

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

BY THOS. HOOD.

One day, I had it from a hasty mouth... Accustomed to make many hundreds daily...

HETTY.

I do her such discouraging times David. It don't seem as I ought to be a liven at all.

"Why Hetty Stone! You'll die all of a sudden some day. You're so orful sinful!"

"I don't care if I do! Them! I'm so tired of bein' of no account, and if God wants me to die when I'm only twelve years old, it's His will an' I'll die when I'm twelve!"

"Why Hetty Stone! What spiritual notions you be a gittin' and sich a child too! Jes' a blossomen out like a flower, an' talk about dyen. You're as hearty as I be, and orter to be more lively."

"I often think about dyen."

It was't a very cheery room, nor a very cheery place for a house. This old brown weather beaten house stood on an island, six miles from the shore, and the ocean thundered and roared all around it.

Close to the house, Hetty had a little patch of garden. Her marjolds, and bachelors' buttons—some summers had little buds, and gay blossoms, but the salt spray, and fierce winds often beat them to death.

Hetty used to go at low tide, and sit in the boats, and read the books visitors had given her, and play on the rocks all by herself. Some whole afternoons she sat with her dear grandfather up in the high tower, built for the lighthouse, and watched the ships go by, and grandfather clean and trim the lamp.

When Hetty knelt down by her bed that night, and the storm beat against her windows, and the big white waves were tinted with a red flash of light, as it touched them, in the darkness, she prayed:

"Dear Lord, I am a poor sinful girl. Forgive me. I think Thee for makin' of me some account. I think Thee for helpin' me up the stairs, and for holdin' my hand to light the lamp. I'll never forget Thee—dear Lord.

"Well good bye little un, I sint much larnin', but its con-tra-ry to Providence, for you to fret about liven. Ef the Lord hed give me as many marcies as He hes you, I'd be a praisin' of Him, ruther than fightin' of His ways—lettele gal."

"God bye David, I think I'm sinful, but I'm so tired David of bein' of no account. Knit, set the table, read and play with old Elizabeth Jane—that's my doll, and she's been shipwrecked forty times, the old thing, old I am this minute, and just as cross!"

Hetty went to get supper, and David clambered down into the old boat.

"Where's your Grandpa, child? I hain't seen him for two hours! Look for him quick. It's time to light the lamp."

Hetty ran out to the small barn, looked off the side of the cliff, ran across the leetle garden, but saw no one. It grew dark so fast. The roar of the ocean almost drowned Hetty's voice as she screamed "Grandfather!"

"Oh what ails y'er Grandpa?" wailed the poor helpless old woman.

The cow was secure and snug, the boats well fastened, everything in readiness for the coming storm.

"Darlin', you must go and light the lamp this minute go slow, go stiddy. Oh dear Lord, go up them stairs with my darlin' child! 'vegot! dear Lord!" and the gray head dropped on Hetty's hands, so tiny and brown. She kissed her twice, and hurried her away.

the barn. Daisy, the pretty faced Jersey cow stood quietly eating her supper. Grandpa had raised Daisy from a tiny calf. David had brought her, and two little lambs for the "lettele gal."

He said, "that ere child is a pearl, out of the sea! She needs sumthin' livin', for company, and thars them leetle live cr-etters far her, to keep her from pinin'."

"I can't find him!" sobbed Hetty, as she came in all drenched and shivering; "I've been every where!"

"What's that? What's that?" and Grandmother's ears so quick to catch voices, in storm and winds, heard "Somethin'!"

She rapped her crutches on the floor loudly, in her joy. Her old voice quaked and quavered in her wild delight.

"Oh dear Lord! He has heard my call! My pretty darlin'! Your Grandpa is a speakin'! I know his voice! The Lord hez held on to him this ortul night!"

"Mo-ther,—Mo-ther; Hetty,—He—" Faintly it came, in at the open door, in the intervals of the roaring wind, and with a sudden bound Hetty was out in the darkness.

"It's me, my darlin'! don't be a—card, I don't spose I orter a-gone down to the water so nigh to dusk, but David called me, some people was tryen to land, but the storm best em out, an' I hed tried to call David back, but the wind screched like mad, and I orter tried to chirk up, and get the poor mortals out of the water by myself. Dave, he seen us, an' come arter 'em, and by that time it was black darkness. I jist sot down in the cove, and waited!"

"For what Grandfather," gasped Hetty, as they struggled along toward the house. "Did you see?" "Yes—Yes!—lettele darlin'! I seen the light! I seen the hand of God holdin' onto my leetle darlin's hand, up thar in the darkness, an' it saved all them people, and Dave; and saved your old Grandfather too! for I couldn't h'ave seen without the Lord—and—and—my leetle darlin'! my leetle lamb!"

Hetty panted for very joy. She clung to her Grandfather tightly, and the wind blew them into the plain, little lonesome room, and it grew suddenly beautiful, with a glorious light.

And the little, discontented, tired, discouraged Hetty had saved the strange people from going down into the bleak water to die, and saved her precious Grandfather, who could never have climbed up in the wind and darkness, to his home, but for the beautiful red flash, from the light-house tower.

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"Amén."

MARGARET SPENCER. SEA CLIFF, COGN., July 1891.

Marvels Made of Milk. "The first food of man" has been put to many uses, and converted into many forms by human ingenuity, out its latest application is perhaps the most remarkable.

An inventor has just taken out a patent to protect a substitute for bone or celluloid, and the material which is to substitute the substances is produced from milk. Casein—the solids in milk are in the first place reduced to a partly gelatinous condition by means of borax or ammonia, and then it is mixed with mineral salt dissolved in acid or water, which liquid is subsequently evaporated.

The method of procedure is to place the casein in a suitable vessel and incorporate under heat the borax with it, the proportions being ten kilograms of borax, dissolved in six litres of water. When the casein becomes changed in appearance the water is drawn off, and to the residue, while still of the consistency of melted gelatine, one kilogram of mineral salt, held in solution of three litres of water, is added.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Politics is a toy with which no rich man can meddle without being promptly told to put up.

The Good Queen of Madagascar. About three months ago the church designed for the use of the queen and court of Madagascar was completed in the capital city.

"I doubt," said one of the talkers, "whether there is any city in the United States, save, perhaps, New York, where church property sums up such a heavy total of value as in Brooklyn."

The present queen was the daughter of one of the most cruel and blood-thirsty rulers who ever lived. Her mother, Queen Ranavalona I, long occupied the throne of Madagascar, and put to death thousands of her people who had embraced Christianity.

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Brooklyn's Churches and Ministers' Salaries. At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Congregational Club the value of church property and ministers' salaries in that city were discussed.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT. Bule yourself. Love your neighbor. Where you serve, love.

Where you serve, love. To stand still is to snun some duty.

To stand still is to snun some duty. He who follows a good example sets one.

Live with wolves and you will learn to howl.

False modesty is the refinement of vanity.

Health is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Truth is not a salad that it must be served in vinegar.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

The bad thing about a little sin is that it won't stay little.

Advice to stage-struck young ladies: Think before you act.

A stone that is fit for the wall will not be left in the way.

A soldier with a kicking gun must learn to fire and fall back.

Women think more of flattery than men, but they believe less of it.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gratefulness.

He that in youth thinks it too early to be good will, in old age, find it too late.

He who lives up to his opportunities is usually too busy to live up to his income.

When the devil holds you by the hair you must give up to him your whole head.

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HORSE NOTES. —Palo Alto worked a mile in 2.15 in California recently.

Jockey Overton is to marry a sister of Jockey Britton shortly.

All of the finishes at the Independence meeting were photographed.

Temple Bar, 2.17 1/2, the ruled-off stallion, has been retired to the stud.

A. J. McKimmin, the well-known Tennessee trainer and breeder, is dead.

When Allertn trotted in 2.10 he wore five-ounce shoes forward and three-ounce shoes behind.

E. I. Geers landed 22 races out of the 47 in which he started horses on the Grand Circuit this year.

The free-for-all pacing race announced for Lexington meeting has been abandoned.

Yorkville Belle occupies the position among the 2-year-old fillies which His Highness does among the colts.

The one mutual ticket sold on English Lady for the Oriental handicap returned its possessor \$213.75.

Nelson will try to beat his record of 2.10 at Cambridge City, Ind. It was there he made his record one year ago.

Nancy Hanks, 2.12, has trotted five heats in better than 2.13, this season. She will be driven to beat her record at the Terre Haute meeting.

What green pacer will beat Direct's record? He jumped from the slow classes to the top of the heat and a record of 2.06 in one season.

The Himyar stable leads the list of winning owners at Latonia, and J. T. Williams comes next. Princess Lino has won more than any other animal.

F. H. Pinkerton, of New Castle, Del., exhibited his yearling colt Judge Gilpin, by Albert W. he by Electioneer dam Jennie G., by Echo at the Washington Fair.

Jimmy Tomkins, the jockey, has bought the Oklaide stable the trio of active performers, Von Tromp, Nellie Whittaker and Harry, pay for them \$30.00.

Monbars (2.20) outclasses all other 2-year-olds, of the year, and he will be driven an exhibition mile against Sunol's 2.15 during the Terre Haute meeting.

P. Dunn, Chicago, has sold to the Ethna Stables, New York city, chestnut filly Little Scissors, 3 by Erdenheim, dam Scissors, by War Dance. The filly is a double winner at the meeting now going on at Latonia.

As the result of a wager, \$1000 to \$200, Malcolm Thomas' gray gelding trotted fifty miles in 47.57m., including four five minute rests. The gelding weighed but 720 pounds, and was not much distressed at the completion of his big task.

The gelding Bill Barnes, located at the Gloucester track, while being exercised by a boy named Walter Corcoran along the turnpike leading to Woodbury became fractious and ran away, throwing the boy off and seriously injuring him.