HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

What care I—as the days go by—
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?
What care I what the weather may be?
Cold or warm—'tis the same to me.
For my dear home skies—they are always
blue;
And my dear home weather (the glad days
thro')
Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

And why? Well, here is my baby sweet,
Following me round on his restless feet,
Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes,
And gladdening and brightening my in-door
skies.
And baby's father, with fond, true heart
(To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and
sky
Of the outside world, when we're busy all
day
Manufacturing sunshine which fades not
away?
With smiles, with kisses, with peace and
with joy—
Father and mother, and baby-boy—
We are living each day in the sunshine we
make—
And God keep us and guide us for love's
dear sake!

—Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Bazar.

Rockerton's Sweetheart.

MR. ALPHEUS Monrough had made his pile as a speculator, principally in "rails," but he still amused himself by dealing now and again to the extent of $1,000,000 or so, although for general business he had practically retired from 'Change. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Miss Phyllis Monrough, aged twenty—a fine, handsome blonde, who had taken up the study of science.

Phyllis had, of course, heaps of offers, eligible and otherwise, but she had not met the man whom she cared to marry, and, at her urgent desire, her father had sent her to college to enable her to pursue her studies.

She went to the college with a mind fully made up to devote her life to science and to abjure matrimony. In fact, as she herself put it, she had locked up her heart and thrown the key away.

But we are told that "Love laughs at locksmiths," and, in confirmation thereof, she had not been long at college when she found herself head over ears in love with George Stanilaus Rockerton, who was studying law there.

Young Rockerton came from a good family, was rich, good looking and in every way eligible; but when Phyllis wrote to her "papa" informing him of her tender passion and asking his consent to her engagement, she received a telegram (he was so urgent that he would not wait for the post to carry his refusal):

"No. Come home at once."

Phyllis had so rarely been denied anything that she was angry, astonished, dumbfounded, brokenhearted all at once. No mere words can accurately describe her feelings. However, there was no help for it. She must obey. And so, after an interview with her lover, in which they vowed eternal attachment, she precipitately threw up her studies and her newly found hopes of bliss and returned to New York.

Her father received her kindly, but with a firm set countenance, which she knew from her observation of his dealings with others indicated that his mind was made up, and that nothing could alter it.

She, of course, burst into tears to begin with. But it made no visible effect on her parent.

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "you cannot imagine how it pains me to be obliged to run counter to your desires, but when I have explained matters to you, I hope you will agree with me and give up the idea of marrying this young Rockerton."

"When I was a lad my father had a farm out West, the adjoining farm to which belonged to Ralph Rockerton, the grandfather of the young man you have met.

"I need not go into details; it will suffice for you to know that my father and old Rockerton had a bitter quarrel, and that a feud arose between the two families which can never be healed.

"I would rather see you in your coffin," he added, melodramatically, "than see you the wife of one of that brood."

"But, papa," urged Phyllis, "it is a very long time ago, and I don't think that a quarrel between my grandfather and his grandfather should be any reason why Geo—I mean Mr. Rockerton—should not be a good husband to me. He is rich. I've always done as you've wished, and now, when I feel that my life's happiness is at stake, you make this stupid objection."

She sobbed afresh, but her tears were thrown away on her obdurate parent, so she tried to cross-examine him on the subject of the quarrel.

"It must have been a very dreadful quarrel, papa, for you to harbor revenge all these years. Tell me more about it. If my life is to be blighted," she said, sighing deeply, "I should like to know it."

Mr. Monrough felt himself getting into a corner with his daughter's wiles and tears, and he got a bit angry.

"It would be of no use," he replied shortly; "my mind is irrevocably made up. But I may say that, as was common in those days, the quarrel led to fighting, and until your grandfather's death, which happened about two years afterward, every member of either family took every opportunity of trying to take the life of some member of the other. After father's death we sold the farm and came East, and so the enmity ceased actively; but I could never consent to your marrying into that hated family—never!"

"But, papa," insisted the girl, "what was it about? What led to the quarrel?"

"It was about a stream, my dear, which ran between the two estates. Old Rockerton insisted that the water was all on his land, whereas it was the boundary, and we had the right on one side of the stream and he on the other. But it really distresses me to think about that dreadful time, when for two whole years I walked about with my life in my hand, so to speak. I beg that you will say no more on the subject."

"Well, just one question, papa," asked Phyllis, with an eye to future contingencies. "Was any one killed."

"No. No one was killed," answered Mr. Monrough; "but your grandfather was shot in the arm, and I never can forgive them—never!—never!"

Her father then insisted on her promising him that she would not marry without his consent, which she did readily enough, but she saw it was useless arguing with him any further, and for the time the matter ended.

It soon became evident to Mr. Monrough that Phyllis was really fretting and making herself ill about "that confounded fellow Rockerton," as he said to himself. He was a man of action, and determined to give her a thorough change.

"Phyllis, my girl," he said the next morning at breakfast, "How would you like to go to England for a bit?"

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, with the most brilliant look on her face that he had seen there for a long time. "That would be delightful. You know I've always wanted to go across and see the Old World. But can you spare the time?"

"Well, no, my girl, I can't just now," he replied. "I am obliged to remain here for a time, as I have a speculation on which requires my presence on the spot; but Mrs. Lakering is going over by the next Cunarder, and she would chaperon you to your uncle's in Manchester, where you could stay and amuse yourself till I arrived, which probably would be in about three months."

So it was settled; and, the following week, Phyllis (having first informed young Rockerton, with whom she kept up a secret correspondence, of her departure and her destination) stepped on board the mail steamship under the care of her lady friend and in due course arrived at her uncle's in Manchester.

She was warmly received by her English relatives. Mr. Thomas Spander (her late mother's brother) had a large business in the cotton spinning trade in Manchester, and resided at Birkdale, going backward and forward to his business, so that she had the benefit of the sea air. What with that, and her voyage over, and her new surroundings, she in a very short time resumed her old healthy looks, and, as Mr. Spander wrote to Mr. Monrough, "she seemed to have entirely forgotten her love affair."

She also, of course, frequently wrote to her father. In one of her letters she said:

"I am awfully comfortable here. Everybody seems to do everything possible to make me happy. Uncle Thomas's son George is at home from the university, where he is studying for the Church. He seems a very nice young man, not at all solemn as one would think, and he plays tennis lovely. He returns to Cambridge tomorrow."

"Um!" reflected old Monrough, as he read this letter. "That's more like it, now!"

Phyllis had been in England for two months and everything had settled down quietly, when Mr. Monrough was electrified one morning to receive a cablegram from her:

"George has come all the way from college. Wants to marry me immediately. Do consent and make me happy. PHYLLIS."

"Well! this beats all!" murmured Mr. Monrough, as he stared at the message. "He must have fallen very deeply in love with her, indeed. Oh! I consent. But how about the settlement? I suppose that Tom Spander reckons on my doing what is right, and so I will. I wish I could get over, but I'm stuck fast with that speculation for another month. It might lose me a million if I left it, and I can't afford that. Well, here goes!"

And he sent this reply telegram:

"Don't understand the hurry, but I consent. Am very pleased. Wish every happiness. Cannot leave here for a month. Tell uncle I will arrange handsomely.

"MONROUGH."

Ten days after this message, on the morning of the arrival of the Cunard steamship at New York, Mr. Monrough was sitting in his private office when the door opened and in walked his daughter, leaning on the arm of a very well-set-up young man—of course, her husband.

The old man jumped up.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he shouted. "What on earth made you in such a hurry to get married? Ah, well, I was young myself once, and I know when I fell in love with your mother I was in a deuce of a hurry to get married."

"Oh, papa," murmured Phyllis, as she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. "It was so kind of you to give your consent. I am so happy. I thought you would, though, when you knew what a long way George had come to seek me!"

"Oh, well! I guess it's not such a very long way, afer all," replied her father. "England's only a little place altogether, you know."

"Well," said George, "that's true; but its' nigh upon 4000 miles before you get there!"

The elder man started at this observation, he couldn't understand the application of. However, he passed it over.

"Well, George, my boy," he said, as he shook his hand in a hearty grip, "I'm truly glad to have you for a son-in-law. And, how's your father?"

"My father?" echoed George. "He's been dead this ten years or more!"

"What does all this mean?" cried Mr. Monrough, in amazement. "Am I mad, or what is it? You've just left your father, my brother-in-law, Tom Spander, in England, haven't you?!"

Phyllis threw up her arms, and, with a wild shriek, fell down on the thickest part of the soft fur rug that lay before the fireplace, in what appeared to be a dead faint.

The two men bent down at the same time to attend to her, and bumped their heads together, and everything was confusion.

"My name's not Spander," said George, hurriedly, as he rubbed his head with one hand and supported Phyllis with his disengaged arm.

"My name's Rockerton, and I went all the way from college in America to England, to secure your daughter."

The pen refuses to record Mr. Monrough's forcible language when he was thus suddenly made acquainted with the fact that he had given his consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of the family to which he had sworn deadly hatred, and the very man he had before refused, while all the time he had thought Phyllis was marrying George Spander, his brother-in-law's son.

For about five minutes the place would hardly hold him, and his anger was such that he took no means to restore his daughter, leaving her newfound husband to "bring her round" as best he could.

However, by the time he had roared himself out of breath, he saw the futility of his further opposition or resentment; and, like the good business man that he was, he veered round and met the wind as it blew.

"Well! well!" he said, "I've been done! But what's done can't be helped."

He then turned to assist Phyllis, but by a strange coincidence that young lady had just "come to," and in a burst of hysterical tears, begged forgiveness for the little "misunderstanding."

"I forgive you, you little witch," her father cried. "But I have my suspicions about the 'misunderstanding.'"

And Mr. Monrough has never been able to decide in his own mind whether it was accidental or of "malice prepense" on Phyllis's part that the "misunderstanding" occurred. He has, on several occasions, tackled his daughter on the subject, but she has always managed most skilfully to evade the question, and as she and her husband are the happiest couple imaginable, and George "is not such a bad chap after all," Mr. Monrough has long since ceased to inquire further into it, and has also, of course, "buried the hatchet" with the Rockerton family.—Tit-Bits.

The Wizard With the Whip.

A decided sensation has been created in Vienna by a man who probably stands alone in the world in his particular line of performance. This gentleman's name is Piskslug and he is an Austro-Hungarian by birth. He is an expert, or, rather, a phenomenal artist in the use of the whip.

The first thing he does is to take a long-lashed, stout-handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music, and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

More interest, however, is evinced when he seizes a vicious-looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force there lies in a whip lash in the hands of an expert.

A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and swinging the lash round his head lets fly at the calf-skin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean-cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium-sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Anyone in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow-necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of half a crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it.—Tit-Bits.

A Singular Jubilee.

A singular jubilee has just been celebrated by a famous Austrian politician, Dr. Smolka—the fiftieth anniversary of his condemnation to death. As a young man Dr. Smolka was sentenced for belonging to a treasonable society, and only escaped the death penalty through a general amnesty. Afterward he became a loyal subject, and rose to be President of the Reichsrath.

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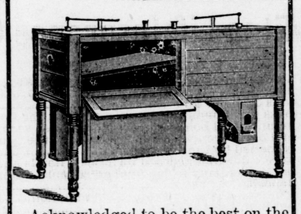
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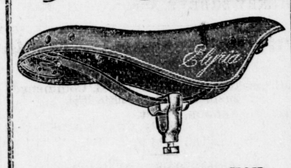
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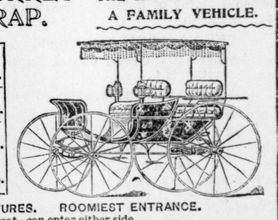
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