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The Heavens Declare His Glory.

Some time since a clergyman complained to his astronical friend that so little interest seemed to be taken in his sermons that he was inclined to abandon his profession. "Did you ever speak of the wisdom and power of the Almighty as seen in the movements of the heavenly bodies?" said the astronomer. The preacher admitted he had not. "Try them on that." A week later the clergyman called upon his friend and said, "I preached yesterday as you advised, and some of the audience, forgetting they were in God's house, actually applauded me."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Examiner—Can you give me an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?

Candidate—Yes; when the court asks a female witness how old she is.—*Texas Siftings.*

The evil of bribery often begins in the home circle and in the nursery. Parents should never bribe their children. Teach them to do that which is right because it is right, and not because of the penny or the orange you will give them.—*Talmage.*

TEACHER—"Johnnie, what part of speech is nose?" Johnnie—"'Taint enny." "Ah, but it must be." "Mebbe your'n is because you talk through it, but the only part o' speech that I've got is my mouth."

TEACHER—"What was there remarkable about the battle of Lookout?" Little Dick (at the foot of the class)—"It caused bangs on the brow of a mountain."

TEACHER—"Johnny, was George Washington married?" Johnny—'Of course he was.' Teacher—'How many children did he have?' Johnny—'Why, fifty million. He was the father of his people.'

A NEW JERSEY school-teacher gave a small boy the extensive subject "Man" for a composition, and this is what he wrote:

"Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get sniffles with. A man's body is split half-way up, and he walks on the split ends." Moral—Don't give a subject which is bigger than the boy.

SUPERINTENDENT OF GRADED SCHOOL—"Tommy, do you love your teacher?" Tommy—"Yes, sir, but she ain't stuck on me."

From OLD HOMESTEAD.

ONLY A STORY.

[*Continued From Last Week.*]

"Must we leave the dear old home where we have spent so many years of pleasure and of pain? Oh, the pain is very keen; it cuts like a knife, but ah, many, many tender thoughts are connected with it, too. A garland of sweet memories lies twined around the railing of the old carved stairs; the halls are frescoed with beautiful recollections; each tree hides within its heart a childish hope and guards it jealously. Some unfeeling one may say a tree has a hard heart, or even none at all, but they are as friends to me. When I would go and throw my small self underneath one of the elms which mark the avenue how it would whisper to me to confide in it. The limbs swayed gently to and fro, the leaves laughed and played hide and seek with one another; then for a few moments would come silence, and they all seemed to be looking at me and begging me to tell them the thoughts of my childish breast; then perhaps the prettiest leaf on the whole tree would loosen, begin falling, and flutter slowly down to me, pleading for confidence, and then I could resist no longer, but would tell all to this old, gnarled elm, the finest of them all; and when I had spoken the leaves laughed again and seemed to say soothingly, 'We-e-e will not tell: we-e-e will not tell!' I believed all that implicitly. But the dearest of all dear spots is this attic—the treasure palace of my childhood.

"The war is over now, at last. Only desolation lies before us in its terror. No home—scarcely a friend who could aid us. It seems hard; so bitter for an orphan to be thrown upon the world. Why should I brood over my sorrows when there are hundreds worse off than myself? Self, self! It seems that everyone must be for self alone, or else perish. My heart would break if 'twere not already broken.

"Here is my brother's knapsack and cap. How bonny and brave he looked when he donned them and his uniform of gray. So young he was; had to be taken away from school to take instead his place in the ranks of the southern army. Four years ago when this war commenced we knew not what awaited us.

"'A war! what is a war, mamma?' asked one of the children at mother's knee one day. 'A quarrel and fight between people who have not the same ideas about some things, little one,' she replied, trying to put it in a simple light so the baby might understand. He wrinkled up his brow for an instant, then went away, out in the yard to his playing, where a group of picaninies were dancing about an old pole adorned with a ragged hat.

"Meanwhile the feeling between the north and the south grew stronger, and we all know how it terminatd. We children still played and sang away down in our lovely southern home. No sorrows rested upon us, and behind the word war we could discern no horrors. Even after the bombardment of Fort Sumter we, in our middle Georgia home, were not troubled. We only marveled at the grave faces worn by our parents and the whispered words of the slaves as they collected in small groups on the way to and from duties. Many of the younger ones rolled their big white eyes about as we played around them, while some of the older ones shook their wooly heads with a prophetic air of sadness.

"A year wore on, as years will, bringing sadness and sorrow to some, but as yet none to us. One morning in May father left home for Montgomery, to attend to some business for grandfather. Mother, with sweet eyes full of tears, watched him depart and gave him godspeed, with an early return. While there he was stricken ill and brought home dead. A widow with eight children, without a protector in such a sore time of need. Oh, my darling mother! Was that dear heart to be broken, doubly so, as it were? Were you to lose that loved voice; that kind, tender, strong love? Lose him who had helped you to bear all pain by tender sympathy? Lose him when there is such need for his strong arm and sound judgment?

"'Oh, God, thy ways are wonderful! Help me to bear this great blow for the sake of my little ones,' was the prayer I heard from the lips of my brave mother as she fell upon her knees by the coffin side. It seemed that I grew years older during those few days; such a pall of darkness hung over the household, which heretofore had been so full of light. Mother, with her sad, sweet face, tried to be cheerful, but 'twas such a bitter struggle. At the nearest village, in the family burying ground, father's body was laid, while the pure spirit winged its way to the heavenly home, there to watch and wait for loved ones who were to follow. Such a quiet old churchyard it was; so holy and free from all noise and bustle. Great pines and oaks shaded it, while the wind was ever present with its soft murmur as of angel's wings.

"It was then my brother was taken from school to follow in the steps of his countrymen. A cousin, who, on account of imperfect health, was not able to keep his place in the ranks, came to live with us. Such a jolly fellow, with bright brown eyes full of merriment. Behind them lay a world of good sense. I was his favorite, and never tired of playing pranks on 'Cousin John.' My pet one was to put pins under his plate, and he despised nothing half so bad. Whenever I 'got the best of him I was happy, for he pulled my curls and called me Peg, a name I despised. And then he would scare me half out of my wits by saying that two dead men were buried under the house.

"One night we came up to this self-same attic to get some corn to pop over a bed of glowing hickory coals down in the sitting room. Cousin John began to chant in a sepulchral tone, 'Hark from the tomb'—I felt my curls straightening and a wiry sensation enter into each hair—'a doleful sound.' A tremor passed through every nerve, while the negro girl's eyes were about to pop out of her head. The candle throwing a dim light into the corners and our shadows, greatly missbapen, took on weird forms as they danced about from the flickering of the light.

"'Who is that I hear?' Horror.

"'Thomas and Jones.' Pouf! Out went the candle flame, down went the silver candle-stick in one direction, matches in another, and the negro girl rolled to the bottom of the stairs, while I filled my lungs with a fresh supply of air and then screamed until the hall rang with the echoes. It took much petting from Cousin John to restore me to my usual serenity, but go with him again, never.

"I was the terse of the household. I might go around the corner and crook my finger at the children and they'd cry. If one should suddenly cry out, 'mamma!' she'd never think of inquiring into it, but say, 'You, Janie!' and she was rarely mistaken. Mother had a governess for us. A sentimental thing who told us love stories by the dozen and fell in love with every handsome face she saw, one time most unfortunately. My eldest sister had a sweetheart—a captain in the army—and, oh, he was the handsomest fellow, with such beautiful soft black eyes. How mother and all of us loved him! I used to think he had the most wonderful eyes in the world. When he was wounded he came to us and sister dressed his arm each day. Then his eyes would look into hers with such a light as was found there for her alone.

"Miss Annie, the governess, was a tiny thing, and, with a well-known duck of her head, said one day, 'Captain Carnes, what kind of eyes have you?'

"'Look and see,' was the reply. Climbing up into a chair where she could be on a level with him, she prepared for the look, but he closed his eyes tightly. She was too angry for anything except to jump down and run away.

"One night I was sleeping with her, when I awoke to hear a most awful scratching among some letters in the bureau drawer. 'Miss Annie,' I cried, 'what are you doing?'

"'Looking for some paper to write a note, and I can't find a pencil anywhere,' still anxiously searching.

"'Why, Miss Annie, you don't want to write a note,' I said, shaking with horror.

"'Yes, I do. I am going to a party and must answer this note right away.' A moment or so more of search, and she started toward the bed, when I called, 'Miss Annie!'

"'What?' she answered in a sleepy tone. She was just coming to herself after walking in her sleep. In the attempt to get into bed she ran against one of the posts. When she awoke the following morning a knot on her head nearly as large as a hen egg bore evidence to the night's revel. Powder was caked on her face, while water and face powder strewed the bureau and floor round about. I felt sorry for her, but never slept with her again.

"While sister's sweetheart was with us he received notice of his promotion. Col. Carnes he was and we were prouder of him than ever. Though his arm was far from well he and sister were married and went to live at the capital. Mother, Cousin John, and we children were at home then alone. In not a great while news flew on the wings of the wind of the coming of Sherman's army. Every heart was filled with terror, for who had not heard of its terrible character? Mother had most of the provisions moved to this attic and a heavy wardrobe pushed against the door to conceal it. The carriage horses were sent to the thicket and hid, while chickens, dogs, etc., through wonderful instinct, went far, far from the field of danger. Sherman took possession of the premises. When the army came marching up through that avenue the household was instantly thrown into confusion. I heard a most unusual noise out in the back yard, and peering through the dining-room blinds saw a sight which made my heart grow angry and fill with contempt—still I had to laugh. A great fat negro woman stood in the yard slapping her hands and shouting, 'I'se free! I'se free!' emphasizing her joy now and then by throwing an old hoop-skirt high in the air. Ah, yes; and before the poor thing had been 'free' for long she came crawling and begging for food from us, a slave to a worse thing than a kind generous mistress—a slave to hunger and cold and poverty. And then there was her deliverer? Gone to delude others as simple as herself.

"Sherman placed an officer in command of the house. He was kind to the widow and orphans, and I know God will be merciful to him when he is summoned before his throne. Crowds of soldiers went over the house, turning over beds, ripping open mattresses, and breaking trunks. They took a little basket of mine which I treasured above all things. Oh, how I begged for it, but the soldier only laughed. It could do him no good, but it could make a child's heart ache, and that would please him.

"When the soldiers were in the act of moving the wardrobe from before the attic door the officer called: 'Boys, come down; there's nothing behind that thing.' He must have known our provisions were hid there. Just then there was another unusual commotion out, and running to the door we saw two soldiers riding our carriage horses; the old negro coachman had betrayed their hiding place. They looked too beautiful, with the sunlight glistening on their satiny coats, proud necks arched, and tails raised. Mother, with tears streaming down her face, begged them to leave the horses, the pride of the plantation, but a drunken officer, with a leer in his eye, rolled and swayed in the saddle. How I wish he would fall off and break his neck, and was buried a thousand feet under the ground. If that horse only knew a yankee rode him he would rear, throwing the detestable, contemptible rider to the ground. How I wished it in my fierce little way. The younger children clung to mother's skirts and wept. I didn't. I would not have shed a tear to have saved their lives. Sister Ellen's eyes were flashing, and I could see her cheeks flush and pale. One of the soldiers asked her to sing, and, sitting down to the piano, she sang, in her clear, sweet voice, 'Dixie' and 'Bonnie Blue Flag', with all the enthusiasm of her patriotic young heart.

"'Ah, you'll be singing another chune before long,' was his polite comment as he moved off. They ransacked the premises and took all we had to eat. For two or three days we lived on potatoes and water. The old cook would bring us the potatoes under cover of her apron, and say, soothingly: 'Yes, honey; yer shall hab sumpbin' ter eat. Mammy ain't gwine ter let her chilluns starve.' I'd share my last mouthful with old aunt 'Calline' now or at any other time. Blessings be on her old black, kinky head.

"I was standing in the dining-room one morning, still grieving over the loss of my basket, when one of the soldiers, a young fellow, came up to me. I felt a little tender toward him, because he reminded me of my own soldier brother.

"'Give me some sody.'

"'What do you want with sody?' mimicking him as nearly as I could.

"'To make up some bread. You had better move these spoons,' touching two or three silver spoons over fifty years old which lay on the table. 'Some of the boys'll get 'em.'

"'You just want me to leave so you can get 'em yourself,' I retorted, going off; but Jack did not move them.

"'You'll have a lot of scrubbing to do when the boys leave here,' he ventured, looking around.

"'I don't scrub, thank you; I have servants to do it for me!'

"'Do! I am going straight on to Richmond and roust old Jeff Davis,' he continued, cheerfully, as he bit a piece of biscuit.

"'Well, if you ever get to Richmond you'll go there as a prisoner!' I exclaimed, hotly, for the flippant tone he used in speaking of our grand old Jeff made my bosom heave and heart swell.

"'When I get there I'll write you a letter,' he called, as he went away, blowing a kiss at my defiant little face! The letter never came. I expect the poor fellow has been killed. I have never heard from him but once since, and then he sent me a plain gold ring, but sister wouldn't let me keep it.

"The army then marched on to Milledgeville. There Sherman captured brother Clarence. Sister went to Sherman in person and begged and pleaded for her husband. Either her pretty face or eloquent pleading, or perhaps both, accomplished her object, and he set brother Clarence free. I have liked Sherman just a little for that ever since, in spite of all the mean things he has done. Sister's husband had to be shut in a closet then until the storm blew over. He rebelled, but with a superhuman strength she pushed him there and locked the door, feeding him when she could.

"At home we had a season of quiet after the armies moved away. One night we were all sitting around the fireside when there came the shuffle of worn-out shoes, with some one's feet in them, down the hall. We did not dare lock the doors. Looking up a strange figure met our view. The meanest face I have ever seen was lit by a pair of keen eyes, shadowed by a shock of unkempt hair which fell from under a ragged hat. The beard, half gray, was soiled and fell far down, concealing the front of a dirty shirt. A great overcoat, unfastened and with torn pockets, touched the floor when he sat down. He came in and silently took a seat, and underneath the warmth and some spirits he carried about with him, his head soon sank in slumber. On each side of the chair his long overcoat ends touched the floor, tilting the pockets a little. Pretty soon out slipped an old pewter spoon. I looked up. Directly it was folowed by another. I giggled. Mother looked at me reprovingly. I stuffed my handkerchief in my mouth. There! It had been followed by still another. This awoke the tramp, and seeing his spoons, stolen no doubt, lying there, he gave a sheepish glance around the room and got up and shuffled out more quickly than he came in, never stopping to recover his property.

"One day there was a terrible explosion, and rushing into one of the rooms we found our beloved mother lying on the floor, her fair face blackened and burnt by powder, some of which lay about the floor. Such agonies she suffered as only those who have been burnt by powder can ever know. The pain, which could not be alleviated, was torturing, agonizing, unmerciful, burning in, in, down, down into the tender flesh, like thousands of minute, red-hot screws boring into the nerves, grinding and tearing them. Oh, it was horrible! She bore it so bravely, with true christian fortitude, never murmuring through all that terrible time. It had been caused by a spark flying from a handful of coals in the fire-place as she sat there changing the powder from a bag to a flask in case she should need it. She lived for a few days, suffering intensely, and when her spirit passed away to rejoin her loved husband, we could not rebel. Only grief too deep for words filled our lonely little hearts. Black and dreary the future lay before us. Not a rift in the thick clouds of despondency and sorrow which lowered about us: only grief, only unutterable woe, only the desolateness known to orphans' hearts were ours. In a vague way I tried to pray. My dear little brother, the flower of the family, was only four years old. Oh, I can't write of it any longer. My heart is breaking over again it seems to me.

"Then there fell another great blow. News came of brother Clarence's death. When the last call was made for young, old, and wounded to serve the south he went. Just after his third promotion he was killed, and lies buried in Virginia, we know not where. Sister was nearly wild with grief. We thought she would lose her mind, for she loved as only one of her nature could, with her whole soul, and if souls were destructible I think hers would be no more. Oh, it was such a dreary, dreary time. The time was marked by heavy heart-throbs, sighs, and tears.

"Our soldiers were coming home. Home, did I say? Oh, the mockery of it all! Poor, brave fellows! We had little to give you, but you were more than welcome to it.

"And now I must go. The house and furniture is to be sold—the place. Farewell, loved objects! My eyes are too dim to trace another line. Our Father, be merciful, be merciful!'

When Rose looked up from the manuscript all the clouds had blown away. The sun was going to rest calmly and brightly, lighting up the attic window panes as of gold red with heat. Rose's eyes were wet with tears, and they dropped onto the sheets of yellow paper which were still in her hands, thence to mingle with the poor girl's heart-broken ones which had fallen so long ago.

"I trust all the clouds have blown away from that young life, and that it is now as fair and peaceful as the beauty over yonder," she murmured, leaning her forehead against the pane.

Everything before her looked beautifully fresh after the rain. Trees, shrubs, and grass were shining with that peculiar transparent green seen only after a summer's rain, with a summer's setting sun throwing his brightness over it.

"I will return this sad story to its resting place," said Rose, as she placed it in the battered knapsack with the cap and collar, first imprinting a tender kiss thereon. She softly closed the attic door, stopping there a moment.

"Here is where 'Cousin John' frightened Janie Arlington the night

[*Continued to Fourth Page.*]