

THE OLD CHURCH.

The following lines, transcribed by Col G. W. Terrell, were written by "A Stranger" on wall of the ruined church at Blanchard Cemetery, Petersburg, Va.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hast'ning to thy fall,
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
The Hightest of the High.

How does ambitious hope take wing,
How drops the spirit now,
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below.

The sun that shone upon thy paths
Now glides their lonely graves;
The zephyrs once which fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again!

How would our every heart be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

UNCLE HENRY'S RETURN.

"Since last I visited this spot fifteen years have passed. A good many changes have taken place, and I suppose that I am changed more in appearance than anything else. One might think so when his own sister did not know him!" said Henry Rollins, seating himself on a log a short distance from the roadside to rest.

"I wonder if Sarah really thought that I was a common tramp or beggar," he continued, still talking to himself; "or did she think that she would save herself trouble and mortification by sending her brother off before it became known in the neighborhood that he had returned poor and homeless? Never mind, Henry Rollins; you are not a beggar yet. You have, with this faithful axe, chopped your way through the woods more than once, and can do it again. If your relatives don't respect you and honest work, why, find your friends among people who do. But somebody is coming."

He looked out between the trees that partially concealed him, and saw two men engaged in earnest conversation. One man he at once recognized as George Mullen, the husband of his eldest sister, Sarah; and he learned from their conversation that the other was James Moore, the husband of his dear little sister, Mamie, who was only a child when he left home.

"I wonder if Mamie has forgotten me, too," he thought; "dear child, if she has, my heart will break."

Just then the words of the two men became louder, and George Mullen seemed in an angry mood.

"I tell you what it is, James," said he, "this debt must be paid; I have waited as long as I am going to, but the mortgage will expire to-morrow, and if the money is not on hand by ten o'clock the mortgage shall be foreclosed."

"If you have made up your mind to this, George, I suppose nothing I can say will alter your course. I have not the money, and I know of no way to get it to-morrow. I might, perhaps, be able to borrow it in a few days."

"No few days for me; money is money, and I must have it or the place. So you would turn Mamie and the children out of doors, would you? I do not care for myself, but for my poor wife and children. Have you no mercy?"

"I have said all I have to say on the subject," replied George Mullen; and he passed rapidly down the road to attend to some other business.

James Moore stood as if rooted to the ground, the very picture of despair.

"Oh, what have we done that we should be thus punished?"

"They do say, friend," said Henry Rollins stepping forward, "that trouble comes to show us what stuff we and our friends are made of."

"Where did you come from?" said Mr. Moore, eyeing Henry Rollins closely.

"From yonder log where I sat to rest me for awhile."

"Were you there long?"

"Oh, a half hour, or such a matter."

"Then you heard what that man just said to me?"

"I did, sir."

"Our wives are sisters."

they entered the room. "A little late, dear," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "but Ettie has looked out well for her father. Come this way, sir, and take dinner with Mr. Moore," she added, turning to Henry Rollins, who followed her into the kitchen, and sat down to a well-filled table.

"This is my little housekeeper," said Mrs. Moore, laying her hand lovingly on Ettie's head. "We think she does pretty well."

"A nice little housekeeper, truly," said Henry Rollins. "What is your name?"

"Ettie, sir. I was named for mamma's mother who died long ago."

"And what is your name, young man?" said he, turning to the boy.

"My name is Henry Rollins Moore," replied Harry.

"Yes, Sir," said Ettie, who seemed to have taken a great fancy to the stranger, "he was named for our dear uncle who went away and never came back. Uncle George says Uncle Henry is dead, but I don't believe it. I know he will come back sometime."

"What makes you think so?"

"I can't tell, but I feel it right here," and she placed her hand upon her heart.

"Would you be glad to see your uncle?"

"Oh, yes! wouldn't we Harry?"

"Suppose he should come back a poor old tramp, with no money; what would you say then?"

"I don't know. I think I would cook for him a good dinner, and would let him go into the best room to sleep, and the next day I would tell him lots of things."

"And what would you do, Master Henry Rollins Moore?"

"I would coax him to tell me stories, and when he got tired I would let him have my pony to ride."

"Ettie," said Henry Rollins, after a pause, "I think your little heart tells you right. I feel sure that your uncle will be here to-morrow."

The afternoon and evening passed pleasantly to Henry Rollins, who devoted himself to entertaining the children. When bed-time came, Ettie showed him to the best room to sleep, and laughingly said:

"I shall play you are my uncle to-night," and she threw both arms around his neck, and gave him a good-night kiss.

"This is the family that George Mullen would turn out of house and home! We'll see," said Henry Rollins to himself as Ettie closed the door. The morning dawned brightly. Mr. and Mrs. Moore appeared at breakfast with heavy hearts and sad faces, and even Ettie and Harry had lost their cheerfulness. Ten o'clock came soon that morning, it seemed to the family; and scarcely had the sound of the last stroke ceased when the sheriff arrived to take possession of the place.

"Send him to me," said Henry Rollins, and soon the sheriff stood before him.

"Sir," said Henry Rollins coolly, "your presence is not required here. I have taken possession of this place myself and mean to keep it."

"You, you? Who are you?" said George Mullen, who had arrived on the scene of action.

"I am the tramp and beggar that you and your wife turned from your door; my name is Henry Rollins; I own a half interest in this place, and intend to protect it."

Henry Rollins proved what he had said, and soon the sheriff and George Mullen left. Then there was a scene of rejoicing in the Moore family, all being so delighted and surprised to find that their new friend was their dearly loved brother and uncle.

After the excitement of the morning had somewhat abated, uncle Henry took Ettie and Harry upon his lap, and explained to them that he had just returned from the gold mines; that he was off, and that they should never be turned from the old homestead. "Young Folks"

Curious Facts About Fishes.

Much interest is now being taken by scientists in regard to the habits, instincts and emotions of fishes. Naturalists have generally accepted Cuvier's views, that the existence of fishes is a silent, emotionless and joyless one; but recent observations tend to show that many fishes emit vocal sounds and that they are susceptible of special emotions, particularly such as regard for their young, attachment between the sexes, and for locality. Among monogamous fishes there is often seen decided evidence of watchfulness over their young, in which the males not infrequently act an important part. Among nest-building fishes the male often prepares the nest. Among some who do not build nests the eggs are carried about in the cheek hollows of the male. Cases have been noticed where male fishes have remained in the same spot in the river from which the female had been taken. A case is noted where, after a pair had been separated both appeared miserable and seemed nigh unto death, but on being united again both became happy. In fish battles it is sometimes noticed that the conqueror assumes brilliant hues, while the defeated one sneaks off with faded colors, the change evidently being brought about by emotional feelings. There are certain classes of fish that are capable of a kind of organization for acting in concert for common defense or to attack a common enemy. The remarkable success which has of late attended the breeding of fish has shown that as a matter of economy an acre of good water is worth more to a farmer than the same area of the best arable land. This subject, in all its bearings, is one that deserves even more attention than it has hitherto received.—The Californian.

Reading (P's Times and Dispatch). Art and Oil. The Norfolk Virginian of January 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Prof. Crowwell, known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil whose effects he says were magical.

Speech Making.

There are few really good talkers in Congress—that is, men who are distinguished for their oratory and rhetoric. Senator Conkling heads the list of the best; Conkling's speeches never need revision. Senator Edmunds makes his speeches and then is done with them. He is so careful with what he says and does that he can never be picked up on an utterance. The brilliant Matt Carpenter was always in a peck of trouble when he made a speech. Carpenter was averse to study, and relied upon his memory, which grew to be faulty. He always revised his speeches, tore them to pieces and rebuilt, interlined, crossed out, and made a frightful looking proof-sheet. Then he always insisted upon getting the messenger from the printing office "full" when the latter was sent for his copy. Carpenter always demoralized the Congressional Record upon a night when he would make a great effort in the Senate. Judge Thurman's speeches never needed revision, except to see if the quoted authorities were correct. Senator Bayard is one of the most pleasing speakers on the Democratic side, and he generally looks over the proof to see that no mistakes are in. General Burnside repeats himself in about every ten sentences, and is apt to become nervous. Ben Hill fires away in a sledge hammer style of oratory, and no matter how trivial the matter may be, will work himself up to a fever heat, and expend as much earnestness as if great things were to be accomplished. Morgan, of Alabama, is another Democratic orator possessing the distinctive peculiarities of the talkers of the South. A gallery longer can tell in a second from what part of the country a speaker comes. The peculiarities of dialect are marked in the representative men the same as in the lower classes of society in their vicinity. Over in the House "Sunset" Cox causes trouble to the printers. He always prepares his speeches and revises them. He writes on all sorts of paper. One page may be yellow, another white, a third a leaf from a book. Then his handwriting is not letter press; so Cox is dreaded. Randall revises every speech he makes. General Harry White had a habit of sending for books during debates, until his desk was littered, and he could scarcely be seen. By the time he found the authority desired, debate would be exhausted, and he would produce a scare, nothing more. This was an old trick of White's. The most remarkable instance of the effect of talking is that which Mr. Blount's voice has upon a journalist who is well known here. Blount has the pure, unadulterated Southern accent, and is inclined to be harsh, without meaning it. A few years ago a young man, who was a student at the Annapolis Academy, was detected in a hazing scrape. The latter came before Congress, Mr. Blount made a violent speech against the naval cadets. One of the young men occupied a seat in the gallery, and the effect of Blount's speech, coupled with the thought of being dismissed from the academy, was such that he became very ill and had to be carried from the Capitol. Later in his career he became a journalist, and was assigned to duty in the House gallery. Blount arose to speak, and the recollections of past events came so vividly to the young man's mind that he again became ill. He tried in vain, day after day, to conquer the feeling, but it was found to be impossible. Every time Blount spoke he became sick. At last he was compelled to relinquish his position on this account. Even to this day that gentleman never appears in the House gallery for fear of Blount.

The great debates are confined to the Senate, and the crop is being fast thinned out there. The retirement of Wallace, Thurman and Blaine, and the death of Carpenter, took away four of the most brilliant men at a swoop. It costs \$50,000 a year for the mere jostling down of the remarks of the Congressmen. The corps of official stenographers, both in the Senate and House, is probably the best in the United States. Every word uttered is recorded, and many a Congressman is surprised the next morning to find in the Congressional Record some remark which was hardly intended for publication. It requires a resolution to expunge the annoying paragraph, a fact which requires members to be careful what they say.

An Antiquity in Florida.

There is in the office of the Supreme Court Judges at Tallahassee an ancient arm-chair of queer shape, the history of which the Floridian furnishes, as follows: "Originally belonging to and used in the parlors of one of the gorgeous palaces of Louis XVI of France, whose emblem, the Fleur de Lis, is carved in several places upon it. It was presented, as a souvenir, by the First Napoleon to Prince Achille Murat, son of Napoleon's favorite field marshal of that name, afterwards King of Naples, and sold for the benefit of the fund, provided they should not bring less than \$25 each. Judge J. D. Westcott, Jr., having learned these facts, proposed that if Mr. Bloxham would promise to keep the table in the city so that the two ancient relics might remain among us forever, that he would purchase the chair for the sum asked for both, which was readily agreed to, and Judge Westcott became its owner."

A Rochester photographer has got matters down fine. For a point for the subject to look at while the picture is being taken, instead of the usual faded envelope or old photograph on the wall, he has the ominous words "Terms Cash."—Lockport Union.

Rural New Yorker.

The best people will vote for the best man every time. And we judge by the number of the St. Jacobs Oil constituency, that it is the best remedy for the rheumatism known. Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, among others, says so.

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These worms, when existing in the windpipe of the young chicken in considerable numbers, produce first, inflammation from their irritation, and if not removed, increasing in size, soon cause death from suffocation.

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