LOVE'S EVENING STAR.

Oh, welcome to the sunny May,
When opening buds reveal the flowers,
And all around melodiously
Sweet matins fill the vernal bowers;
It brings again that blissful hour
The brightest far of life to me,
When, fondly pressing heart to heart,
We felt love's thrilling ecstasy.

The dew of love was on thy cheek;
Its gems of pearl were in thine eyes,
As from thy ruby tinted lips
Came forth the sweet, consenting sighs.
'Twas new born joy that made thee weep,
And every tear was sanctified;
Two hearts were melted into one
When heaven gave thee to be my bride.

Ah, when I fondly called thee mine,
And fervently thy vows were given,
The words were caught from off thy lips
And echoed to the ear of heaven;
And he who ever deigns to bless
When guileless love implores his aid
Made record of the holy bonds
And bless'd the union he had made.

Through all the days till frosty age
Thy love has grown more sweet and dear,
As it has brightened all the way,
A charm and solace ever near;
And now, when near life's evening close,
How beautiful the day declines!
As earthly scenes are growing dark
Love's evening star more brightly shines;
—Rev. Sidney Dyer in New York Ledger.

UNCLE PETE.

Uncle Pete was ruminating. However, this was nothing new, as he had done but little else since the time he was a mite of a darky, watching the sparks fly up from the burning log heaps scattered over "old master's" new ground and die away in the dusky spring evening. He would sit upon a stump with the dark, freshly plowed ground about him giving forth odors of earth and torn green roots, while the frogs in the shallow shining branch, marked with willows, sang a happy, monotonous refrain.

His kinks were turning from black to gray and many a problem as knotty as his wool and just as powerless to be straightened had passed through his brain. His great passion was wealth—'twas the only thing he cared for. He had dreamed of it in boyhood—it seemed a pity those log heap sparks were not real gold—had striven for it in his way in manhood, and now that old age had begun to pay court to him in a sly and wholly unaccountable manner he still dreamed of and strove for wealth. When a boy he would grasp every peculiar looking rock lying in his path, with the hope that it might bring him a fortune. The sun glancing on a piece of glass would cause his lazy legs to move faster than was customary, for perhaps it might be a nugget of gold lying there especially for him. But he found to his disappointment many times that "all was not gold that glittered."

Uncle Peter had never been taught to read, and was too lazy to work hard. In fact, he shirked dreadfully. Like "ole Brer Rabbit" in those wondrous days when animals were gifted with speech—the recital of which fills every childish heart with the pleasantest emotions—he did all of the grunting and comparatively no work. He lived with old master's grandson, Marse Bob, as a cropper, and invariably came out in debt to him on an average of $40 a year. Each Christmas Marse Bob would storm at him and threaten to send him away, but Uncle Peter was sly and would "lay low" until Marse Bob's sweet little wife drove all angry thoughts from his mind, and then he began to put in his best work, usually making sundry suggestions "'bout de fattening horgs," and ashes, salt, sulphur and copperas for the horses, mules and colts, until Marse Bob finally finished a contract with him almost before the thought of beginning had entered his mind. It would burst upon him each time like a thunderbolt, and with an internal groan began the turning of new leaves. But those leaves became dog-eared with too little turning and much fingering. So Uncle Peter lived on at his kind benefactor's, with his progeny of grandchildren and one unmarried daughter, the idol of his heart.

Uncle Peter was ruminating on this warm, damp January day. The prospect from his cabin door did not invite very pleasant thoughts, but he was paying no attention to the gloom.

The clouds hung wet and gray over the fields, roads and pine grove, which was the only green spot in sight. A maul lay before the fire hardening for the next day's work—splitting rails. That was nothing to Uncle Peter, either, for he knew very well, the sinner, he would get out of half his work by sharpening wedges for the other hands, making himself uselessly useful.

"Now, if I could dig into dat gully and fine a gole mine, wouldn't I be rich?" he mused. "Gret big peeses, big as my fists—den I could set up at the big 'ouse like folks, and not work my poor ole self to deth," sighing, as he got up to turn his maul. "But den dat's Marse Bob's land, s'pose 'twould be his gole. Nor dat ain't right, neither. What I fine is mine. Ef I was to fine a quarter out yonder, I reckin it would be my quarter, and dat gole mine would too." So soared his thoughts to a realm where roads were lined with gold instead of red mud, and palaces in the places of pine trees faced them, and he was the richest of all in that country. He was awakened from those yellow toned reveries by some one hollowing: "Peter, you Peter-r, why don't you answer me?"

"Sir?" rousing himself and standing in his doorway to see Marse Bob on the fence some distance away.

"What are you doing?"

"Burning my maul for to-morrow."

"Well, you can do that to-night. You always get mighty smart at the wrong time, anyway. Go on to the house and help the other boys shuck corn."

Uncle Peter got up and crossed the field with reluctant footsteps, while Marse Bob growled to himself on the laziness of the "colored race" in general.

Sunday morning came and with it guests at the big house as usual. Uncle Peter went up to black boots and build fires, as was his custom—one he adopted himself and one he invariably kept. Marse Bob's wife's brother was there, and as Peter came in he asked:

"What kind of weather, Peter?"

"Lubly, sir, lubly," was the reply he always gave, no matter what the weather might be. Hot or cold, wet or dry, Sunday morning was always "lubly" to Uncle Peter.

"Where did you get that shirt, Peter?" came Frank's lazy tones from the depths of a feather bed, from where he could just see Peter, whose shoes were shining brighter than his ebony face, sitting on the woodbox rubbing away with brush and blacking for all he was worth.

"Bought it!" with a proud glance.

"You ought to be a good citizen with such a shirt as that on. Let me see! Stars all over and a striped sailor collar. Stars and stripes, pretty good!" Uncle Peter gave a complacent smile as Frank spoke in a half sleepy, half mischievous tone.

"How's crops? Going to get rich this fall, aren't you?"

"Well, mebbe so," brightening up.

"Do you think so? I can't say, but I know one thing, you would like to have a smile," as Peter placed both shoes side by side, and shut up the blacking box.

"Uncle Pete's black features lighted up in quite a marvelous manner as Frank offered him what he loved next to money.

"Yes, sar, deed I would, sar," bowing and rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Hand me that flask on the table. Now, here is your smile," detaching the silver drinking cup from the bottom of the flask and pouring the clear red liquid into it, which ran out with a jolly gurgle from the mouth of the bottle.

"You drink fust, Marse Frank."

"Oh no, Peter, I never drink. I carry it about in case of an accident."

"Well," smacking his black lips and wrenching the cup from the pitcher of water, "if I owned dat dream accidents would be forebber happning," grinning and bowing himself out. He turned his steps toward the kitchen after leaving Frank's room. There he sat himself down to wait for the coffee pot. This coffee pot was a great consolation to Uncle Peter; he never went to his work without first draining it, even eating the grounds. It was too good to waste. He was a great deal more likely to be on hand when breakfast was over than most of the family when it was ready.

* * * * * *

It was raining—and not only raining, but pouring—and had been for an hour. Uncle Peter sat in front of his huge fireplace, which was filled with burning logs, and nodded, while mammy pieced up a quilt with colors so startling, such as pink and yellow, side by side, or green and blue with each other vied. Their pride and delight, a piece of ebony impudence done up in checked homespun, sat by the little window reading. Laboriously she spelled out the words, more laboriously absorbed their meanings. Now and then mammy would give a grunt or "dat's so," sometimes coming in at the most absurd times, for she never understood what Angeline was reading; there was such an interval between each word, the one had escaped her memory before the other was called out.

Uncle Peter still nodded and bobbed his head around dangerously at times, for it did seem that it would pop off. He was thoroughly awake all at once. What was that?

"How to get r-i-c-h. rich," drawled Angeline. Uncle Peter was all excitement in a moment and exclaimed feverishly, "Read on, nigger!" Angy looked up astonished; she was not accustomed to being addressed that way by her admiring father:

"Write to J-a-m-e-s H-a-r-l-i-n-g, Harling, C-o-r-t-l-a-n-t Cortlent street, New York; I dunno what dat street means after dat word. It can't spell nuthin' corden to my notion. I reckin it must mean, ah, I dunno. Hit was jist got thar by mistake, dat's hit. Dat typewriter got jess a little too much onto dat."

"Ugh, humph!" assented Uncle Peter indifferently; but his little black eyes were sparkling, and after a while he got up, stretched and looked at the elements. They were clearing up a little; so putting on his great coat, which struck his "dumpity" little figure about the heels, he sallied forth to the preacher's, his dearest friend and closest ally. He found him at home making foot mats, as he usually did in wet weather.

"Howdy does" being over Uncle Peter set forth in a most cautious manner to feel around and learn what the preacher thought of the scheme he had hidden in the back part of his head.

"Brer Hambleton, does you reckin you will ebber git rich workin' 'mongst dem shucks?"

"What! git rich? I ain't a-working fur riches; I am workin' fur de Lord. Ef he wants me to get rich he will make me, I reckin. And anudder thing, I never thought about it," replied the unworldly old fellow.

"Well, ef you will juss read here in dis newspaper you'll see sumpin," pulling it out of his pocket.

"What's it 'bout?"

"Gittin' rich," dropping his voice to a whisper. Brother Hambleton pulled out his brass rimmed glasses, put them on his nose and grasped the paper. He scanned it closely for a while, and then said: "Hit must be this here. 'Riches air very desirable things, but there is something more desirable yet, and that is health. Now, this can be obtained by taking Green Leaf Tonic' "——

"Hole on, Brer Hambleton, you ain't readin' the right one; leastways it don't sound like dat whut Angeline read," exclaimed Uncle Peter in some alarm. Was the fortune which seemed in his grasp to run through his fingers like so much water, only leaving them damp as a sign it had been there?

"Well, how did it start, Brother Peter?" asked the Reverend Benjamin Hambleton, looking over his glasses in a grave manner, as much as to say, "Brother Peter, I'se afraid you'se had a very large smile dis day, and you dreamed dat thing."

"Oh, I don't 'zactly mermemble, but hit wusn't dat, and I heered her read it sho'," with some excitement. "Look again, Brer Hambleton." Benjamin Hambleton once again looked over the paper and then was about to give it up in despair when a little advertisement in the ten cent column caught his eye. He read it out and Uncle Peter almost wept for joy as he heard the sentence he thought he should never hear again.

"Now, what do you propose to do?" inquired Benjamin Hambleton.

"I says fer you to write to dat man and see whut he says. "We'll share profits. Of course you kin have mos' haff," generously.

"Mos' haff," indignantly. "Mos' haff, when I does all de writin' and reading? No, sir! I gits whole haff or not write."

"All right, all right," hurriedly as visions of a lost fortune again float before him. Amiability being restored, they worked and plotted together like old cronies should. The letter was written and posted; they had only to wait a week or two before they could dress up and live like folks in the big 'ouse. Uncle Peter began to wear "the biggest" air imaginable. He became lazier than ever and plagued Marse Bob almost out of his wits. The negroes all wondered what had got into Uncle Peter. He usually bade them good morning in the pleasantest manner, but now it was with the condescension of a monarch. Angeline was no longer the "apple of his eye." She found herself not noticed at all, and thereby became sulky and switched about more than ever while she walked. But it all was lost upon Uncle Peter. He was going to get rich in his old age, and that was all he wanted. He dreamed of it at night, and went a-day dreaming over it too.

Uncle Peter was too talkative, however, to let his secret remain one longer than a few days. He had no idea he had "let the cat out of the bag," but before one week had expired all the negroes on the plantation knew he had discovered a method for getting rich, and all were on the qui vive for discovery, but they did not let Uncle Peter have an inkling of their intentions.

One Saturday afternoon as the clouds in the west began to lose some of their exquisite coloring, for night was creeping on, all of the hands, Uncle Peter included, had gathered about the back door of the big house. All eyes were centered upon Marse Bob, who stood on the stone steps with a stone jug in one hand and a cup in the other. Every face was wreathed in smiles at the thought of a dram. As Marse Bob poured out the liquid which ran with such a good old sound, "So good, good, good, good," it seemed to say, he talked and gave much good, good, good, good advice while he distributed it around. The darkies had just wiped their mouths on their coat sleeves preparatory to leaving, when a little negro boy came up with the mail. Marse Bob glanced over it hastily, and called out:

"Hallos, here, Peter—a postal for you."

"Yas, sir," responded Uncle Peter, stepping up with happy expectation in his tones and movements.

"Shall I read it for you?" with a twinkle in his eyes, for he had read it while speaking, and had heard something of Peter's boasting lately.

"Yas, sir, s'pose you do," responded Peter, who was feeling generous after his smile. He didn't care just then if all the darkies in Christendom knew how to get rich.

Marse Bob cleared his throat, while all the hands turned around to hear what Uncle Peter's correspondent had to say.

"How to get rich.—Eat nothing, wear nothing, and work like old Nick."

There was a shout of laughter from every pair of lips save Uncle Peter's. He was dumb with disappointment and rage. He said not a word, but turned away and walked off "a sadder and a wiser man."

* * * * * *

It is a month later. Riches are never mentioned by Peter now. He is cured. His fellow workmen plagued his poor old life almost out of him, until one morning he turned like a wounded lion at bay and made them all fly. Since that time he has lived in peace. A curious coolness grew up between him and the preacher at one time, but the genial nature of both old darkies has thawed that out, and they are the same old cronies, only they never speak of wealth to each other.—Mrs. E. M. Stewart in Atlanta Constitution.

The Value of Sleep.

Gen. Lord Wolseley, England's leading soldier, is a man of simple and abstemious habits, and is an emphatic advocate of sleep. When he is his own master he goes to rest between 10 and 11 and is up before 6. He is a sound sleeper, and can sleep at almost any time and under any circumstances, which is no doubt one great secret of success; for in war, as in politics, the man who cannot sleep might as well retire from the running. "You cannot put in your time more profitably than in sleeping," Lord Wolseley says, and the saying is one that may well be taken to heart by all hard workers. As long as you can sleep you can always renew your strength. It is when sleep fails that your balance at the bank of life is cut off.—Best Things.

The Value of Armor in War Ships.

The value of armor has been a matter constantly discussed since its first introduction. So long as it remained, as it did for a time, superior to the attack of the gun its desirability was certain, but when the race began between the two the gun early seized and maintained the lead. From that time to the present advocates of the abolition of armor have been very numerous. They compare the state of affairs with that which existed prior to the disuse of personal armor, but so long as armor can be so arranged as to protect certain vital points it is probable that it will be so used. Still there are some good arguments in support of decumbrassement—to use a French word that is particularly expressive.—New York Herald.

Pull Down the Blinds.

To all secret societies with Venetian blinds inside their windows: See that the slats are turned carefully down before initiating a candidate, or somebody across the street will have as much fun out of the ceremony as the members.—Chicago Tribune.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing sixty hands in that department. They are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1892 will be more than 10,000,000, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Hollandic, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1892 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

The Recording Angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his gravestone.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Leans away from superstition and blind idolatry of isms and ics—allopathic included. It leans to and universal, all-sisterning law; towards facts, not fancies. It leans towards immutable principles and invulnerable truth, and away from superannuated authority, organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "belated crabs," but being born of darkness and fear—twin sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer withstand the civilizing influence of advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dying a Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of investigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science (?) extant now—to have survived to this late day! But where was the reform to come from? It is not only passe to attempt reform, it is outright dangerous. It requires a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left their bleaching bones as a warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic;" in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every duck intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploma when your diploma is on file in the courthouse under the very eyes of the slanderers. All this is caused by besotted ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histogenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x4 problem, or they are mental sluggards and cannot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In either case their opinions are as valuable as that of Puget Sound oysters.

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