Purged in the Fire.

"Uncle Herbert will you tell us a Christmas story? Please do?" The speaker was a little maid of six years old, but a dozen voices echood the request.

It was Christmas, and we were gath ered, to the time-honered custom, round a blusing fire under my grandfather's roof. We were a merry party, comprising some fifteen cousins, all ages, with their respective parents, and a few married and unmarried uncles and aunts. Uncle Herbert, otherwise Mr. Herbert Milward, was our uncle by marriage only. as the husband of our aunt Alice, but though thus only indirectly related to us, I think he was with the younger ones at any rate, the best beloved of all Perhaps because he had no children of his own, he was always specially sympathetic in youthful troubles, and especially lenient to youthful misdoings. However grave the offense, we were always sure of Uncle Herbert's intercession; though he never failed privately to admonish the offender-very gently, but so gravely and seriously, that his quiet words would bring tears to eyes too proud to weep under the severest punishment, and tame the most rebellious spirit to submission and repentance. He would be very merry at times; but there was a gravity mingled even with his merriment, as of one to whom the more solemn aspects of life are always present. His devotion to his wife was remarkable, even to our youthful eyes. No one could say that his affection was demonstrative, and yet no one could be in the company of the two together, even for an hour, without feeling that aunt Alice was more precious to her husband than anything else in the world. Wherever his eyes wandered, they always seemed to come back to her as a resting place, and however deeply, to all appearance, he might be engrossed in conversation with others, he was always able, by some magical process of intuition, to divine her wants or wishes, and silently to supply them. Her furs were the warmest, her silks the softest; nothing was too costly, no trouble too great, that ministered to her pleasure. There seemed to be no such thing as forgetting, no possibility of mistake, wherever she was concerped. If she had found a four leaved shamrock, and had good fairies constantly attending her, she could hardly have been better served. Nor was aunt Alice behindhand in returning her husband's devotion. He was many years older than she, but I know the difference in their ages increased, if anything, her pride and pleasure in his love. She never did any-thing (indeed she had no need) to test or draw attention to his devotion, but she quietly abandoned herself to his tender She seldon thanked him in words, at least in company, but he was thanked enough by the look of perfect love and perfect peace which was the habitual ex-

pression of her gentle gray eyes.

On the prescut occasion Uncle Herbert was seated in a high-backed oaken chair, with aunt Alice on a footstool beside him, and the rest of the party grouped around in a similarcle before the blazing and brightening with a genial glow the red berries and dark-green leaves of the had been, the flames had gained moment for a fire-side story; and as uncle Herbert was known to be learned in legend and German fairy-tales, which he was wont to narrate with much quiet humor, our little cousin's request met with men. fire. The candles were not yet lighted our little cousin's request met with gen eral approval. Uncle Herbert did not immediately reply, but sat apparently reflecting; and the flickering firelight. playing over his face, showed us that he was in a serious mood. Aunt Alice glanced up at him inquiringly; and l hought to myself that I had never seen her bright young face (for she was many years younger than the rest of our aunts and uncles) look more perfectly beautiful than it did that night; and I caught my self wondering, half-unconsciously, how it had come to pass that she should have pearance, so unlike herself, as sober gray-headed uncle Herbert.

last, "I will tell you a story, a true story. I don't think it is quite what you meau by a Christmas story; but the events ut which I am going to tell you hap pened at Christmas-time, on this very night indeed, twenty-seven years ago." ter a minute's pause, he went on :

Christmas-day, for twelve o'clock had windows and stray sounds of music and of into the firemen's arms. happy voices showed where a household ad thought of as borrowed, the law could call by a very different name. He sion to his misconduct, but kindly praised his courage and his daring deed; and the thought flashed across him that his folly like the kind of the miner had sin were still unknown, and if he did but keep his own counsel, might so re-

cuffs on his wrists. He could see the main forever. The tempter whispered, the presence of an offended God. He him) was silent, and then he said with was now hurrying home to drink his last draught upon earth, the draught that "My lad, I am glad that you have told it was thought, were safe; but just as he play."

reached the group there was a fearful "That I do, sir, upon my hon-" he reached the group there was a fearful shriek, for it was found that there was one, the youngest, missing. The poor unfitness of the word, from one in his unother sobbed and screamed, and was only held back by force from re-entering "Nay, lad," said the old man, holding

"It can't be done sir." said one of in, in five minutes, and it's certain death to enter that house again."

The red flame was already shining The red flame was already shining his youth in the fire; but they knew the accumulation of evidence. The through the first floor windows, and nothing of the fiercer fire which during single dissenter from this opinion, howminutes were numbered, his life was and to strive so to use life that death worthless ; its last act should be a worthy one, and if he perished in the attempt, he would be guilty of one sin the less. With quick eager questions he ascertained where the child was. The firemen guessed his intention, and held lisk kind old master stood his faithful the hero's courage to the proof. him back.

wasting two lives instead of one. We're many years past he has been a partner in not cowards, sir, but this is certain death | the firm, a rich and respected merchant. If you attempt it, the Lord have mercy Very few know his story. It is not a very upon your poor soul!"

throwing off the hands that held him back. be rushed into the house and up the staircase, which creaked and crackled under

The fire was raging on the first floor seen him?" above. The first floor landing was already in flames, but the young man, with well." a fierce leap, sprang past the burning spot, in another second was in the room where the child lay. The room was filled yet. with smoke, and here and there the flames were darting through the crevices of the flooring He could not see the bedstead but the little frightened voice, sobbing, "Papa, dear; do come papa!" guiding him to the spot where the child lay.

keep out the suffocating smoke, he groped

A deadly terror seized upon him; the last hope of escape was lost. The life which a few minutes since had seemed a burden too heavy to bear, suddenly grew unutterably precious. His eyes were blinded, his throat scorched by the thick married one so much older, and to all ap- black smoke, and the tongue of the flame pearance, so unlike herself, as sober gray-headed uncle Herbert. was leaping up around him seeking to devour him. With awful distinctness "Well my dears," said uncle Herbert at all the evil of his life crowded into that one Tearful moment, shone out as clear as noonday before his eyes. Instruction wasted, good advice spurned, good resolutions, etc., rose up before him; and one and all seemed to drag him downlost, lost, Lost for ever and for ever! a We all settled down to listen, and, af- moment since he dared to live, now he dared not to die. That awful horror lent "It was Christmas-eve, or rather him superhuman strength. Threading his way through the flames, which were struck, and the few people left in the now rising all round him, he crept down atreets were getting gradually fewer and as far as he could, and then grasping the fewer, till it seemed as though the police- broken handrail, swung himself over, and man and the walls would shortly have dropped as best he might, a depth of London to themselves. It was a bitter some fifteen feet into the hall below. cold night, and the snow was beginning Fearfully burnt, he had just strength-Most of the houses were dark still holding his burden in his arms-to and silent, though here and there lighted stagger into the street, and fell senseless

was seeing Christmas in, and in giving a life and death, in the intensest physical he has a wry looking face and a tusty merry welcome to the happy season. Out and mental agony. For most of the throat for rye. The handsomest speci of a brilliantly lighted house in one of time he was delirious, and haunted by men of the editorial ass, is the managing the West-end streets there came a young the memory of that awful moment when man, who looked as though he felt but standing on the brink of death, he had share of the general rejoicing. He looked over into the abyss of eternity. As arely twenty years of ago; but he regained his reason a new terror came. though so young, his cheeks were flushed over him, the dread of the con equences children of that beautiful city.

Philadelphia; which last accounts for unslung his pack, sat down upon it and the convulsions prevalent among the sighed. As he looked across the green and his gait unsteady with wine, and his of his crime. He never woke without face was contracted with a look of hope-fearing to find the officers of justice at mir. And little wonder! The his bedside, waiting to carry him before house which he had justleft was a noted the judge. But this last fear had lost aming house. He had been tempted by its former horror; being as it were, swallowed up in his overwhelming thankful ost—lost far more heavily than he could ness at having been saved from a far afford. One sin brings on another. In greater crime, the crime that knows no vain hope of recovering his losses—with the insane persuasion, common to all gamblers, that he must win in the end it has only been suffered by the could but play a little longer—he had taken without leave a large sum of his endure without flinching the shame and lost. And then all at one of his punishment. For some weeks, trutted was in the could be taken without he are the could be taken without flinching the shame and lost. And then all at one of his punishment. For some weeks, trutted was in the could be taken without he are the crime that knows no repeatance. On his bed of pain be prayed boiled e.g.s. Sambo went off to the kitch the waiter, and included in it two soft the waiter, and included in it two soft the waiter, and included in it two soft the change, and appeared to have some to boiled e.g.s. Sambo went off to the kitch as nover before—prayed with a penitent and thankful he art; and by the time he was ready to some time the endure without flinching the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks, trutted was a large sum of his punishment. For some weeks, the change, and appeared to have some the waiter, and included in it two soft to the kitch as nover before—prayed with a penitent and thankful he art; and by the time he was the waiter, and included in it two soft the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the countries of the change, and appeared to have some the change, and appeared to have some the change and imperior to the change, and appeared to have some the change and imperior to the c endure without flinching the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks the evil day was delayed; but at last, as he was beginning to regain strength, a visitor was announced, and his employer entered the room. With a beating beart, but still resigned, he felt that his hour was come, and nerved himself to meet it.

witnesses come forward to bear testi-mony to his crime; he could hear the voice of the judge pronounce sentence on the thief. He dared not meet the con-downcast eyes he told the story of his sequence of his sin; and in his mad de- sin, and waited to hear his sentence from spair, fearing to face the offended man, the man he had wronged. For a few he had resolved to rush, by suicide, into moments the good old man (God bless

brings sleep, whose waking is eternity. me this, very glad; although I knew it made these classic shades their haunt-With his hands clenched and his hat before. You have committed a great sin, ghosts real and flatitious. Among these crushed down upon his forehead, he was and you have suffered a heavy punishrushing madly on, when he heard a sound ment. Thank God, who in his mercy has dwelt in our memory from the narrative of shouting, and the tramp of galloping saved you from a far greater sin—a sin of the lamented artist, Washington Alls horses. He looked up, and saw that the sky above him was red with a lurid You have been through a firey trial; let lows: glare; and then a runner passed him with the terrible cry of "Fire!" A house truly 'purged in the fire. For your ofwas on fire in one of the streets through which he had to pass; and with a strange feeling of reprieve, he turned aside from the road to his death—to see the sight. He elbowed his way right and left at the pressure of his muscular arms. The no one except myself will ever know a dwellers in the burning house had been word of the matter. One thing, however, somehow got out, and now stood half you must promise me-never to enter a naked and shivering in the street. All, gambling house, -or stake money at

the burning building, and perishing with out his hand, "don't take it back, it is her little one. The father, wringing his just the way in which I want your promhands like one distracted, offered a thousand pounds to the firemen, if they would but rescue his child.

Let it way in which I want your promise ise. Upon your knnor, mind. It is tarnished now; let it be the labor of your but rescue his child.

And with God's help be did. He rose friend, and even made opportunities of "Don't go, sir, for God's sake! it's showing his confidence in him; and for 'Amen!' said the young man; and mind when Effic asked for a story—it awake. mostly is on Christmas-eve, and therefore I have told it to you.
"Who was the young man, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear, you know him very "But what became of the little girl that was saved, uncle? Is she still nlive

"My dears," said uncle Herbert, "the little girl is now your aunt Afice." Just then the firelight, which had grown dim, flickered up in a blaze. Aunt Alice bent over uncle. Herbert's hand and kissed it, and as she raised her head.

pouring from the windows below him low fever. During some days in April there no more," took one of the pistols was a sheet of flame. The burning stair as many as 400 died in a single day. On from beneath his pillow and fired it point case was the only road. Tying his hand one day nearly 1,000 corpses were kerchief round his mouth and nose, to waiting interment in the city cemetery. his way to the door. To his horror he laborers enough to prepare coffins, carry apparently invulnerable. Instansta heard a crash—one half of the staircase out the dead and bury them. As might neously the appalling belief came over the heard a crash-one half of the staircase out the dead and bury them. As might bodies remain in houses several days before they are discovered. Families are have abandoned their children through vulsions.

Rich and poor, alike, are stricken with the terrible manady. As a rule, the inhabitants taking refuge in the small, sleep upon the ground, paying as high as \$250 and \$500 rent per month for their miserable obodes.

duced in Indiana. The shortest vege- his untimely death. tates in Alabama at an elevation of 4 feet | This story has its moral. The mind 2 inches. The fattest man perspires under a of man is too delicate and complicated a flish weight of 398 pounds; three structure to be tampered with by experi-States claim the honor of his birth. The leanest weighs 98 pounds; being consid-be one's opinion of ghosts, it is danger ered "light paper," no State has come ous to consterfeit any thing of this kind has not missed saying a blessing after his the mind of another. meals but once in forty years, the excep-For many weeks he hovered between The wickedest is a satelite of the Sun; men of the editorial ass, is the managing writer of an Arkansas paper. The

During the winter of 1867, Hary McN., while acting in the capacity of commercial tourist, i. c. drummer, visited "Well Mass Boss, said Sambo, "I'll tell wave after wave of light against the hills, you; dem eggs nin't very fresh, and doy'll look better scrambled." Harry cancelled the order for hen fruit in toto. "Jim."—and the voice of the miner

The Harvard College Chost-

Old Harvard, in our time, though frequently troubled with spirits, suffered no annoyance whatever with ghosts. Sci away, and the increase of population had lett no secluded spot in all Cambridge suitable for a ghost's promenade. Still however, there linguished some old traditions of ghosts in former times, who had made these classic shades their hauntof the latter description, one has still

In those reunions which used so often to take place in the students' chambers. for conversation, cigar-smoking, and social enjoyment, the subject of ghosts had been very frequently discussed Some students from the country told long and dreadful stories, well authenticated by their grandmothers and maiden aunts, of real, veritable ghosts appearing in the old fashioned legitimate way, dressed in long white robes and making appalling revelations of crimes and hidden treasures, and then vanished instantlygoing off without beat of drum, and leaving the astonished and horrified spec:ator in the most pitiable state. To these narratives many of the stu

dent auditors would "seriously incline," while others counterfested belief, in order to induce the narrators to afford them more entertainment of the same sort. In fact, on one occasion the whole coterie, with a single exception, declared their unqualified belief in ghosts. The stories them; if you said a hundred thousand, from that bed, where for so many weeks it couldn't be done. The floors will fall he had lain in peril of his life, an altered that they had just heard were too accuman. His former friends wondered at rate, circumstantial, and authentic, to be the change, and declared that he had left doubted. There was no withstanding through the open door could be heard the roaring of the fire, which was fast gain and had scorched away the relish for must be some mistake. The thing was ing hold upon the staircase. A thought youthful follies. Having stood so awfully too absurd in itself to gain his belief. flashed across the young man's mind his near to death he had learnt to value life; He would never believe in ghosts till he should see one with his own eyes. As should be no longer terrible. And, so for fearing them "he would like to see

> One of his fellow students, as far from a real belief in surernatural appearances as himself, resolved, neverthe ess, to put

Accordingly on the next evening after that when this remarkable conversation took place, at a very late hour, he dre-sed himself up in white, and quietly glided into the chamber of his companion who was lying alone in his bed and wide

The ghost-student, knowing that his friend always slept with loaded pistols under his pillow, had previously taken said a childish voice. "liave we ever care to draw out the bullets from them : for he was too well acquainted with the impetous character of the other to doubt that he would use them on such an occasion. On the appearance of the spectre the hero sat up in bed and very deliberately took a survey of him, as well as the "struggling mombeam's misty light" shining in at the windows would permit The ghost glided across the room, and, standing before the bed, raised his hand, in an awful and menacing manner, ac cording to the most approved fashion of

During whole weeks there were scarcely grim figure, as before, immovable and be supposed, there is a great scarcity of mind of the unhappy beholder that he physicians and nurses, notwithstanding was actually in the presence of a spirit many have gone there from Montevideo, from the other world. All his preconand other cities. In many instances, ceived opinions-all his habits of thought, all his vaunted courage vanished at once. His whole being was changed; and he scattered, and in many instances parents in tantly fell into the most frightful con-

His companion, who had been watch ing the effect of his experiment, became alarmed in his turn, called in others from the entry who had participated in the mud-built huts outside the city, which are considered more safe. Here they and every appliance resorted to for his r covery. But it was all in vain. Convulsion succeeded convulsion; and the unfortunate youth never recovered suffi The tallest editor in the United States cient consciousness to be made aware of the trick that had been played upon him, is 6 teet 7 inches in height; he was pro- until the melancholy scene was closed by

forward to claim him. The most pious for the purpose of producing terror in

Very Cool.

A mountain trail-a parcow, fortuous difficult path. Two miners with their estates tied up in ropes and slong across their backs, scrambling wear ly up it expanse of the valley below, to the brown majesty of the opposite range, and over into the fathomless ether beyond, a look not of earth crept into his eyes, impress Wilmington, N. C, and stopped at one ing his face with something of the glory of the "first clars" hotels. At the break of the transfiguration. His companion fast table he gave an elaborate order to rough and hard though he was, observed persuasive tone, "Mass Boss, you'd better have dem cars scrambled. "What the d—I do you are supported by the persuasive tone, but the d—I do you are supported by the persuasive tone, but the d—I do you are supported by the just thousand feet below. The wind whise the d—I do you are supported by the just distinguishable marmar of the river a trotted again. In a few moments he tensified rather than broken by the just loomed in again, and remarked in a most distinguishable murmar of the river a the d-l do you mean?" roared Harry, the sun, daming grandly above, flung.

thoroughly know what was coming, and so declined to commit himself, or whether he had a delicate consciousness that to reply to such a question would imply a misconstruction of its purport, Jim main-tained a grave silence, merely shifting

Whether it was because he did not

his great hands alternately, the one above the other, upon the vertical handle of his pick. The uncertain light in the eyes of the speaker grew by impercepti-ble degrees into a positive gleam of intense longing, as he continued: "Jim, I'm not a feller to ask favors:

you know that. Ever since we two've been pardners, you've never knowed me to git a man to hold my dust while I attended to the cards, without my bein' willin to hold his'n the same. Now, pardner, I feel that I can't drift no further on this level, and I guess I've got to go down lower. But 'fore I go, want you to tell me, honest, who 'twas shot me that night at the fandango over to Spanish Camp. The thought that I was fired into by some stranger who wasn't a takin' no hand, and come near havin' my light couffed out by some one unbeknown to me, is not a good thought to die on. When I get down youder, and they ask me "who made this yer hole in yer back?" I'd like to tell 'em, so't they could spot him when he comes.
'Taint no case for human justice; we haven't got nothing invented yet as'd do right to him. And, Jim, don't you never go for him yourself; that man's too mean for killin'." The dying man ceas-ed, but Jim towed his head lower and lower over the pick handle in silence. and seemed struggling to suppress a sob. Finally he asked, in an almost in audible tone:

"Bill, are you quite sure you're playin' out fast ?

"I'm a coilin' up my riata, Jim." "How long mon't you last yet?" "Not more'n ten minutes at the out

Jim straightened himself upon his rock with a jerk. "Bill, I won't never get after that

feller-leastways, not till I commit sui-erde. I fired that shot that's a doin' for you!' Then, half apologetically: "I didn't know you then. Bill, or I shouldnt a shot without singin' out to you that I was on it."

That extremely moribund miner rose to his feet; more properly, there was a vast upheaval of his frame, which seemed to expand at every point as it finally towered aloft like a blasted cedar:

"Jim," he flamed out, "board's a fair play; and ever since we two've been pardners you never knowed me to take back a eard. But in saying what I did about human justice, I throwed away a queen when I knowed I held a right bower. Jim, I take back that play; I'm after your scalp, pardner?" The spot is still pointed out to the traveler.

Heroism and Crueity.

A most touching instance of heroism, and one of the most atrocious acts of eruelty, the truth of which is vouched for by the most re-pectable authority. occurred during the Columbia struggle for independence.

beg the life of his father, then a prisoner in Morillo's comp. "What can you do to save your father?" asked the General. "I can do but little ; but what I can shall be done.

Morillo seized the tittle fellow's ear, Would you suffer your ear to be taken

off to procure your father's life ?" "I certainly would," was the undaunted reply.

A soldier was acordingly called, and

ordered to cut off the ear with a single stroke of the knife. The boy wept, but did not resist while the barbarous order was executed. "Would you lose your other ear rather

than fail in your purpose?" was the next question. "I have suffered much, but for my father I can suffer still," was the an-

swer of the boy. The other ear was taken off piece meal, without flinching on the part of the noble boy. "And now go !" exclaimed Morillo.

untouched by his sublime courage; "the father of such a son must die. In the presence of his agonized and vainly suffering son, the patriot father was executed. Never did a life picture exhibit such truthful lights and shades in national character, sucl deep, treach erous villainy, such lofty, enthusiast e heroism!

The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the act of July 14, 1870, abolishes the exemption heretofore pro vided for the apothecaries, under paragraph thirty three, section seventy-nine, of the act of Congress of June 30, 1864 This paragraph, which it is decided has cen repealed, provided that apo becaries who had taken out a license as such should not be required to take out a license as retail dealers of liquor in conequence of selling alcohol. Under the lecision it would appear that apothecars after April 30 must take out license as retail dealers in liquors.

It is said that Hornce Greeley one attempted to do up a fashiomble part after the Jenkins style, and wrote as fo lows: "Mrs. John Buchanan was ususually charming, with orange blogsoms, it her hair, decollette dress and long trait. Horace was absent and failed to read the proof sheet, when what was the lady-indignation on reading, next morning: "Mrs. Buchanan was continually chura ing with an ourangoutang fastened to her bair, a discolored o, e, and in her shirt tail!"

Dollinger is now as much a name interest in the spostolic world as that of Deringer in the pistolic. One of our religious cotemporaries hopes the Dolinger movement won't prove a "fash in the pan." NEW TO-DAY.



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a number of the paintal symptoms, and the ele-springs of Dyspepsia.

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FOR SKIN DISEASES, Propious, Totter, fait Elecum, Biotolius, Spota, I impics, Practice, Boils, Carbancles, Elias-Wo, ms, Teal-Jeal, Forseys, Ins, Elias-Wo, ms, Carl-Jeal, Forseys, Ins, Elias Hell, Scurch, Diseaserations of the Skin, Hamors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever same or nature, and literally ding up andcarried ont of the system in a chore time by the use of these Ditters. One bottle is such cases will convince the most incredulous of their constitue officets.

Cleanse the Vitisted Blood whenever you and its importation barraing through the skin in Pin-

Classo the Vitisted Blood whenever you and its imparities bursting through the sain in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you and it obstructed and sluggish it the voins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are off-ctually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read correlly the circular around each bottle.

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the treble was very wirey to ned compared with the "ARION." "ARION."

What makes them still more desirable is their uniform volume of tone, which enables an Artist to perform a composition in its true character.

In total, I can conscientionsly endorse all that is claimed by the Arion Piano - Forte Company for their superb instruments, as I consider them superior to any other make.

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