Den come an' jine right now in de ban' An' take de sistern by de han', We bound for glory in de happy lan'-Ain't no sufferin' dar, up dar,

Put dem slippers on your feet When you walk along in de golden street, An' in dem angels put your trus', Kase no room dar for to raise a dus'

If you see Peter sleep at de gate, Kase de night befo' he was up so late, You needn't spect, wid your load ob sin, Dat you git past him and steal right in.

Dey know you here, an' dey'll know you dar t ase de angels 's aiways on de squar; Dev'll h'ist you out ob dar lubly sight, Ef you're full ob sin, and your soul sin't right.

Shout, sing, kase de time am nigh When you put on wings to fix to fly, An' dem what prays an' de loudest sings Am de oues w'at w'ars de biggest wings.

Bredren! sistern! lif' your eyes An' fix dar gaze on de starlight skies, Kase de Lord am good an' de Lord am kind, Ef you can't see it you must be blin'.

Don't set down upon your seat, But rise up, Bredren, to your feet, An' shout for glory till you're sick, An' git dat 'ligion-cure you quick.

"Glory!" "Whoopee!" "Shoo!" "What's dat! · What am all you sinners at? Brudder Jeems, pull down your ves', An' let dem tight dat ho'nets nes'.

Lif' up your voice in humble pr'ar, Au' let dem sinners ober dar Fo'git dar 'ligion for a spell, An' wish dem ho'nets was in hell.

tional Lord, dis meetin' 's all broke up, Kase Satan sent some sinful pup. Who'll go to hell wid all de res' For handin' in a ho'nets nes'.

## TATE. PRACTICAL MAN OF BUSINESS

And Typical North Carolinian

SAMUET McDowell Tate, of Burke, a mercial education, and at the early age of nineteen was accorded an equal copartnership with his guardian in what became a large and lucrative business. When great difficulty was experienced in 1858 in securing individual subscriptions to complete the Western North Carolina Railroad Morganton, the late Colonel Charles F. Fisher took the stock and contract for building twenty-two miles of its most exthe South. That valorous and patriotic field.

halo of glory around its name and that of our grand old State. Commissioned a captain May 28, 1861, Captain TATE refused, again and again, bomb-proof" positions, saying it was his duty to share the perils of his men, which he did to the end, although frenently wounded. By the casualties of cosr he succeeded to the command of the The ment in 1863, and led the successful the ge upon Cemetery Heights at Gettyseye. it July 2, captured the guns and works hare pe enemy and held them until nine secorck in the night, and only abandoned and position because communication with der army was cut off. The Count de Paris, in his recent work, gives a detailed account of this "murderous and persistent attack," which he attributes to two brigades, and he says they were only disodged after prolonged slaughter with the aid of a whole division of reenforcements, &c. Whereas, in fact we had but one hundred and forty North Carolina veterans with a captain and fourteen men of the

Ninth Louisiana. It has been a just cause of complaint on the part of his associates that Colonel TATE has so long allowed his modesty and . aversion to public declaration to keep him silent. It is due to the State and to them that the "truth of history" should be made known and perpetuated. Fisher, Pender, Avery, commanders, slept beneath the sod, and Webb, wounded and a prisoner, had left TATE to follow, as best he could, their examples. How well he did his duty the survivors can testify.

Returning home at the surrender, he was placed in charge of the Western North Carolina Railroad, which had been destroyed by Stoneman's raiders. By admarable tact, he secured a regiment of Yankee soldiers from the garrison of Salisbury to aid in reconstructing the road and soon had it opened for the public use. Everything worked on prosperously until Reconstruction swept him and the "rebels" from control, and then the trouble began. The private stockholders kept Colonel TATE, with Merrimon and Vance, on the Board to look after their interests as best they could, but they had no control. Finally, Colonel TATE, as a member of the House in 1874-5 introduced, and after a long struggle got passed, a bill for the and the transfer of its property to the State, to be finished by convict labor. So distrustful were many of the feasibility of using such labor in that way that Colonel Tate consented to take charge of it and demonstrate its utility, and to-day has the satisfaction of seeing his fondest hopes realized in the completion of that great work as well as the building of other important lines, and this year, the people entirely relieved of State taxation. The State is in better financial condition now than at any time within the last thirty years, and this is due to the wisdom

Few men have done more for North Carolina, and none have served her more unselfishly. Whether as soldier, fiduciary agent, or legislator, he has proven himself P. S. W. the peer of any man.

of legislation in which he was a leading

## Raleigh

Remister.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1884. VOL. I.

THOMAS D. JOHNSTON.

The Next Congressman from the Eighth(†) District.

[Correspondence of the RALEIGH REGISTER. ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 16 .- No section of this great commonwealth which we inhabit has shown more aggressive movements during the last four years than the counties embraced in the Eighth(f) Congressional District. The material progress has amazed even those who were most sanguine. The social advancement could not be overrated, even by the greatest enthu-siast. Political reform and purification stand as the most commendable marks of progress in the recent past, and are the most hopeful signs for the future. In material growth, social advancement and political reform, a new spirit is abroad over the land. New ideas are conceived by the people, and by them converted into new schemes and nobler methods. Chief among the signs of social and political improvement is a determination on the part of the people to make a more judicious selection of those who are to be their leaders. Nothing can be more unmistakeable than the indications which point to the leadership of young men. The people show that they desire new and younger men in office; and in this country what the people want is an unanswerable argument. Youth, to be and his constituents. He has always been sure, has no merit in itself; but to-day the a Democrat and now sees no reason to men of thirty and forty years are wiser in | change. methods of government than their fathers were at the age of sixty.

In the direction of a worthy leadership the desire of this district has never shaped itself with better form than in the loud calls for Thomas D. Johnston to represent them in the next Congress. In the person of Hon. R. B. Vance the people of this section have had a noble and faithful servant for many years; but they now have reasons for making a change, and a change will be made. In making another selection the choice naturally falls on Mr. Johnston as the man most worthy of the honor and the one best fitted to meet the issues and discharge the grave duties of that office. He is a man whose principles and abilities are well known to the public. 'In 1870, when the State was ridden well nigh to death by Republican misrule, Johnston was the only man who was able to redeem his own county of Buncombe from the chains of the oppressor, winning his seat in the General Assembly by a majority of five hundred. His faithful services so commended him to the people that in 1872 he was reëlected, over one of the most brilliant Republicans in the State. In North Carolina Railroad were in great peril, Johnston was elected to the State Senate, and then gave such substantial aid typical North Carolinian, was given a com- as to put the Western people under ever-

lasting obligation to him. Whether in public or in private life, Thomas D. Johnston is the same unflinching, uncompromising Democrat; the same bold and fearless man. A man of handsome fortune, he has no selfish ends to serve, but is ambitious for the good of his country. Having large acquaintance with the people and their wants and in possession of liberal ideas and statesman-like pensive line, from below Hickory to Mor- views, no man is more competent to proganton. Up to that time this was the mote the welfare of the country. As a largest individual venture of its kind in campaigner, he is unequalled in the whole He is a judge of men, and knows martyr only sought to develop the State | well how to marshal them into rank. Of he loved so well. Finding that his duties | fine physique and noble bearing, he comas President of the North Carolina Rail- mands the respect of all, while his perroad engaged all his time and attention he sonal magnetism draws them into the cursought the aid of his trusted and bosom | rent of his own great purposes. While not friend, TATE, to take charge of the hazard- gifted with the highest order of eloquence, ous enterprise. Here the subject of this yet there are few men in the field who sketch labored with energy, nearly completing the contract, when Lincoln's proclamation was issued. Instantly Colonel Fisher sent TATE a dispatch urging him enthusiasm. If the people want an able to aid in raising a regiment for defence of | financier, a great leader of men, a strong North Carolina. In a very few days there speaker who holds the ideas of a stateswas an organized body of men, afterwards man, a man who will sacrifice his personal known as the Sixth North Carolina In- ends to the good of his country, and who fantry, which was destined to shed such a | will carry the full strength of the Democratic party, Thomas D. Johnston is the man of their choice. They say give them John for Congress, and the West end will go in solid for a victorious Democracy in the Normber election.

Pender Peculiarities.

[Wilmington Review.] Many of our citizens will doubtless recollect the late James W. Johnston, a resident of Castle Hayne, Pender county. He was quite aged and decrepit, and his general appearance indicated that he was posessed of but few of this world's goods. During a visit to this city, a few months since, he died very suddenly in the Scarborough House, on North Water street. number of valuable bonds and securities which were sold at public auction a few days since-the total sale amounting to about \$10,000. And now comes evidence possession. Under the belief that he had some buried treasure, a search was instituted a day or two since, which resulted in the discovery of about \$22,000 in gold in jars and buried under his house

Not Quite as "Good as Wheat."

[New York Times.] The National Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, was found yesterday to be \$100,000 "short." The deficiency was explained by Mr. Stanley, the paying tel-ler, who said that he had lost the money through the decline in wheat. Whenever a bank loses money in this way there is always some strange story about the last nvestigation made by the Bank Examiner. In this case the story is stranger than usual. Mr. Ellis, it is said, actually found a deficiency of \$15,000, and asked Stanley where the money was. "Here it is," said Stanley, "in gold in this bag," handing Mr. Ellis a heavy bag. On what little things the fate of banks depends. If it had occurred to Mr. Ellis to count the money, or even to look into the bag, he would have discovered that it contained silver: that Mr. Stanley had told a falsehood; investigation would have followed. his speculations in wheat stopped, and the bank would have been saved. It seems to us either that the Bank Examiners ought to verify statements made to them as to bank assets, or else the Government ought to make the depositors good in any case.

Her Work Was Done.

[D. L. Milliken.] Anear four-score and seven well-rounded years Were drawing to a close. Her work was do The very house missed her familiar step; The antique clock, companion of her life, Ticked slowly in its long-accustomed place; Her saintly face was turned to greet the first Pale beams of dawning day, she gently raise Her head, and resting it upon her hand, The rosy lips of morn kissed lightly, then, Her aged brow and silver hair. "The morn Is beautiful," she said, then closed her eyes

And sank to rest. Grandmother dear was dead!

And yet the clock ticked on-the sun still shone.

CATAWBA'S NOMINEE For Superintendent of Public Instruc-

Major S. M. Finger was born in Lincoln county, North Carolina, and is now in the prime of life. He obtained his preparatory education for college at the Catawba High School and graduated at Bowdoin College in the Spring of 1861 in time to make his way through the lines and enter the Confederate army shortly after his arrival at home. He continued in active service till 1863, when he was appointed controlling quarter-master of North Carolina, which post he filled till the close of the war. After the war he took charge of Catawba High School, with Dr. J. C. Clapp, and proved himself to be a ripe scholar and an excellent disciplinarian. He represented Catawba county in the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1874-'5, and Lincoln and Catawba coun-

ties in the Senate of 1876-'7 and 1880-'81. He was Chairman of the Committee on Education during session of 1876-'7, and was a member of the committee during all his services in the Assembly, and showed a thorough knowledge of our common school system. All these posts of trust and honor he

filled with great satisfaction to his patrons and his constituents. - He has always been FUNERAL INCONVENIENCES.

The Corpse's Unusual "Foine Time." [Harper's Magazine Drawer.] The life of a minister is not so prosaic and uneventful as many imagine; on the contrary, he often has many pleasant, though not altogether pious, experiences. A rising young minister of the Methodist Church relates the following as an actual

xperience which he had not long ago: There was an Irishman, whose name we will call Michael, who was very sick. The doctor had given up all hopes of his recovery, and the wife was informed of the sad end soon to come. She took it very philo-sophically, and in her conversations with Michael everything was arranged, even to the funeral service. It seems he had no coat suitable to be laid out in, and with his consent it was decided to have the tailor make him a garment at once. This

In a short time Michael died, and the funeral day arrived. The minister had come to speak of the good qualities of poor Michael, and to comfort the hearts of there was a delay, evidently caused by the non-appearance of some important mourn-Finally the man who had general charge of the funeral, getting impatient, called up the stairs: "Tommy! Tommy

come down. They're waitin' fur ye." The person addressed thrust his bushy head past the door, and concealed the rest of his person. Tommy's face was full of anxiety as he replied to the inquiry and said, "I can't—I can't."

But ye must come," said the man at he foot of the stairs: "the funeral is waitin', and ye must walk wid the widder." "But I can't," shouted Tommy more earnestly than before. "I can't; the corpse has got me coat on."

"Och! man, what do ye mane?" said the man. "Ye must come down anyhow and walk wid the widder. Put on the corpse's coat, and come down.

In a few moments Tommy appeared with the corpse's coat on. It was too long, and too large in every way. The sleeves ex-tended over his skinny hands, and as he slowly descended the stairs he was occunim a most ridiculous appearance, and as tenance. The minister could hardly restrain himself from laughter. The service, however, proceeded, and the coffin was soon carried out and placed in the hearse, followed by the minister, Tommy with the widow, and the friends. The procession was on the point of starting, when suddenly Tommy began jumping up and down, and, with his arms flying, shouted: "Shtop! shtop! The corpse has got me money and me spectacles in me coat. Give

me the money and the spectacles." All the money Tommy had was locked up with the corpse. It would not do for him to lose it, and make this unnecessary sacrifice. Nothing would do now but to restore the personal effects to Tommy. The coffin was carried back into the house and the corpse removed. The coat was taken off and given to Tommy, who immediately took off the one belonging to the corpse, and put on his own with a de-Since the death of the old gentleman a gree of alacrity that was delightful to behold. Tommy found his money and his have been discovered among his effects, spectacles all right, and seemed quite contented. The coat made by the tailor was put on the corpse, which was then replaced in the coffin and the hearse. The humor of how well the old man took care of all of the situation was fully appreciated, and the precious metals which came into his no less by the widow than the minister; for when she let down her veil and looked up, her face was full of smiles as she said. "I was just thinkin' what a foine time Michael was havin' in Tommy's coat, wid and silver, which he had securely deposited | his pockets filled wid money and a pair of spectacles."

An Arkansas Church Duel.

[Hot Springs Special, June 18.] A desperate shooting affray between two members broke up the services at the Baptist Church of a settlement six miles east of here yesterday. Two young men, named Lem Dishowan and Peter Lewis, attended church with the avowed purpose of taking home the minister's young daughter, and when Lewis moved from his own into the minister's family pew while the sermon was in progress, Dishowan drew his revolver and opened fire upon him. Lewis returned the fire, and the congregation made rapid exit by way of doors and windows. Neither was hurt, and both being disarmed they agreed to go into the woods and fight it out with fists. Before they started, the girl who was the cause of the fight desired to speak privately with Lewis for a moment, which was granted. While the congregation were awaiting the result of the fist-fight a pistol-shot was heard from the direction of the scene of conflict. that he was getting the better of Lewis the contents of bags supposed to contain when the latter drew a Derringer quickly from his boot-leg and shot him. The girl had placed the weapon there during her brief conference with Lewis just before the fight. Lewis may be lynched.

The Ways and Means Committee have begun the consideration of such portion of the Hewitt tariff bill as relates to the question of the construction of parts of the tariff act of 1883, and which the Secretary of the Treasury earnestly recom-mends may be adopted to relieve his department of the burden of complaints made against incongruous legislation. Other than that the committee will not undertake to pass upon this session.

NORTH CAROLINA WOODS Shingles, Shutters and Shekels.

[Salisbury Watchman.]

Few people are aware of the enormity of the shingle making business in North Carolina. Besides those engaged in splitting out and dressing shingles in the old way-which makes a far superior shingle there are steam saw mills all over the State cutting shingles. Mr. Connelly, at Icard, has piled up at the station, on the Western North Carolina Railroad, about four million shingles, the product of his and one or two mills near him. His sales last year amounted to six million shingles. His own mills turn out about three million. These figures give some little idea of the magnitude of the business in the State.

A worker of our hard woods, and a large dealer, told the writer the other day that he had bought a second growth hickory tree, standing, for five dollars and fifty cents. He said that the man from whom he pur-chased was fully satisfied with the price paid. He cut the tree and sawed it in a careful manner, and when he had finished the work, he counted up the value, and found that he had turned out from this single tree, one hundred and thirteen dollars and sixty cents worth of marketable material. This should prove an eyeopener to the owners of valuable forests.

At Elmwood, there is a branch of the Thomasville shuttle block factory, which is doing a big business. They have closed down work for the season. The capacity of this mill is one thousand blocks per day. The entire output is shipped direct to London, England. They also prepare ash and birdseye maple for the car manufactories of Manchester and Augusta. The mills are now engaged in preparing these woods, and these two car shops take the entire product. During the last eighteen months they have shipped some thirty thousand dollars worth of material.

Quiet at Any Price.

[Detroit Free Press.] "I war lookin' fur you 'bout an hour ago," observed a colored citizen to a policeman whom he met on Hastings street ves-

What was the trouble?" "A pusson claimin' to be my wife, an' havin' three children behind her, arroved

Yes, sah, an' de fust I know'd of it de crowd was right at de doah of my house, I jist kinder reckoned on a sort o' cyclone, you know. Looked as if it would come oowerful sudden on de wife an' two chil'en "Whew! And what did you do?" "Broke de ice wery gradual, sah.

'pected dar'd be screamin' an' yellin' an' na'r-pullin', but eberything moved off de tranquillest you eber saw. De pusson from Canada stuck to it dat she was de werry woman I run'd away from five y'ars ago, an' so when I saw dat it was no good to argy I took de hull of 'em in." "And what did No. 2 say?"

"Nuffin' werry important. She kinder clawed aroun' fur a spell an' den settled down. De chil'en took to each odder right away, an' dev is now minglin' together in de harmoniest manner."

"And you are going to run two fami-

"Well, sar, Ize suggested dat one take in washin' an' de odder do ironin', while I kinder boss de job, an' I reckon we'll git along widout any serious perforashuns. pied in trying to roll them up. It gave Ize a pusson dat am bound to have tranquility aroun' my house at any cost. You Tommy took his place beside the widow a kin sort o' hang aroun' heah, you know, suppressed smile was visible on every coun- an' if dar should be a sudden upshot de sight of you would go a good ways to embellish renewed harmony.

She Took the Lot.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Do your women customers bother you much?" asked a citizen who was talking with a Woodward-avenue grocer the other

"Well, they seldom want to pay the prices. It seems natural for them to want to beat down the figures. There comes one now who probably wants strawberries. Here are some fresh ones at fifteen cents a quart, and yet if I should ask her only eleven she'd want 'em for ten.' "Say, try it on, just for a joke.

asks the price, put it at eleven." The grocer agreed, and presently the woman came up, counted the sixteen boxes of berries under her nose, and of course inquired

"Have you any strawberries this morn-

"Fresh ones?" "Yes'm."

"In quart boxes?" "Yes'm."

"How much?" "Only eleven cents per box, madam." "I'll take the whole lot," she quietly observed, as she handed out a five-dollar bill; and take 'em she did.

The citizen disappeared at that moment, and the grocer somewhat believes it was a put-up job between the two.

Last Electoral Vote.

The Electoral vote by States in 1880 was Garfield-Colorado, 3; Connecticut, 6 California, 1; Illinois, 21; Indiana, 15 Iowa, 11; Kansas, 5; Maine, 7; Massachusetts, 13; Michigan 11; Minnesota, 5; Nebraska, 3; New Hampshire, 5; New York, 35; Ohio, 22; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 29: Rhode Island, 4: Vermont, 5: Wisconsin, 10. Total, 214.

Hancock-Alabama, 10; Arkansas, California, 5; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 11; Kentucky, 12; Louisiana, 8 Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 8; Missouri, 15; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 9; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 8; Virginia, 11; West Virginia, 5. Total, 155.

The Electoral votes of California were divided, Garfield getting one and Hancock five. The total popular votes received by The congregation hurried to the spot and found Dishowan lying on the ground dying from a shot through the lungs. He said (Area, 619; Hancock, 4,443,207; Weaver, 619; Hancock, 619 4,451,619; Hancock, 4,443,207; Weaver,

Why they Didn't Leave.

[Philadelphia Call.] Depositor-"Where is the cashier?" Bank Boy-"Gone to Canada." "And the President?" "Gone to South America." "Mercy save us! But the Directors, "Nobody knows.

"Is any one left." "Yes, me and the watchman." "Well, why didn't you two go also, and make a clean sweep of it?" "There wasn't nothin' left turn came."

THE STOLEN LETTER.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

[Warren's Diary of a Detective.] I served my time-never mind in whose office-and started in business for myself in one of our English country towns-I decline stating which. I had not a farthing of capital, and my

friends in the neighborhood were poor and useless enough, with one exception. The exception was Mr. Frank Gatliffe, son of Mr. Gatliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest for many a mile round about our parts.

Well, Frank was a stanch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got the chance. I had contrived to get him a little timely help in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest; in fact. had saved him from the Jews. The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from there and stopped at home for a little while, and then there got spread about our neighbor-hood a report that he had fallen in love with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her.

Frank told me he was really in love, and said he was determined to marry the governess. Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said no, as to marrying the governess, when Frank wanted him to say

He sent the governess away with a good character and a fine present, and then he looked about to find something for Frank Frank, in the mean time, had bolted to

London after the governess, who had nobody alive belonging to her to go to but The aunt refuses to let Frank in without the squire's permission. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age or shoot himself. Up to town comes the squire, and his wife, and his daughter; the upshot of it is, that the old man is forced into saying yes. Frank introduced me to his future wife

one day when I met them out walking, and asked me if he was not a lucky fel-I told him I thought he was. The marriage was to be on a Wednes-

day. I was sitting in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding day -trying to see my way clear before me, and not succeeding particularly well, when Frank suddenly bursts in, and says he's got a most dreadful case for me to advise "Is this in the way of business, Frank?"

says I, stopping him. "It's in the way of business, certainly but friendship-" I was obliged to pull him up short once

more, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose all day. "Now, Frank, I can't have any sentimen-

tality mixed up with business matters. Please to stop talking and let me ask you questions. Answer in the fewest words you can use. Nod when nodding will do instead of words." I went on:

"From what you have been stating up to the present time, I gather that you are in a scrape which may interfere with your marriage? He nodded, and I put in before he could

say a word: 'The scrape affects your young lady, and goes back to the period of a transaction in which her late father was engaged

He nods again, and I put in once more: 'There is a party who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is cognizant of what he oughtn't to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same to the prejudice of the young lady and your marriage unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Now, first of all, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her

She was talking to me about her father one day so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him, and I asked her, among other things, what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was distress of mind in the first instance; and added, that this distress was caused chiefly by a shocking secret-which she and her mother had kept from everybody. She told me that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business, and his clerk, it was strongly sus-

pected, cheated him-What was that suspected clerk's name?" "Davager," says I, making a note of it:

go on "His affairs got more and more entangled; he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy stared him in the face. In a fit of desperation, he-" "Ah!" says I, "he had a signature to write, and signed another person's name

"It was a bill. His principal creditor wouldn't wait till he could raise the money. But he was resolved, if he sold off every thing, to get the amount and repay-" "Of course," says I; "but drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a stanch friend of his, and a relation of his wife's; good man, as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly."

"In a business way, what did he do? 'He put the false bill into the firedrew a bill of his own to replace it, and then-only then-told my dear girl and her mother what had happened.' Where was the father? Off, I sup-

'Ill in bed," says Frank, coloringbut he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the next day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble moderation and forgiveness extended to him. But, alas! the thought of his crime continually preyed upon his mind. He became possessed of the idea that he had lowered himself in the estimation of his wife and daughter-"Do you happen to know," I put in,

contained anything like a confession of the forgery?"
"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making a confession?" "Well, it is my opinion that this letter was stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. Davager, of suspicious commercial cele-

"whether the letter we are speaking of

"The above story, related to me by a lawyer, although not coming directly within the sphere of my operations as a Detective, I think entitled to a place in these "Recollections," for the curious phase of criminal life which it presents. I give it in the lawyer's own words.

brity, might possibly be the fingers that took it." "That is exactly what I want to make you understand.' "How did he communicate the fact of

the theft to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. He actually had the audacity—the scoun-"Aha!" says I. "The young lady her-self! Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager." "Early this morning he had the assur-ance to approach her, while alone, and ac-

ually showed her the letter; put into her hand a note for me, bowed, and walked "Have you got the letter he left for

you?" says I.

He handed it to me. It was short and humorous. It began in this way:

"To Francis Gatliffe, Esq., Jun.—Sir.: have an extremely curious autograph etter to sell. The price is a five hundred pound note. The young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will nform you of the nature of the letter. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall wait on your highly respectable father with the origi-

"ALFRED DAVAGER." "A clever fellow that," says I, putting the letter away. "Clever!" cried Frank: "he ought to

Yours, &c.,

have been horsewhipped within an inch of "Do you think I am saying any thing libellous against your excellent father's character, when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on

your marriage being put off?"
"Feeling as my father does about my narriage, he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter, says Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous girl herself says, that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the comments this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement."

Did you think of asking the young lady whether this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery in existence?" "Yes, and she told me there was

other written evidence." "Will you give Davager his price for "Yes," he answered. "Frank, here is my proposal. I'm going to try if I can do Davager out of this

letter. If I don't succeed before to-morrow afternoon, you hand him the money and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed, I hand you the letter, and you give me the money instead of Davager-is it ves or no?" "You know it's yes, ten thousand times

over. Only you earn the money, and I-" "And you will be too glad to give it to me. Now go home-don't let Davager set his eyes upon you-keep quiet-leave every thing to me-and feel as certain as ou please that all the letters in the world an't stop your being married." Frank now took his departure, and left

me to make up my mind what to do. The first thing, of course, was to have look at the enemy. I wrote to Davager, and informed him that I was appointed to nothing to do but to wait, and give cer- fore. tain instructions before he came to my boy Tom.

There never was such a sharp boy of ourteen before. I settled it with the boy that he was not to show at all when Mr. Davager came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell when he left. If I rang twice, he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out wherever he went. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman I tried at first to take the measure of ments, but he was not to be flattered. tried to make him lose his temper, but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource-I tried to

frighten him. "Before we say a word about the close by this window which looks out on money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Francis Gatliffe is, that you can hinder his marriage maid.

"Before we say a word about the close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chambering in a spell fur us to buy another dog or two." on Wednesday. Now, suppose I have got magistrate's warrant to apprehend you in my pocket? Suppose I have a constable to execute it in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow, the day before the marriage-charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town? Sup-

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager: "Sup-pose I should not be the greenest fool that carry the letter about me? Suppose I in this town? Suppose the letter should Gatliffe, with a copy of the letter directed. to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope and take the letters to their them from him this evening? In short, my dear sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?" says Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for never expected he had the letter about eight across it. When I had stepped out him. I made a pretence of being taken in the centre, there were five one way and aback, and to be ready to give in. I was four the other. to draw out a document which he was to It was not at sign. He knew the document was stuff derstand now the words, "Men. 5 Along; and nonsense as well as I did, and told 4 Across." me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. He was wrong there.

The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Frank, but time from Mr. Davager. It was an excuse to put off don't let anybody come near the door." the payment of the five hundred pounds till three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. heard something rustle. I took another Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he pull, and out came a piece of paper. I should devote to his amusement, and unrolled it-and there was the letter! asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighborhood of the told him, he went out.

to the high-road. On a bench outside the unsat'sfactory evidence, even in a lawyer's public-house there sat a man smoking. He mouth said "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. He, I have been since given to under-

NO. 18 pers, and a fire to be lit in his room. Af- dressing-case in his pockets. I am not in

very far on, but still clear. I had housed the letter in all probability for that night at the Gatliffe Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and if Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chambermaid—an old friend of mine—asking her to step over to my office on a private matter of business, as soon as

work was done for that night.

When the head chambermaid came, it turned out that Mr. Davager had drawn self. He took to labor in preference her attention rather too closely to his ug-liness by offering her a testimony of his regard in the shape of a kiss. I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful young lady against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chambermaid was ready to go any lengths, that she could safely, to serve my cause. In a few words, I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight the next morning, and was to take his clothes down stairs to brush, as usual. If Mr. D. had not emptied his own pocket overnight, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes down stairs just as he found them. If Mr. D.'s pockets were emptied, then, of

course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D.'s room. I waited till Tom came home. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up; Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition. Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared. I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our man in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind At half-past seven next morning, I slip-

ped quietly into Boots's pantry. Down came the clothes. No pockets in trousers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, andkerchief; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar-case; fourthly, pocket-book. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there, but I opened the pocket-book with a certain curiosity, not-

withstanding Nothing in the two pockots of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair tied round with a loan society, and some copies of verses of money, but who am to blame fur it? not likely to suit any company that was Three-fifths of our workin' men drink not of an extremely free-and-easy description. On the leaves of the pocket-book, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and bets jotted down in red ink. On one leaf by itself this queer inscription:

"MEM. 5 Along; 4 Across." I understood everything but those words and figures, so of course I copied them off into my own book. Then I waited in the pantry till Boots had brushed the clothes, and had taken them up stairs. His report when he came down was, that Mr. D. had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he had ordered breakfast at nine, and a saddle-horse to be at the door. arrange the business privately with him. at ten, to take him to Grimswith Abbey-He could not conveniently call till be- one of the sights in our neighborhood, tween six and seven in the evening. I had which I had told him of the evening be-

"I'll be here, coming in by the back way, at half-past ten," says I to the cham-

"What for?" says she "To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this need of champions and orators an' all morning only," says I.

"Any more orders?" says she. "One more," says I. "I want to hire of the way, and follow the gentleman Sam for the morning. Put it down in the order-book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten." In case you should think Sam was

man, I'd better tell you he was a pony. I'd made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health if he took a constitutional airing, on a nice hard saddle, in him in a wheedling, confidential way, but it was no good; I paid him some compli"Anything else?" says the head cham-

"Only one more favor," says I, "would my boy Tom be very much in the way, if he came, from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stood at his work tarnation hard, ye know. Say, can't we

"Thank you," says I; and stepped back

to my office directly. Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride. His friend had never-appeared, I sent the boy off with his proper instructions, and then slipped into the inn by the back way. The head chambermaid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeing me, and locked the door.

Mr. Davager had taken one of the best rooms at the Gatliffe Arms. I searched, ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should not to begin with, everywhere, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery! should have given a certain envelope to a I now looked to the carpet. I felt all over certain friend of mine in a certain place it with the ends my of fingers, and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over gently be inside that envelope, directed to old and slowly with my nails. My second finger-nail stuck a little at one place. I parted the carpet at that place and saw a thin slit-a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly right address, if I don't appear to claim the color of the carpet-ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch.

The pattern of the carpet was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches-ten along the room and It was not at all difficult for me to un-

"Give me two minutes," says I,

I now heard a footstep outside the door. It was only the chamber-maid. "Haven't you done yet?" she whispers.

I took a little pull at the thread and I immediately bolted off with it to my over to the police." to show the letter to the young lady. She I rang the bell once-waited till he had first burnt the letter, and then went into passed the window-and looked after hysterics in his arms. I saw them married

Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on on Wednesday; and when they went off the opposite side of the street, setting his in a carriage-and-four to spend the honeytop going in the most playful manner pos- moon, I went off on my legs to open a sible! Mr. Davager walked up the street. credit at the Town and County Bank with is dey wuth?" Tom whipped his top up the street too! a five hundred pound note in my pocket. In a quarter of an hour he came back.

Mr. Davager had walked to a public-house just outside of the town, in a lane leading from hearsay evidence, which is always

Davager, who answered "All right," and stand, left the Gatliffe Arms that same walked back to the inn. In the hall he night with his best clothes on his back, ordered hot rum and water, cigars, slip- and with all the valuable contents of his

Raleigh Register.

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Street, next to Market House

ter that he went up stairs and Tom came a condition to state whether he ever went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can testify he never paid it. When I add to these fragments of evidence that he and I have never met since I jock eyed him out of his bank-note, I have about finished my statement.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR

As Understood by the Limekilners.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Gemlen," said Brother Gardner, "we am all poo' men an' laborin' men. Let us reason together. De aiverage workin man was bo'n of parents poorer dan histo a perfeshun, or, lack of eddecashun fo'ced him to l'arn a trade in place of bloomin' out as a lawyer or a doctor. Am dat de rich man's fault? Am it anybody's fault? Wasn't it de best thing dat could be done? By what right does de carpenter. painter, or blacksmith urge that he orter have bin suthin' else? By what right does he sot up a growl bekase de man around de co'ner kin count dollars to his

"Dar' am sartin orators and newspapers dat shed tears ober de condishun of de workin' man one day, an' nex' mornin hold 'em up as better paid, better eddicated, better fed an' clothed dan de same class in any other kentry on airth, which am de solemn truf. Plenty of men in Detroit makes a hundred dollars whar I make fifty cents. What of it? If dey made only a shillin' whar' I made a dollar, would I be any better off? Could I drap de whitewashin' bizness an' go to pleadin law? Dar' am no laws in dis kentry made for employers. A poo' man's wote counts jis de same as de rich man's. What, den, am de need of a workin' man's candidate? Put a Detroit carpenter in de White House. an' would wages be any higher dan under de present incumbent, who is rich an' a gentleman? Would rents go down, pro visions grow cheaper, an' pianers go walkin' into cottages?

"I do not know by what right any man sots hisself up as de champion of de laborin' man. I do not diskiver why dar should be any complaints from de workin' men as a class. Each one selected his trade. If dat trade doan' flourish he kin blame no one. Each one has made his own way. If he has bin industrious an' economical he has a home of his own an' suthin' left over. If he has bin de opposite he am now howlin' agin de rich. Five-sixths of our laborin' men chew an' beer. If deir money goes to de saloonkeepers whar' should de blame rest? Not one mechanic in ten am satisfied wid a Sunday suit costin' less dan \$40. Plenty of 'em own horses and cows. At least one in five has his own home. When deir wives come down town dey are dressed like ladies. You see plenty of 'em at de theatre an' circus an' on de boats. De great majority belong to life insurance lodges and societies which cost from \$5 to \$25 per year. De mechanic smokes his ten cent cigar and enjoys it. Dey send deir chill'en to de best skules. You hear pianers or organs playing in every square. You see lace curtains at cottage windows. an' Brussels carpets on de floors. De agent wid a \$12 Bible will sell mo' among de poo' dan de rich. De laborin' man has his daily paper, and not one in fifty am obleeged to confine hisself to the necessities of life. If he am ground an' op-pressed how does he git along so well? If he ain't ground and oppressed, why de

dis fuss? Let us purceed to bizness." Domestic Economy.

"Mariar," said an-Allen county peasant to his other half, "have you enny idee how many young'uns we have?"

"Nigh onto 'leven, I guess. "And how many dogs air they 'round "'Most a dozen, I guess; thar's Tige, an' Bruce, an' Growler, an' her four pups, an'

the hound, an' the terrier an' them others o' Hank's that loaf around y'ere." "Yas; 'leven children and only a dozen dogs-Marier, don't ye think we have 'most too many children? Times is most

"Jist as ye say, Hezekiah." "Wall, I 'low 'f we could swap two of our young'uns fur four more dogs, we'd be fixed. I guess I'll try it."

Arkansas Politics.

[Texas Siftings.] During a recent political convention in Arkansas, when opposing factions had "locked horns," and when it seemed impossible to nominate a candidate, a man from the Northwest arose and exclaimed: "Feller citizens, you are all urging the claims of your respective candidates, but

you don't give a reason why any of them

should be nominated. I came to fight for

Colonel John Hornrock." "What's he done for the party," cried a "Never mind what he has done. He has done enough. He made five hundred gallons of whisky last year, and-" His voice was drowned by deafening shouts. Colonel John Hornrock was nominated by acclamation

Atlanta Business Ways.

[Atlanta Constitution. "Hello, old man," said a gentleman on Whitehall street, stopping a negro in front of a shoe store; "what've you got in that bundle?" "Pa'r shoes, sir, dat I jist got in de

stoah dar. "Did the proprietor know you got them?" "G'lon 'way fum hyar, boss; whatcher mean by castin' sech 'marks at a po' niggah? In co'se de gemmen knowed hit

the white man, "and as I am the owner of that store, I reckon I'd better hand you The negro grew pale and "Is yer, fer a fac', boss?" "I am, and now tell me what am I to

"Nuffin', sar, 'cept I bin a waitin' fer

yer, an' bein' as yer wuz so long cumin', I 'cluded to go out an' look yer up. What

understand by such actions?"

Children's Hymn. We thank Thee, Heav'nly Father, For every earthly good, For life, and health, and clothing, And for our daily food.

O give us heart to thank Thee, For ev'ry blessing sent, And whatsoe'er Thou sendest Make us therewith content.