

GOD'S GOODNESS.

By A. ASHMUN KELLY.

He sends the sunshine and the rain. His creature here to bless; We sow, He gives the golden grain.

Winning a Wife.

"Go down and pick a few quarts of blackberries, Hulda, child, and don't sit doubled up over that book any longer," said Mrs. Holt, as she dumped down a basket of linen she had just brought in.

Hulda lifted up her golden brown head and gazed at her aunt with great, soft, appealing eyes. "Oh! aunt, it's the 'Two Orphans,' and I do want to know whether they ever find each other again. You know Louisa is blind, and—"

So the "Two Orphans" had to be laid aside, and Hulda, somewhat reluctantly, took her way to the blackberries. They grew at the foot of the meadow by a running stream, and they were tempting, luscious and plentiful.

Hulda was happy—thoroughly happy and content. The fresh air, new milk and early hours soon built up her slight form. Though she remained slim, she filled out with the roundness of beauty.

Not unobserved, either, for across the brook under the shade of some drooping willows, a tall man in a gray shooting dress lay watching her. "What a study for Evangeline!" said he to himself. "What a Marguerite!"

young heart throbbled, for she felt Morley's eyes fixed on her face. "What a pretty girl," said Carlton in an undertone.

"Yes; an unusual style of beauty. I never saw anything lovelier than the mixture tints on her face. No common pink and white blonde beauty, but the ripe tones of the old Italian masters."

The basket was full now, and the girl was turning away, when Morley rose to his feet and addressed her gently and respectfully. "Can you tell me where I can buy some milk or cider—anything cool to drink?"

She stood waiting for them, basket in hand, while Morley gathered up his fishing tackle and sought the bridge, followed by his friend. Hulda was shy, but she replied to the questions addressed to her by Morley with self possession.

When they reached the house supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hope expressed no surprise when the number of guests at her table was increased by arrival of the strangers. She made them welcome and showed them their places.

Silas Hope was a shrewd, middle-aged Yankee farmer, God-fearing and sober, smart and far seeing, and Morley and Carleton soon became interested in his conversation. He asked them no questions that bordered on the inquisitive, but still learned that they were strangers in the neighborhood.

"An English—music teacher—served in the army. May I ask his name, sir?" "Certainly. His name was an uncommon one—Stanley Earlwood. He was the younger son, of a younger son, and when he left England had no expectation of ever coming into the title or estate."

Silas Hope took his pipe from his mouth and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Supposin' the man's dead, sir. Supposin' he married out here and left children. What then?"

"If those children can prove their descent they will inherit the title and estate." "If they are boys, maybe; but what would they do if they are girls?"

Hulda was surprised to learn that she was a member of an old aristocratic family. Her aunt said she always knew her brother-in-law belonged to good

kingsfolk. Silas took the matter very calmly and only seemed sorry at the prospect of losing his niece, whom he loved like a daughter.

"I s'pose you will go to England and live among lords and dukes?" he said, placing his arm around her and drawing her to his breast.

"No, I will not, Uncle Silas. I don't know the lords and dukes. Can't I stay in the States if I like, Mr. Carlton?"

"Certainly, Miss Earlwood. I think your wish is natural. Still it might be better to go home, just to form the acquaintance of your father's family."

It was a glorious moonlight night, and Hulda stood beside Silas, who smoked his pipe on the stoop. Hulda was simply dressed in a flowing robe of thin texture—of a pale shade of silver grey.

"Frank Morely!" cried Silas Hope in tones of warm welcome. "Yes, I've come now to ask the question you would not allow me to ask you a year ago. Hulda—you know what it is. Do you not?"

Religious Sentiment. Every man esteems his own misfortune the greatest. The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow.

No sin is denounced in the Bible in more startling language than the sin of usury. The prophets of the Old Testament and Jesus Christ in the New Testament denounce usury and usurers in the most forcible terms that can find expression in language.

After telling what to do with Grates in summer time, how to hide them with screens and flowers, Beautiful Hands come in for a large share of attention; in fact, after reading this article several times many may start out as manicures, or hand doctors, for the whole process is given minutely, together with a number of the necessary recipes.

Following the literary contents of the magazine, comes the pages devoted to the fascinating subject of dry goods; described, illustrated, and priced in a way to hold the attention of the ladies to the very last page of the book.

New Publications.

The North American Review for August opens with a very spirited discussion of the subject of "Moral Instruction in the Public Schools," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, who offers a practical scheme for conveying ethical instruction without reference to religious tenets.

The August number of Demorest's Monthly Magazine repays perusal, the articles being well written and of an interesting nature. "Agathe De Val-suzze" is the commencement of an admirable story.

The first thing that strikes the attention on opening the summer number of Strawbridge & Clothier's Quarterly, just at hand from the publishers, Straw-bridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, is the number and the style of the illustrations it contains.

The eminently practical articles on Home-made Millinery, Dress Ornamentation, and the Art of Mending, treat of useful and ornamental matters that the feminine folks are deeply interested in.

In our list of mispronounced words in a recent issue, we gave the pronunciation of "depot" as dē-pō or dēp-pō. We were aware that the accent marks, as placed, did not exactly represent the precise pronunciation, but we thought near enough for practical purposes.

We have not immediate access to Lit-tro, but think he gives the last as correct; at any rate it seems to conform to the practice of the best French speakers, and may therefore be accepted as the polite pronunciation of the word.

A Breech-Loading Cannon Centuries Old. A discovery which has just been made at Aleppo is likely to cause considerable surprise in military circles, for, according to the Turkish official Gazette of that place, a party of engineers, while making excavations beneath the citadel of the town have come upon a large wrought-iron breech-loading cannon, which must have been buried for at least 250 years.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs very light, separately of course, put the weight of the eggs in powdered sugar into the yolks, next the juice and grated peel of the lemon, then the whites with a few shakes.

A tall story.—The attic.

A Little Humor.

Speaking of the avocations of the heavenly bodies, there is no doubt but that the sun is a tanner.

"Whisky," said the doctor, "hardens the brains." "Maybe it does," replied the example, "but it softens the knees most wonderfully."

Doctor X. to one of his clients—"Well, now you are on your feet again. But what will your nephew say when he knows that I have saved you?"

A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend of his, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the car run off the track and any legs must be broken, I hope they'll be Mr. H's."

The spelling match has broken out again in Syracuse, N. Y., with the usual disastrous results. A student in the Syracuse university spelled "dough" "d-o-w;" a clergyman got left on "baptizable;" Professor Kinne, principal of the Madison school, spelled "twelfth" as if were "twelvth," and Professor Griffin, teacher of Latin, Greek and German, in the high school, got stuck on "omnivorous."

As near as it can be expressed, the old French had it dēh-pōt, in more modern French, dūh-pōt or dūh-pōt (the h, a mere breathing).

But depot applied to a railroad passenger station is an error. Its significance is a storehouse or magazine for goods, and not a place for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers, as the latter cannot well be stored or laid away.

In a recent lecture on "Solar Physics," at the Royal Institution, Sir William Siemens gives his reasons for setting the temperature of the photosphere of the sun at about 2800° C., instead of about 10,000°.

The man kept very still and in all probability Hulda would never have been conscious of his presence if another party had not appeared on the scene. The new comer was a stout man about forty years of age, with a long, black beard, large soft hat and brown velvet coat.

So the object of the search was accomplished in an unexpected manner. The next day the grave was visited, the papers examined—fortunately Earlwood had been a methodical man, and in his desk all the necessary documents to prove his daughter's rights were found.

Mispronounced Words.

Derelict—dēr-e-lik-'shun, not dēr-e-lik-'shun. Deshabille—dēs-ā-bīl, not dēs-ā-bēl, nor dīs-ā-beel.

Desideratum—dē-sīd-e-rā-tum, not dē-sīd-e-rāt-'um. Desperado—dēs-pēr-ā-do, not dēs-pēr-ā-do.

Dessert—dēz-zērt, not dēz-'sert, nor dēs-'sert. Discour-e—dīs-kōrs, not dīs-'kōrs.

Disputable—dīs-pū-tā-ble, not dīs-pū-tā-ble. Disputant—dīs-pū-tant, not dīs-pū-tant.

Distich—dīs-tīk, not dīs-tīch. Docible—dōs-'i-ble, not dō-'si-ble. Docile—dōs-'i-l, not dō-'sī-le.

Dolorous—dōl-'or-ūs, not dō-'lor-ūs. Drama—drā-'ma, not drā-'ma. Ducat—dūk-'at, not dū-'kat.

What I know about Keeping one Cow, is a second instalment from that matter-of-fact body, John's Wife, that may be read with profit by those who are in circumstances to follow her advice; and be read with envy by all others.

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