaimed the child; "why, I ain't near so heavy as Eliza, and you hold her on your knee!" He didn't Want the Prescription. [Worcester Press.] He was an old man, and he had a bit of conductor's pasteboard stuck in his hat. He walked into the drug store and inquired: "Have you got any good whiskey?" "Yes, sir," replied the gentlemanly druggist. "Gimme half a pint." "Have you got a doctor's prescription?" "No." "Can't sell it, then, sir. Jary in session; must be strict." "Where can I get a doctor?" sadly inquired the aged inebriate. "I'm a physician, sir," winningly responded the druggist. "Can't you give me that—what you call it, 'scriptio'?" "Well, I might." And the Doctor wrote out a prescription blank, calling for so many ounces of spiritus framant. He filled a snag looking bottle with the article, pasted a label on it, numbered to correspond with the paper, and presented the bottle to the venerable oysterer, remarked in the most business-like way imaginable: "A dollar and a half, sir." "A dollar and a half!" gasped his astonished customer. "Ain't that pretty high, mister?" "It's our price—a dollar for the medicine." "Yes, well," slowly replied the wicked old duffer, as he slowly but toog up the half pint in his overcoat pocket; "I guess, boss, that I don't want the 'scriptio. Here's your half a dollar," and he stuck his tongue in one side of his mouth, winked ironically at him of the mortar and paste, and walked out. There is no man in North Carolina who has such a hold upon the popular heart as Zebulon Vance. There is no man in North Carolina whom the people delight to honor as Zebulon Vance. The people will now close ranks, will rally to the standard, and will with cheers of zeal and in a whirlwind of popular applause place their standard bearer in the gubernatorial chair. Let the slogan be—Vance and victory! Let the echo be—Vance and victory! And let the welking ring with—Vance and victory!—Sentinel.

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