

The Family Circle

SUNSHINE THRO' THE CLOUDS

Oh, what a glorious blessing
That the sky is ever blue,
Thro' all our cares and troubles,
There is always sunshine, too.

No matter what the burden,
That weighs upon the heart,
Look thoughtfully to heaven,
Then speed thy humble part.

Smile thro' your tears of sorrow;
The clouds will pass away.
Look to the stars of heaven,
Then kneel thee down to pray.

Then in thy humble sadness,
Trust to the One above,
Who looks upon His children
With a never-failing love.

No matter how dark the shadows,
How full the day of pain,
Beyond lies the golden sunshine
And joy shall come again.

A FRECKLY REVENGE

Mittie could not deny that she was freckled, for had she not that very minute taken a miserable peep into the tiny round mirror which was secretly tucked up her sleeve?

'But what if I am freckled?' she said. 'Ted Milton is worse things than that. His hair is—mouse, pure mouse, that's what it is, and his eyes are faded blue calico-colored eyes. I'll say it even if he is my brother!'

Just then she caught sight of the shelf where her brother always piled his school-books on Saturday. She knew his geography was there, and in it the precious map over which he had been so earnestly bending every evening for the last two weeks. What if— She climbed up and took the book. With trembling fingers she turned the leaves until she found the bit of cardboard. She caught her breath. The work was beautiful; not a single blot nor soiled place!

He could do so many things. There in the corner stood her doll's house; he had made that every bit himself, and had drawn the tiny pictures hanging on its walls. His knife had whittled out the little chairs and table and mites of wooden dishes. Mittie's eyes grew misty.

'The map is to be handed in to-morrow. He will surely win the prize. And now if I do this perfectly dreadful thing, he will never love me any more. But then he doesn't love me, as it is, because if he did he wouldn't call me, "Frecklety, frecklety turkey egg." I guess I'll show him something else about freckles that he won't think quite so funny! I'll make thousands of them all over his map!'

She took down the pen and ink. As she did so, her arm knocked down a card.

She turned it over and read, 'Overcome evil with good.'

Then she went to the geography, and even dipped the pen into the ink.

'Overcome!' Mittie stared. It almost seemed as if someone had spoken. 'Yes, but he said "Freck—" "Evil with good," interrupted conscience. "Oh, dear," she wailed, "I promised I'd try to obey those words this week. But I didn't think it would be so hard! I wonder if I couldn't wait for a little evil. I'm almost sure I could overcome a little one, and maybe even a middle-sized one. But perhaps I'd better not make a single freckle on the map. Yet that would be only leaving things the very way they were. And I s'pose "overcoming" must be making things better for the one that was meant to you. It simply can't be that teacher ever tried to overcome with good, or she'd know it was too much to ask us to do! She couldn't see that the very next day Ted was going to say "Frecklety" to me, and "Turkey egg" and "Specklety spitfire."'

She put up the geography and went out and sat on the front doorstep. 'If I must do good to Ted I'll have to hurry; he'll be home soon.'

In five minutes she shouted excitedly, 'I have it! I have it! There are the two dollars Uncle Will sent me, and the fifty cents I earned picking blackberries. I've been saving for ever and ever to get a doll's piano, but I haven't near enough, and dolly won't—be—disappoint—pointed—be—because she didn't know about it.' Mittie gave two or three big swallows, but smiled bravely. 'I've just enough to buy that picture hanging up in Mr. Fulton's window. Ted's been wild to have it.'

When, a little later, Ted rushed two steps at a time up to his room, he found his sister just passing out of the room.

'Oh, Freck—Whoopce! what's that?' With one spring he was in front of the picture. 'Who's here? Did Uncle Will?'—then his eyes fell on a little card slipped in behind the frame, 'Yours truly, Freckles'—that was all.

'Sis!' he called, but she had fled. Down the stairs he dashed. He found her behind the hall door. 'Did you take your two dollars and a half?' he asked in a low, awe-stricken voice. 'Did you?' Mittie gave just the shadow of a nod. Then it was Ned's turn to swallow, and somehow a whole half-dozen frogs seemed to have jumped into his throat.

He went and stood in the door, then came back with a new look of wonder and respect. 'Sis,' he said gently, 'this is the greatest thing I've ever known, and added, 'I'll never say "Freckles" to you again. I like 'em, and wish you had more of 'em!'

And Mittie, laughing this time, peeped into the mirror and answered: 'You mean if there was room!'

FOR POLITE CHILDREN

Do not answer questions that are put to others.

Do not whisper in company, or talk harshly to anyone. If two or more are talking together, do not join them unless they show you that it will be agreeable.

Older and intellectual persons are not expected to hold long conversations with those who are different in thoughts and tastes.

Keep from helping others to tell their stories.

Never speak of yourself unless compelled to do so.

It is very rude to quiz simple-minded people, or to smile or wink, in a sly way, when others are talking.

Keep from nudging others.

Be tender with the bashful; gentle with the absurd.

Never gossip.

Never give others pain.

Do not be positive in your sayings. You may be mistaken.

Let no one know that you have been slighted, or have taken offence at what has been said.

It is a greater mistake to call attention to a mistake unless it be your duty, then it is to let it go unnoticed.

Do not praise a person in his presence, or talk ill of him in his absence.

Do not force yourself into a game.

If you lose, do not show bad humor.'

PROFITABLE PRESENT-GIVING

A Russian Grand Duke, finding himself with a few days to spare in Paris, went one evening to the theatre, and, being a person of importance, thought himself bound to send a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterwards, being in the same apartments, his servant announced that a lady wished to see him. Going to the room, he found an unknown lady before him.

'I am afraid your Highness does not recognise me,' she said. 'I am Mariquita, an actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions.'

'I recognise you now, madam,' replied the Duke, 'but I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet.'

'But it was your servant who brought them each evening,' she said.

Accordingly the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master:

'When I took the first bouquet, your Highness, the lady gave me a tip of 5 francs, and as the bouquet cost only 40 sous I made 3 francs over it. So I repeated the performance, with the same result each time. I pray your Highness's pardon.'

THE UNPREJUDICED OBSERVER

A young woman who spends much of her time copying in the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently said in the *New York Sun* that a criticism that has helped her a great deal in her work came from a man to whom she took a picture to be framed.

'As the picture progressed my friends told me it was fine,' she said. 'Some of the other copyists said it had "value," "character," "good coloring," and all those things, and even one of the guards in the gallery got real friendly one day and remarked that it was the best copy of that picture he had seen.'

'I began to think that maybe, after all, my several years of study were beginning to bear fruit. When the picture was finished I took it to the framer, where I picked out a good frame. The man began to figure out the cost.'

'"I'll tell you, miss," he said after a while, "that frame will come to three dollars and ninety-eight cents. If I were you I'd get something cheaper for that picture."'

THE PIG GOT WELL

It is customary for parents in the rural districts of the American Southern States to help out the teacher's salary. This is done by giving meat, meal, potatoes—in fact, anything they may have. In a certain community there lived a large family. All the children were in school, but the parents never gave anything towards the salary. One day the oldest daughter, Mary, came up to the teacher's desk and said: 'Fessor, pa's gwine sen' yons a pig.' 'Tell him I'll be more than obliged,' said the surprised teacher.