

LOVE'S EVENING STAR.

Oh, welcome to the sunny May,
When opening buds reveal the flowers,
And all around melodiously
Sweet strains 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;
The 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 blessed 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 dorky; 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 Pete had never been taught to read, and was too lazy to work hard. In fact, he shirked dreadfully. Like "ole Bver Rabbit" in those wondrous days when animals were gifted with speech—the recital of which fills every childish heart with the pleasant 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 Pete 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 hogs," and ashes, salt, sulphur and copperas for the horse, 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 so Uncle Pete lived on at factor's, with his progeny and one unmarried of his heart.

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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 hollering: "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 mail 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 Pete 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 Pete 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 Pete.

"Where did you get that shirt, Peter?"

same 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 Pete 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 fast, Marse Frank."

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

"Well," snatching his black lips and wrenching the cup from the pitcher of water, "if I owned dat dream accidents would be foreberr happening," grinning and bowing himself out. He returned 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 Pete; 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 Pete 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 Angelina was reading; there was such an interval between each word, the one had escaped her memory before the other was called out.

Uncle Pete 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 rich, rich," drawled Angelina. Uncle Pete 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, Har-ling, Co-r-t-i-a-n-t Cortient street, New York; I dunno what dat street means after dat word. It can't spell nuthin corden to my notion. I reckon 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."

"Teh, humph!" assented Uncle Pete

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 "dumpty" 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 reckon you will ebber git rich workin' 'mongst dem shucks?"

"Whut! git rich? I ain't a-workin' fur riches; I am workin' fur de Lord. Ef he wants me to get rich he will make me, I reckon. And anudder thing, I never thought about it," replied the unworried 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; lastways it don't sound like dat what Angelina 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 see afraid you had a very large smile dis day, and you dreamed dat thing."

"Oh, I don't 'zactly mermemle, but hit wasn'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 what he says. 'We'll share profits. Of course you kin have mos' half,' 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 made them good morning in the pleasantest manner, but now it was with the condescension of a monarch. Angelina 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 darkeys 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: "Halloo, 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 darkeys 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 darkeys 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 out 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 decurissement—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 blinds 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.

An Open Question.

Teddy—Mamma, don't Quakers take off their hats?

Mamma—No, my dear; their belief is such that they will not uncover their heads.

Teddy—Then how do they get their hair cut?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Easily Answered.

Little Marjorie has an inquiring mind. She is pursuing her education according to the Socratic method—of question and answer—and keeps the older members of the family pretty well employed.

"Oh, papa," she cried, running after that busy man, as he was just starting for his office, "wait just a minute, please; I have two very important questions I want to ask you."

"I can't stop now, Marjorie," said her father. "I'm in a great hurry this morning."

"It won't take you but just a minute to answer them, papa," pleaded Marjorie, "for you always know about everything."

"Well, what are they?" asked papa, not quite proof-against this flattery, though his hand was on the doorknob.

"I knew you'd wait," said Marjorie, in triumph; "and all I want you to tell me is, how they make condensed milk, and who were Abraham's forefathers, please?"

"Ask your mamma, Marjorie," said her father, as he fled from the house.—Youth's Companion.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.



THIS BOY HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF WHALEN'S SHIELD CHEWING TOBACCO, HE NO LONGER RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO ROB ONE OF OUR GERMAN-AMERICAN CITIZENS OF HIS CHEWING TOBACCO.

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