BY A. CHESSMORE.

"Hullo, Uncle Dave! Good for you! Bess and I were just aching for some-thing to turn up. Walk right in!" And the old gentleman was seized and ushered into the hall with impetuous hospitality.

"Clarence, how rude!" protested a second voice, "But, uncle, we are glad to see you; the folks have gone to the sociable, and our lessons are all learned, thank goodness!" And a bright young face was eagerly raised for the kiss that, you may be sure, was not grudgingly

Uncle Dave was a great favorite with both nephew and niece, and he was soon snugly settled between the two upon the library sofa.

"Well, Bessie, what is to be the order of exercises to-night?" he asked, as with a sly hand he released a mass of curls that tumbled in a shining cataract over her shoulders.

"Disorder, you mean," was the quick retort, as she caught the daring hand and slapped it vigorously. "First of all, we must contrive a plan for keeping you quiet. Clarence, what was father saying about uncle this morning?"

"Do you mean when I was reading up In parlor magic for our party next week?"
"Yes."

"He told me to ask him about his adventure with Satan. Oh, uncle, tell it to us now, won't you? Please do! Please!"

"So I am to be kept quiet by being made to do all the talking; good! But, chicks, it is against my principles to frighten children with ghost stories."
"Chicks! Children!" Bessie remon-strated. "Why, even Clarence is more

than half-past twelve, and I am two years and ten weeks older. Besides, this isn't to be a ghost story, exactly. We shall neither faint nor shriek, shall we,

Clarence laughed derisively as he ran to the table and turned down the light; then, regaining his end of the sofa heannounced:

'All ready." "Well, if I must, I must," sighed Uncle Dave; and in a grave voice, that contrasted strangely with his previous ban-ter, he began: "It was back in the thirties. Our grand old State of Iowa was not yet born, and your father and I had come to grow up with the country. Shokokon had just sprouted, and her one forlorn tavern was so overcrowded that we were forced to find quarters in the upper story of a primitive warehouse."

I know, I know," cried Clarence. "I've heard papa tell all about it. Every man slept in a bunk with the bedclothes nailed at the foot, so that he had but to kick them off in the morning, and haul them back again at night-what fun! I wish I had lived in those days; oh, don't

"Clarence, be still !" exclaimed Bessie. "It is very impolite to break in in that way. Go on, uncle dear."

"We were forced," repeated Uncle Dave, with deepening solemnity, "to lodge in a ramshakle affair called by courtesy a warehouse. A lank, towleaded young giant named Johann loethe Boltz roomed with us, but we didn't mind that; the accommodations

"Yes," Bessie assented, "it's a standing joke with father that his boudoir at that time was more spacious than elegant, Later on, I remember, it sheltered a halfdozen families of Irish immigrants; and one day an up-river steamer landed at the levee close by, with a couple of babies conspicuous among the passengers thronging the guards, which prompted three of the warehouse mammas to exhibit at a window a trio of 'darlints.' The people on the boat responded at once by producing a quartette, and the competition went briskly on until the triumphant steamer paddled off amid the wildest enthusinsm.

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Clarence. "Very impolite, et cetera, et cetera. Go on, uncle dear.

Uncle Dave seemed in no way put out by these interruptious, but he now resumed in a tone so serious, so impressive, that his vivacious audience was at last awed into silence.

"One night," he said, "about a month after the sign, 'Brent Brothers, Carpenters,' had been hoisted in Shokokon, I was busy at the shop shaving down a lot of split shingles. Your father had gone with his gun, just after sunset, to look up a wild turkey roost located in the timber a mile back of town. Nine o'clock had just struck when the door was hurriedly opened, there came a rush of

wind, and-puff! all became dark. "'Who's there?" I cried, as the door

shut with a bang. "No reply. I felt for the candle and relighted it. Boltz, trembling from head to foot, stood facing me, his look haggard, his hue that of ashes.

'What's the matter?" I gasped. 'Has Hal shot himself?

"A slight shake of the head was his

only answer.

Well, then, what alls you? "His lips parted, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. He was the most terror-stricken man I ever saw. Drawing near, I grasped his arm and shook it roughly; this aroused him. He pulled himself together, gulped down the lump in his throat, and began speaking rapidly, though huskily, in German, accompanying his words with extravagant gestures. I whistled, and he, recollecting himself, stopped abruptly, groaned in despair, and then tried English. It dawned upon me at last that he thought he had just escaped from the devil, who, he firmly believed, had made away with

your father. "I had heard Boltz called 'the supernaturalist' by some of the town's folk;

now I knew why,
"He explained, as well as fright and broken English would let him, that shortly before, on entering the deserted lower story of our abode, and beginning to grope his way to the stairs at the rear, he had been horrified by the sight of an indescribable something which he was sure was the foul fiend himself, who had secured Hal, your father, and now lurked there for us.

"His terror was too real to be ridiculed so I just slipped into my coat and pre pared to go to the warehouse.

"Nein! nein! Du must nicht! Du must nicht? he implored, and I saw by the dying candle that he was actually in

tears.
"I persisted, however, and he threw himself desperately before the door. His herculean height towered above me, but I more than matched him in breadth, and easily put bim aside.

"I passed out, and, as I had expected, he followed, but whether from devotion to me or the fear of being left alone in the shop, who shall say? You see the candle had burned down, and a low, continuous growl in the southwest told of a coming storm.

"Our goal was near; we were soon there. As I pushed open the door Jo-hann had neglected to fasten, I felt his breath on my cheek, his hand on my shoulder. He was in such a tremor that his touch thrilled, as it were, my entire being, and I still shuddered after I had shaken myself free.

"The room before us was eighty feet or more in depth, and appeared gloomy even at noonday, being lighted but by a single window in front. It now yawned as black as a dungeon, as silent as death. We hesitated at the threshold; then Johann's quick breath suddenly ceased, and at the same instant I beheld a huge eye glaring at us wickedly from a remote

"Sinbad's giant," whispered Clarence.
"Polyphemus," Bessie echoed. Both nestled closer. Uncle Dave went

"I felt queer, there was no denying it. But,' thought I, 'if, as Tom Campbell says, distance lends enchantment, then a view at close range must clear up the mystery.' I advanced.

"The eye moved as though to meet me half way. I halted involuntarily and glanced back. Johann still stood in the doorway; I could dimly trace the upper portion of his giant figure thrust through the aperture. He was evidently spell-bound. Turning, I grasped my courage in both hands, so to speak, and again started forward. The eye changed its tactics. Gleaming malignantly, it began now to move slowly from side to side; back and forth, back and forth,

like a restless wild beast in its cage." Clarence's hand slid into that of his

"As the space narrowed between us," the latter continued, "the eye became fixed, then gradually sank down, down, as though its invisible owner were crouching to spring. I once more paused irresclute, raised instinctively a protecting arm, then, ashamed, let it drop by my side. As I did so, the apparition shot up with incredible swiftness, and I, tripping on a loose plank, measured my length on the floor, striking as I fell a pile of boxes adjacent, and slightly gashing my head.

"I regained my feet in a moment, Johann had fied. My courage had now risen, and clutching a crowbar that chanced to stand within reach, I was ready for anything.

"The evil genius confronting me was no longer an eye; a near view had dis-pelled that illusion. It was too large, to begin with, and lacked color. It looked

"Its activity, however, left little doubt of its being alive. True, the dread object had not pursued me, had scarcely ventured as yet beyond its lair; but it tions—every human heart in the long seemed to be fully aroused, and glided ages of the future will feel an inspirastealthily this way and that. I felt it it meditated an immediate attack.

"I resolved to be first. Setting my teeth, and swinging aloft my club of iron, I bore down on the foc.

"My action was the signal for a new freak on its part, more strange, more appalling, than anything that had yet transpired. It now began revolving with amazing velocity, round and round, round and round, in ever contracting

"My heart beat like a death-watch; the moisture drenched my brow; but on, on I strode, and faster, faster it flew.

"The crisis had come, and-whiz!straight at my head! I struck savagely. missed, dodged; a lurid light was about me; a yell-"

Here a great crash drowned Uncle Dave's voice. The children clung to him, panic-stricken.

"What's that?" they cried. Then, Bessie, reproachfully, "Uncle Dave! did you kick over those library steps?"

Clarence sat up with a jerk. "It's a sell !" he ejaculated. "But the

evil genius, the apparition, the eyel What was it, uncle?" "Punk," Uncle Dave answered.

"Punk!"

"Punk : your father had stumbled on a rare piece in the woods, and not finding the wild turkies, hastened home to make game of two precious geese."

"And Herr Boltz, did he never come back?" queried Bessie.

"Comeback!" he was back in less than ten minutes, with half the town at his heels. Poor fellow!" added Uncle Dave, retrospectively. "The nickname of 'Punk' stuck to him until '49, when, with many another, he was carried off by the California fever."

"So papa was Satan," Clarence mused, "Look here, my boy," objected Uncle Dave, "I didn't say that. Come to think of it, though, the theory accounts for your being so impish."

Clarence sprang from the sofa, righted the steps, and turned up the light. "Come, uncle," he coaxed, "let's play tiddledy winks."

A Resson for It. He caught her to his manly bosom with a wild, impetuous, tumultuous, tempestnous hug and held her there for as much

"What a slugger you are," she said admiringly as he released her.
"And why shouldn't I be," he replied

proudly, taking a velvet case from his pocket, "haven't I brought the prize ring with me?" She opened the case joyfully and her eyes rested upon a solitaire which was

One-quarter of the people die before the age of 6; ene-half before 16.

really a corker.

WASHINGTON'S FIRTHDAY.

EXTRACT FROM E. J. BOWMAN'S ELO-QUENT ADDRESS ON NIGHT 22ND OF FEBRUARY, REQUESTED TO BE PUBLISHED.

We participate with pleasure in oc-casions of this sort. We can speak with pride and pleasure at the career of our Country; another such country as the world does not possess. There is no room for another such Country, The discovery by Christopher Colum bus was the last final climax of all discoveries. It was held in reservation by the God of nations through all the night of the Centuries when America was to untold the grandest possibilities known to our race. Other nations have risen and sunk like bubbles on the ocean wave, and their missions were not the character of ours They have come and gone like phantoms that flit across our pathway. Many have been of no use to the world's ad vancement. Many have been such that it would be better if they had never been born. They lived and died in the night of despotism. Their careers have been marked by bloodshed, slaughter, oppression. There were individual characters among them that bore no affinity to them, because they loved the freedom and redemption of the race. We can look back through the night of the centuries and find them stringing their lyres and singing of liberty; but liberty did not come. It was but an idle dream to them, a mere hallucination; something thought of but never realized. One nation is conspicuous in history for its love of liberty, Greece.

Another nation, Rome, sets us a warning example. She was a Republic for several centuries; her people lost their grip, and Rome became a bloody despotism.

Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Pyrrhus. Hannibal, Napoleon were powerful and ambitious, but they never fought for the amelioration of mankind. They left the human family no better than hey found it. We must turn to our country to find a name that will remain, illustrious bright and undecaying when these others have mouldered into dust. It is hardly worth while to mention it. It is on the lips of every school boy. He it was who stood upon the mountain tops of the centuries and saw the light of liberty dawning upon the world. I tell you the name of Washington is as endurable as the summits of our mountains and the rocks that lie in their ravines and line their base. Washington's name would have lived no longer than ancient warr ors, had ambition and the lust for power been his actuating and ruling motives. There was something higher and nobler in his make up. His sword was drawn in freedom's cause and the rights of man When brass and marble crumble that name will live as bright as the firmament of stars that shine in the dark blue canopy of God! live in the hearts of unborn generations-every human heart in the long tion at the mention of his name. He is the great central figure of our humanity. The 22nd of February will never die as long as our language is

spoken and while liberty endures. We cannot in this connection fail to allude to the great struggle for the perpetuity of liberty and the Union. There are dark spots on the sun and bright EARNED spots on our earth -- Antietam, Fredericksburg, Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg and a host of other battiefields. Through four battle burdened years arose and fell like the waves of the sea, the stars and stripes, till at last they hung in brightness and glory over fallen and dismantled Richmond and at Apromattox Court House. It there looked as if it had been dipped in the fountains of the morning and the hand of God had placed it there.

If there is anything that will live undimmed upon the ocean of time it will not be some mound of crumbling brick work, some monument of mausoleum dedicated to the memory of the aspiring and ambitious soldier merely, but it will be a monument consecrated to the memory of a Wash-

What tongue can tell the grand possibilities that is out in front of us if we are only faithful and posterity is

true to her own interests. No eloquence can portray, no imagmation conceive, no conjecture approach, no supposition surmise, the glorious destiny that awaits the American people and the American nation. May the rainbow of promise never fade from our political horizon and the stars of hope never grow dim.

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—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa. 3 18 2t

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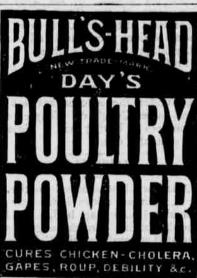
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matter with my bwain," said Cholly.

"Wheah is youah bwain, deah boy?"
asked his bosom friend, Dirkey.

"I can't find out—that's what the doctah said was the matter with it."—

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