

SUNSHINE.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

Let us bottle up the sunshine
That is poured around our way,
And keep it safely treasured
For some bitter, rainy day.
For the days that are so dreary
We can scarcely live them through,
Then bring out the bottled sunshine
And place it full in view.

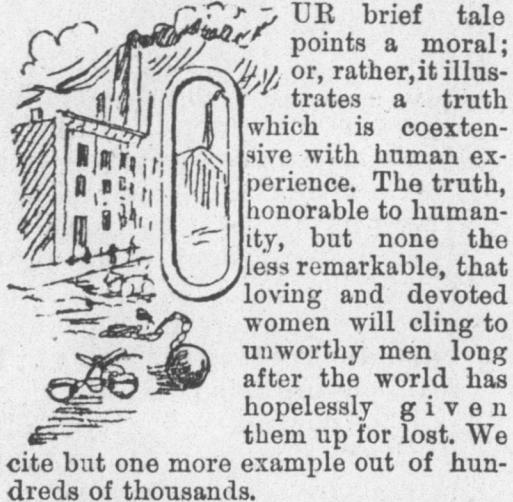
Though we scarce can see it glimmer
Through our falling, bitter tears;
Though we've buried hopes and fancies
That have been so dear for years;
Though friends do wound us sorely
(The deepest most of all),
Let us brush aside the teardrops,
And not let another fall.

O, the sunshine, how it glistens
Like a crystal prism in fall;
There is health and joys unnumbered,
And hopes that never fall;
There are days of quiet beauty
That live through all the year;
There are upturned childlike faces
That are, O, so bright and dear!

And the best of all this sunshine
Are the hopes we have for them;
They will never, never darken,
They will live on as a gem;
O, we've lots of bottled sunshine,
And 'twill last throughout the year;
God has poured it all around us,
So no day need lack of cheer.

A FALLEN IDOL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.



UR brief tale points a moral; or, rather, it illustrates a truth which is coextensive with human experience. The truth, honorable to humanity, but none the less remarkable, that loving and devoted women will cling to unworthy men long after the world has hopelessly given them up for lost. We cite but one more example out of hundreds of thousands.

The announcement by Everett Travis to his parents of his clandestine marriage with Julia Carter, one of the factory girls, was the cause of such an explosion of paternal wrath as does often really occur, outside the pages of romance.

The senior Travis glared on his son in the most highly approved style of sensational fiction.

"What! Married, do you say, and to one of those cotton-spinners? Well, by—, sir, we'll make short work of this foolishness! Find how much she wants, and you can pay her off; then go out West and get a divorce. And let this be the last of your wild oats, sir! It's time you settled down, and began life sensibly and steadily."

"Sir, she's my lawful wife. She's good enough for any man in the State. I want to bring her here and have you and mother receive her as a daughter." "I'm sure I'd be willing," put in Mrs. Travis, with a thought of the far-off days when she used to do kitchen-work for wages. "And I'm sure she must be good, and that we can love her dearly. Let Everett bring her here, father."

"Never, madam! Never, you undutiful son! We've made an idol of you; I've educated you carefully and expensively; I've lavished money on you; I've spoiled you, perhaps. Anything reasonable I'll stand, but this is a step too far. Repudiate that creature, take the means I have suggested to get rid of her, or I repudiate you forever. Choose, now, between her and me, with all that I have to give you."

There could be no doubt what the choice would be at that time. In the flush of young love, with a temper lawfully inherited from this irate parent, and viewing the world through the roseate glasses of twenty-four, Everett Travis left his father's house, content to sacrifice his worldly prospects and advantages for the woman who was all in all to him.

He lost no time in attempts at reconciliation, but removed at once to a flourishing Western city. Stories were told, probably true ones, of a stealthy visit by Everett's mother before the removal; of her forgiveness and blessing



to the fair young bride; of a welcome gift of money from the same kind hand, and of her promise to try and soften the stern father, and to write often. So they went to their new home.

No letters were received from the yearning mother. Her first attempt to write was detected by her husband, and so sternly forbidden that she never dared make the attempt afterward. But travelers going to Joliet from this village frequently carried substantial tokens of maternal affection to the disinherited.

Julia Carter had committed the common fault of woman in her marriage—she had taken counsel of the heart, and of nothing else. A handsome boyish face, a pleasant manner, assurances of unlimited devotion—these had capti-

ted her; she had not dared to look beyond them. Had she looked beyond them she would have seen a character unformed, a frivolous disposition, a being who had thus far proven the ability to do nothing but to spend his father's money, and whose capacity to earn bread for her was yet to be asserted. But then, she loved him; and what woman ever held any other argument than this, where the man of her choice was concerned?

The years went by, and poor Julia became secretly convinced, by the hard logic of accomplished facts, that she had made a terrible mistake. She saw her fairy prince of a few years past, her elegant and daintily raised Everett, a failure in all that he undertook. She knew of his appealing by letter to his father for forgiveness and assistance, and she read the sarcastic refusal contained in the reply, with its sneering allusion to herself. She saw her husband become dissipated and despised; she bore children, and followed them to the grave, when better treatment and more comforts would have saved them. She labored with her hands as she had never labored in the cotton-mill. She cleaved to that unworthy man in the worst of ill-report, with a sublime faith and heroism which are only shown by women.

"Time softens all asperities." Years of practical childlessness produced their natural effect upon the father of Everett Travis. The barriers of pride and obstinacy were strong and high; but at last they yielded. A letter came to the poor Western home, informing the son that his mother was stricken with paralysis, and likely to die. It implored him to return at once, bringing his wife, and gave repeated assurance that everything should be forgotten.

The answer, anxiously expected, was brief and unsatisfactory. It was written by Julia. She said that both her husband and herself were saddened by the intelligence of his mother's illness; that both wished to go at once to her, but they could not. Everett could not write, and he had requested her to do so.

"Is that all?" asked the dying mother. "Yes, Sophy; that's all."

"Oh, dear! I shall never see him again—my darling, my only child! Did you send them money to come, Timothy?"

"No," groaned the repentant father. "I didn't think of that."

"O, Timothy!"

"But I don't believe they'd come, anyway. It's a queer letter. She don't even say that Evvy is sick."

When the sufferer was dead and buried, Mr. Travis resolved to go in person and look up his wayward son. A long railroad journey brought him to the city of his home, and with much difficulty he found his mean habitation. To the thin, careworn woman whom he found there, he introduced himself as Everett's father. She looked at him with stony eyes.

"I am his wife," she said. "You disowned him years ago on my account; now you have come too late to find him."

"He is not dead?" Mr. Travis cried.

"No; but if you persist in seeing him you will wish he was."

"Where is he? Take me to him."

"Beware, sir! I warn you. I say it is too late for your hard heart to be moved. You had better go back, and not insist on seeing him."

"I must see him."

She put on her battered bonnet and faded shawl, and without a word conducted him through busy streets to a gloomy and vast stone building. They walked through offices, halls, and courts and were stopped by a man at a strongly barred door.

"Do you want to look, Mrs. Travis?" the guard respectfully asked.

"Yes; do you look, too?"

Her companion did as she directed.

Through a wicket in the door that the guard unclosed some hundreds of men were seen marching across a large open court. Guards with muskets were posted about. The men who marched had close-cropped hair and wore a queer striped dress. Each man of the double-file had his right hand on the left shoulder of the man next in front of him. Among them Mr. Travis recognized his son.

"Why, what's all this?" he asked.

"You are in the State's Prison, sir," said Julia, coldly. "Yonder is your son—my husband. You repudiated him because he chose to marry me; he had not strength enough to be a man without your help—and there he is. I warned you, but you would come."

The old man's pride and coldness returned at once.

"What is he here for?" he asked.

"For a killing done in a drunken brawl. He is in for life."

"Come away, then. I never want to hear his name again. Once more I disown him, but I will provide for you. The law will free you from him; he is civilly dead. Come home with me."

Poor, distressed, almost hopeless, she flashed such indignation upon him that he cowered away from her.

"He is my husband," she said. "You, his own father, may cast him away; I will never leave him. I know all you said of him and me when we were wedded. I saw the two letters you wrote him. He was your idol. You have shown—you are showing—how cheap a thing a father's love may be. I am his wife, I say; that is my answer."

He tried to put money in her hands, to tell her of a large check he would send her.

"I will burn it," she answered, and left him.

She went back to her loneliness and hard poverty.

But the result was what might easily be foreseen. The woman's faith, love, and endurance had their reward.

In a few years Everett Travis was set free and came out from his hard discipline a man. The fallen idol was replaced upon its pedestal; the wife's fidelity was abundantly rewarded, and his father was glad to welcome him as his son and heir, with a worthy daughter.

Teasing Children.

One of the commonest practices, and one that should be strongly condemned by mothers and guardians, is the pernicious habit of teasing children. Some people take particular pleasure in provoking a little child to anger. They will torment and harass it just to see its eyes flash and its little hands close tightly, and when this end is attained they laugh heartily at the picture of anger and indignation they have wrought. Should the child under this provocation resent by an angry word or action the torture these people are heaping on it, that is a very different thing altogether; they are horrified at the expression or action; the child is impudent or vicious; its mother ought to punish it. Generally the mother or guardian does chastise it, although in their hearts they feel that, in justice, the child is not to blame and the punishment belongs elsewhere. "Oh, dear!" you will hear these people exclaim after an exhibition such as the above, "that child is so hot-tempered and irritable, if it isn't controlled when it is young the parents will have a hard time with it when it is older." They are fond of citing, as an example for this child to imitate, one of their acquaintances who is totally dissimilar in disposition to the irritable one. The model child never gets angry, no matter how long they may torment it. It takes it all good-natured and never thinks of such a thing as resenting it. They usually attribute this trait in a child as the result of proper training, when, as a rule, it has very little to do with it. There are two kinds of children that do not mind teasing, and these are the ones that are usually set up as models. One is of a naturally amiable disposition, and will good-naturedly take a great deal of teasing before resenting it. The other is of the "don't-care" kind, and would as soon be tormented as praised. A child that is indifferent to either censure or praise will bear watching, for such a child seldom amounts to much when grown up.

Where there is a large family of children the irritable child will be tormented and annoyed by its brothers and sisters enough on account of its unfortunate disposition, without the aid of older people. Children are very quick to follow in the footsteps of older folks and are very observant. Seeing that the irritable member of the family is always the same one chosen by grown folks to tease, they very readily learn to imitate the latter, and, if not seen to by the parents, the tormented child will have a miserable time of it even in its own home, the place of all others where it should be protected. Parents should not allow teasing in the home, and more particularly where the subject of it is a child of such a temperament as the above. To be sure there is no necessity for spoiling such a child by allowing it more privileges than the other children. No, indeed. It will not ask any more. It will be perfectly contented to be let alone to quietly enjoy the same privileges as the other children without the fear of being annoyed on every occasion by reference to its unfortunate disposition.

Other children are very sensitive to teasing who are not of irritable temperaments, and these little ones are tormented even more than the others. They will stand just so much annoyance without a sign of resentment, "until the first intimation they give of being hurt is a flood of tears. Then in a contemptuous tone the epithet "cry-baby" is applied to them by their persecutors. All children, but more particularly sensitive children, like the above, like to stand well in the estimation of older people, and will do all in their power to further this. They work so hard to do what is right that when their little peculiarities are held up to ridicule they are bitterly grieved, and their disappointment is so great that their only relief is in tears. They do not care that other children tease them, they do not mind them but very little, and get over it in a short time; but that grown people, to whom they have never done anything to deserve it, should ridicule them until they cry, and then heap insult on injury by calling them "cry-babies," is too much for their sensitive natures, and it is not to be wondered at their hearts being very sore.—*American Cultivator*.

The Last of the Jerseymen.

With pallid face and feverish limbs he tottered to the back porch of the hotel and sounded a dreadful horn of warning, like the dying Roland when Charlemagne and all his peerage fell by Fontarabia.

He was a mosquito.

And the swift-winged denizens of the bushes thronged around him.

"Friends," he murmured feebly, "my time is short, but I can still do you some service. Beware yon beautiful city girl who sits gazing out upon the sea. I have tasted the rich bloom of her cheek and behold, I die! It was Venetian red."

And he rolled over.

"I think Jersey is a much-abused place," said the maiden, rising from her chair. "I'm sure the mosquitoes haven't troubled me a bit."—*Tid-Bits*.

HEAVEN helps those who help themselves, if they do not rob others of the same opportunities.

THE FARMERS' JUBILEE.

Paying Homage to the Great Staple Product of the Northwest.

Encouraging the Cultivation of the Most Profitable Cereal Now Grown by the Farmer.

There has never been a time in the past when the agricultural interests of the country received the recognition that is given them to-day. Particularly is this true of the great and expanding Northwest, whose rich and fertile lands have year after year yielded golden harvests to the intelligent husbandmen, and added prosperity and wealth to the city and country. The soil and climate of this vast scope of country embraced in the Missouri valley, and reaching away in rich, undulating fields for hundreds of miles from the murky river, are peculiarly adapted to the profitable growing of cereal, especially that of corn. But here, like in many other sections, farmers have but imperfectly realized the importance of corn cultivation, and the breeding of hogs and cattle.

Lately their attention has been attracted to the importance of this industry by the location in the Northwest of extensive pork and beef packing houses, and especially have they been brought to carefully consider the question in relation to the Corn Palace and Jubilee, to be held October 3 to 8, at Sioux City, Iowa, which is in the very heart of the great corn-belt of the Northwest. The effect has been electrical. Farmers throughout Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota and Minnesota are interesting themselves in the matter of a fine display of this cereal with an

THE HAYMARKET VICTIMS.

A Monument to Commemorate the Deeds of the Policemen Killed by the Bomb.

A Rumor that if the Anarchists Hang Their Wives May Commit Suicide.

George Francis Train's Awful Threat—Socialists to Adopt a New Policy.

George Francis Train's Awful Threat. [New York special.]

George Francis Train spoke for the first time in many years at Webster Hall Sunday evening in favor of the condemned Chicago anarchists. The proceeds of the admission fees charged were to go to the support of the men's families. Mr. Train said his presence was due to the influence of four brave women—Mrs. W. P. Black, wife of counsel of the condemned anarchists; Mrs. Parsons, the mulatto wife of one of the convicts; Nina Van Zandt, the wife by proxy of August Spies; and Mrs. Col. Hilton. His speech was rambling and somewhat incoherent. Referring to the killing of the policemen in Chicago, Mr. Train said he "would have fired all the bombs he could" had he been there. Continuing, he said:

"You have a right to carry a pistol, and if any one is going to interfere with you blow his brains out. All those in favor of this say aye. Adopted unanimously. The ayes have it and Herr Post is elected. Any one who carries a pistol after this is an ass when you can carry a little bomb with which you can kill sixteen out of twenty-five policemen. All those in favor of carrying bombs say aye. Adopted unanimously. Tomorrow night I shall lecture here, if I can get the hall, and after Nov. 11, if they hang those men, I shall destroy the Republic."

This was said with a leap in the air and a landing on the platform that made it quiver. It was the climax in the speech.

A Plan to Unite the Socialists and Internationalists. [Chicago special.]

The most important result of the recent Socialist convention at Buffalo was the amalgamation of the Internationalists and Socialists. In fact, the so-called congress was held for the specific purpose of adopting some plan of operation upon which the two factions could unite. The Chicago reds are jubilant over the result and predict that great work will be accomplished in the next two years. A local Socialist leader explains the situation as follows:

The Socialist Labor party is organized for the purpose of bringing about Socialism, but by different methods from those advocated by Haskell and his followers. Our plan is education and political action, both of which have until recently been sneered at by the revolutionaries as child's play and milk-and-water policy. They have changed their opinions of late, however, and are now about to join the Socialist Labor party in a body and abandon their former organization.

The Formal Sentence of Death. [Chicago special.]

Sheriff Matson has received the death warrant in the anarchist case. The warrant which was handed down by the Supreme Court says the record of the trial, as reviewed by the Judges, is without error, and the judgment of the lower court is therefore affirmed. The official notification to the Sheriff closes as follows:

"It is further ordered by the court that the 11th day of November, A. D. 1887, be, and the same is hereby, fixed as the time when the sentence of death pronounced upon the plaintiffs in error—August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg—by the Criminal Court of Cook County, Illinois, shall be executed; and it is further ordered by the court that the Sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, be, and the same is hereby, ordered and directed to carry into execution the sentence by the Criminal Court of Cook County, Illinois, of the defendants."

Monument to the Policemen Killed at Haymarket Square. [Chicago telegram.]

An earnest effort has been inaugurated by a number of Chicago's prominent and public-spirited citizens to raise funds for a suitable monument to the blue-coated heroes who lost their lives in the Haymarket riot. Many of the leading business men are lending their aid to the movement, and contributing to the fund.

THE TURKISH MINISTER.

A Christian Representative from a Mohammedan Government.

Alexander Maroyeni-Bey, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Ottoman Empire to the United States, was born in Constantinople, Turkey, in October, 1852. He received his primary education in Constantinople, but when quite a youth he was sent to the schools in Paris. In the University of the

