

POETRY.

SUNSHINE ALWAYS FOLLOWS RAIN.

It washed the faint and anxious grasses, Through all this splendid latitude; And trees, and flowers and ferns in masses Sent up a hymn in gratitude.

The welcome thunder led the waters Sparkling o'er the thirsty lands, Nature laughed and all her daughters Gladly clapped their fevered hands.

Why so gloomy and dejected, Wake up, man, and grieve no more, She and you in anger parted, And I know your heart is sore;

SELECT STORY.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

BY RUFUS HALE.

"I promise to sacrifice, under any circumstances, my own happiness and comfort for your son's. I even promise to give up my life to preserve his, should he be in peril from which he could be saved in no other way!"

So said the noble-looking young lieutenant, Guy Graham, of the armed U. S. brig, Arizona, to Mrs. Harton, his aunt, whose son Edward, had just been shipped aboard the vessel as pursuer.

Mrs. Harton had once saved Guy's father, a merchant, from ruin and from death. At a time when he had failed in business, and when, overwhelmed by the misfortune, he had resolved to shoot himself, she had come to him and made him see and feel how unreasonable and even wicked, he was to contemplate the destruction of the life God had given him.

Years passed. Mr. Graham's son, Guy, became a lieutenant in the navy. Mrs. Harton's boy, Edward, was also in the navy, and at length it chanced that he was taken as pursuer aboard the Arizona, then lying off New York harbor.

Guy had not seen the youth since he was a child, until he met him aboard the brig. To tell the truth, he did not like his young cousin Edward's manner. The pursuer was vain, frivolous and conceited; but Guy hoped that his character would change for the better as he grew older, for he was now but twenty.

Mrs. Harton visited her nephew aboard the vessel. She informed him that Edward was a little "wild," and begged him to watch over the welfare of her boy—to make him as comfortable and happy as his position of second lieutenant would permit him to do.

It then was that Guy, grateful for her past kindness to his father, made her the promise already mentioned. He had made it without due reflection—with the quick impulse of a generous young man of twenty-five.

Two hours later Mrs. Harton left the brig, which then got under way. The captain's daughter, a girl of seventeen, was aboard. She was to accompany her father to Sydney, Australia, on a visit to some relatives there.

Lieutenant Graham thought he had never before seen so lovely a creature. Her eyes were brown; her hair chestnut in hue; her complexion clear. Her voice and laugh were sweet to hear; her step was as light and free as that of a fawn. Her name was Selina Morton.

Of course, captain Morton introduced his officers to her. The old lieutenant of marines was heard to say that he would feel proud of such a daughter; that, with all her sprightliness, she possessed a kind, gentle disposition, good sense and a sympathetic nature.

Guy Graham was of the same opinion. He was much in her society, and he soon knew that he loved her. Edward Harton, the pursuer, also admired her.

One clear morning, as the brig, under all sail, was passing the Gulf of Guinea, off the coast of Africa, Guy stood by Selina's side, conversing with her. She had the appearance of being pleased with him. Her brown eyes shone softly, and smiles flitted over her glowing, dimpled cheeks.

It chanced that, on turning round, after he had left him and gone into the cabin, he saw Edward Harton approaching. The face of the pursuer wore a sullen, discontented look.

"He came up to the lieutenant, and said: 'You are trying to win her from me. Should you succeed, it would kill me.' He spoke mournfully. Guy turned pale. He laid his hand on his cousin's arm. 'Do you love that girl?' 'With my whole heart,' was the answer. 'With my whole heart,' was the answer. 'He seemed sincere. Guy clinched his teeth, and a look like that of despair passed over his face. He was thinking of his promise to Mrs. Harton; and in his estimation, a promise was sacred. He had told his aunt that he would, under any circumstances sacrifice his own happiness for her son's. The time for such a sacrifice was now come. Guy would keep his word, which to him was more precious even than his life. 'Be happy,' he said to the young pursuer. 'I leave the field to you.' 'You give her up, then?' 'No, I do not give her up, for she has never been mine,' answered Guy. 'I do not know that she cares at all for me. I simply promise not to try to win her, but

order that you may do so, if you can. Should you fall, then, of course, I should no longer keep in the back ground.' 'No danger of my falling,' said the pursuer, conceitfully. From that moment Guy avoided Selina as much as possible. He was a lively, handsome young fellow, although rather frivolous. The young lieutenant could not help now and then, looking across at the two when they were together. 'She does not miss me,' he thought. 'She seems to like him better. Be it so. I must try to forget.'

The strong passion of a strong man is hard to smother. Every day Guy realized more and more how great was the sacrifice he had made. Meanwhile, Selina seemed well pleased with Harton's attentions. Only now and then would she dart a shy glance out of the corners of her eyes at lieutenant Graham, as if wondering what made him so grim, so stern and so reserved of late. At about this time the brig was becalmed. The calm lasted so long that the supply of fresh water aboard would, it was feared, fall short before the vessel reached Sydney. The African coast was in sight in the distance. A dingy (small boat), containing lieutenant Graham and the pursuer, besides the two men who pulled, were sent ashore. Guy and his cousin were to search for fresh water. They finally found a spring from which the brig might be supplied, and they started on their return to the vessel. All at once a gun boomed from the craft. The piping of the boatswain's whistle was heard at the same moment. An old seaman stood upon the rim of the scupperin at the approaching boat, which was not half-way to the brig. 'That gun was a signal for us to hurry,' said the lieutenant. 'There is the reason,' said the pursuer, pointing at the sun. The fiery orb was of almost a violet hue. A veil of mist partially obscured it. The sky had a sulphurous tinge. To windward there was a line of white water. 'Pull for your lives!' cried Graham to the two oarsmen. Good heed had the occupants of the boat for speed. A tornado was approaching. The young lieutenant, who had been creaking at the piping of the whistle died away. For and after her canvass collapsed as it was cowed up. Then the rigging was alive with her active men, as they darted aloft. In a few minutes the brig was stripped of every sail except a close-reefed foresail and a foresail stay-sail. 'See there!' said the pursuer, directing Graham's attention to Selina, who, standing on the horse-block, by her father's side, seemed to be anxiously watching the boat—'she fears for my safety. I have made good progress with her—eh?'

He showed his white teeth—his smiling eyes glittering with triumph. Guy made no answer. 'Don't let it too much to heart! You are not the first man I have cut out!' continued Harton. For an instant the young lieutenant felt like a tiger. The meanness of his rival in taunting him, and the fact that he had made so great a sacrifice for his sake, enraged him almost beyond endurance. It was only the remembrance of his promise to Mrs. Harton that enabled him to control himself. In the distance, a hollow, muffled roar, that was in unison with his feelings, was now heard. The air presently seemed full of unseem, moaning spirits. Above the line of white water to windward a number of great columns were seen sweeping along like huge phantoms. These were whirlwinds, which in their path, caught up the waves and set them to spinning round and round in sheets of foam and spray that seemed to touch the clouds. Roaring, tumbling, howling and shrieking in torrents of driving rain, on came the tornado. Harton shuddered. 'We are doomed!' he said. 'I have cut you out, Graham, but I will never permit him to do. In fact, the tornado gave him no time to respond. As he put the boat's head to the sea, the full force of the hurricane struck the light vessel. Half swallowed in the spray of the ocean, the dingy was whirled along for a few minutes as if it were a piece of straw; then over it went turning bottom up. Lieutenant Graham contrived to clutch the keel, and to fling himself astraddle of the boat. As he held on with a desperate clutch, he looked if he could see his late companions. The oarsmen were nowhere in sight. They were two Hollanders who could not swim, and it was evident they were already lost. Harton, the pursuer, was clinging to the warp of the boat, the bow of which had struck him violently on the temple as he came up from under it. 'Help! help!' he gasped. 'I am hurt! I cannot keep up long!' As he spoke, the chafed warp parting, he clutched his cousin's coat with both hands, and endeavored to pull him from the dingy. 'Come, get off! get off!' he cried. 'I am faint! My brain is turning round! Let me have the boat!' Even at that dreadful moment Guy remembered his promise to Mrs. Harton to sacrifice his own life for that of her son, should there be no other way to save the youth. The latter, only a few minutes before, had meant to taunt him. Were he rescued, he would probably win Selina Morton for his wife. But Guy thought not of these things. He thought only of keeping his word. There was no room on that little boat for two; so, in trying to save his cousin, he believed he would have to give up his own life. 'Here! Get upon the boat!' he cried. 'Now, then, take hold of the keel!' He slipped from it, to be instantly whirled off by the raging waters, while his cousin took his place on the bottom of the dingy. Guy was an excellent swimmer. He battled manfully with the roaring, tumbling, foaming seas. But the flying spray nearly suffocated him, and his strength was deserting him. Meanwhile the violence of the gale, as the tornado swept on to leeward, began to abate. In fact, a tornado is seldom of long duration. Guy, by this time, was exhausted. He ceased to struggle. He gave himself up for lost. Just as he was about to go down, a strong pair of hands clutched him by the shoulders, and he was hauled into a cutter, which, as soon as there was the slightest chance of its weathering the stormy ocean, had been sent from the brig to the rescue. The young pursuer, who owed his life to his cousin, had already been picked up and was in the cutter. A few mouthfuls of brandy somewhat revived the exhausted young man. Harton was sitting up when the boat reached the brig, but

Graham, still reclining, was not visible to those watching from the deck, his form being hidden by the oarsmen around him. 'Where is he?' willy nilly cried Selina Morton, who was on deck. 'Here I am!' responded the young pursuer, now appearing. 'Not you,' she said, drawing back, but Graham! For God's sake,' she continued, 'do let me tell me he is lost!' Just then Guy, still weak, was helped to the deck. The reaction from grief for joy was too much for Selina. With a wild cry, she staggered forward and fell, half fainting on Graham's breast, thus proving that the pallid lieutenant and not Harton, the pursuer, was the man she loved. Words may not express the rapture of the favored sailor, nor the mortification of his youthful rival, the latter having felt quite sure he would win the girl whom in many ways, he had endeavored to prejudice against his cousin. In due time Guy married the beautiful prize he had obtained. She made him a good wife. She lightened his heart with her smiles. She brought unalloyed happiness and sunshine to his home. He deserved it all for so bravely keeping his word.

ORIGIN OF "JACK THE RIPPER." I wonder if one person in 10,000 who reads of "Jack the Ripper" knows the true origin of the term, asks the London correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. I think not. I did not until Mr. B. B. Pinker, who was a London journalist at the time of some of the most atrocious Whitechapel murders, enlightened me. "The story of title," said he, "and all of the ripper literature is a curious tale of an Englishman's enterprise and has never been told. When the Whitechapel murders began, the Central News and the Press Association were two rival London companies, bitterly fighting each other in the work of supplying news to English publications. The Press Association was much the older, more powerful and more widely known, until one fine morning a postal card came to the Central news written in blood, telling in free language what the Whitechapel fiend's future plans of slaughter were, and signed 'Jack the Ripper.' That afternoon the famous name 'Jack the Ripper' was in every one's mouth. The big Press Association was compelled humbly to get the 'Jack the Ripper' postal cards as fast as they came in from London, instead of the Pinker, or to whatever was his favorite publication. It was observed by some of the friends of John Moore, manager of the Central News, that 'Jack the Ripper's' postal cards did not seem to surprise him as they might have done, but only excited him, and investigation revealed the interesting fact that 'Jack the Ripper,' though illiterate, wrote a hand marvelously like that of the refined Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore was no criminal, but he was a sharp rascal, and had done but only mentioned in London, as public feeling would not have endured being imposed upon to that extent nor have accepted business enterprise as an excuse.

A FIND SOCIABLE. Compliments of Miss Dollie Dutton, for Wednesday evening, March 11, at 8 p. m. 'Now what, miss D.' 'I may be the nature of a Find sociable?' As one lives to learn I thought me that it might be as well to find out by experience. When the guests had all assembled in Miss Dollie's spacious parlors they were informed that twenty small articles had been hidden in various places in the parlors and hall, and a list of them was read aloud. They consisted of various toys, scissors, knives, watches, what was not a number of small boxes filled with tiny bonbons. There were two first prizes, one to be given to the lady, the other to the gentleman finding the greatest number of articles. For the first was a quaint little clock room, with gold leaf and curiously wrought oxidized handle; a photograph holder was to reward like skill on the part of some gentleman. Should any one fail to find a single article he or she was to be rewarded with a booby prize. Then the fun began. From vases and rose jars, from folds of portieres and window curtains, from beneath low easy chairs and hassocks, from behind pictures, and in short from all the things that were placed, some of them having been stowed away with an ingenuity that was almost diabolical, the "lost" things were brought to light and reported to the committee until but one small article remained unaccounted for—the tiny watch, which was not, but seldom adorned, Miss Dollie's pretty pink digit. This was finally discovered in the hat of one of the guests which hung innocently in the proper place on the hat rack—New York Herald.

ARIZONA KICKER. We apologize. The editor, owner, publisher and proprietor of the thing called "Our Contemporary," was driven frantic with jealousy because we were able to order and pay for three bundles of paper at once. We happened to meet him in Bonny's hardware store Tuesday afternoon, where he was dickering for a grindstone to use as a balance wheel on his "only steam press," and he boiled over and called us a liar. We hope he can be patched up, sewed together and saved from the grave, though the latest reports are discouraging. We didn't mean to. If he only got well he may abuse us the rest of his natural life and we won't say a word.

A HORSE FARM. The largest horse farm in the world is located thirteen miles out from Cheyenne, Wyo. The ranch contains 121,000 acres, and is stocked with upward of 7,000 horses, which require the constant attention of sixty-five men. Over 200 miles of wire fences are required to keep the animals in bounds.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES." Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. The great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

THE PAPERS DID IT. A Rhode Island burglar got into a house and rummaged about, and secured only about \$2 in change. Next day the papers said he missed \$500, which was in a toilet box he had set aside, and the disgraced man hanged himself in a coal shed.—Detroit Free Press.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Frightfully sudden!" sympathizing friends said, when the news of Mrs. Sylvester Reed's death was known. "She dropped from her chair, at the tea-table, dead," they said, who knew the particulars; and some added: "Poor little Daisy!" While intimate friends sighed:

"It will all have to come out now." Miss Clementina Sayre, Mrs. Reed's sister, "over so many years younger though," she always said, scarcely waited until the hastily summoned physician had given his verdict before she said, with a savage emphasis:

"It will all have to come out now." But she waited, with what patience she could command, until after the funeral. If there was a new will she might not know anything of it, there was no old will drawn up before Daisy was born, which gave her Mrs. Reed's entire wealth, the legacy of her deceased husband.

How Clementina waited and watched, sneering as far as she dared at Daisy's bitter grief, expressed with all the uncontrolled passion of her seventeen years. There was no new will. Mr. Hughes, the family lawyer, was positive about it, and Clementina was mistress of her sister's house, heiress to the entire fortune.

Daisy scarcely understood the words the lawyer read, she was sobbing so bitterly. Still less did she understand when Dr. Lansing, leading her to her own room, said, with emphasis:

"I will see you again, very soon. Do not let this new misfortune overwhelm you." A new misfortune! What could be worse than her mother's death? Daisy thought. She was sitting listlessly idle, when Clementina came in.

"Daisy, I have done what you have hated her, but she was amazed at the malignant triumph in her face, the angry exultation of her tone, as she said: "Miss Margaret Murphy, you may pack your trunk and leave the house. I will not have you taking anything my sister has given you—books, clothing, jewelry; take them all."

"But where can I go, and why do you call me Margaret Murphy, aunt Clementina?" asked bewildered Daisy. "You can go to your own beggarly people. I call you Margaret Murphy because that is your name. You are the daughter of Mrs. Murphy, the woman who washes for me. When you were three years old, my sister adopted you. Your own mother was allowed to see you, under a promise to keep your birth secret. Probably she will welcome you with open arms."

Then Daisy was once more alone. Could she believe this story? Mrs. Murphy's child! While she was still trying to collect herself, and realize this sudden change of fortune, her door opened again, and stout, motherly Mrs. Murphy came in.

"Miss Daisy, dear," the woman said, gently. "Miss Clementina sent me to you, Child!" and here her voice was passionate, though not loud. "I never meant to wrong you up. When I gave you up, and it was tearing the heart out of my bosom, Mrs. Reed promised to provide for you day for you, if she died. What can I do for you, that have lived like a lady all your life? I can give you nothing but love. There's plenty of that for you."

And, half unconsciously, she opened her arms, and Daisy fell into them, sobbing, but already comforted. Then followed a hurried packing and departure, Miss Clementina herself sending for the express to take trunks, and waiting impatiently till the door closed after them.

Then Miss Clementina had a severe attack of neuralgia, requiring the daily attendance of Dr. Lansing, the physician who had been her sister's warm friend for many years, and to whom Clementina had given all the love of her shallow nature was capable.

For several days he was strictly professional, his manner simply courteous; then he drifted one day into conversation and asked:

"Where is Daisy?" "Where she belongs!" was the tart reply. "Did you suppose she was my sister's child?" "Oh, no. I knew all about her adoption. But surely you loved one so dear to your sister?" "A beggar's brat! My sister was always odd, and never more so than about Miss Murphy."

"Can you give me Miss Daisy's address?" "I can give you my address, but I don't know where she is. I saw her once, but she is so sensitive, often suffers physically from excessive grief."

"She can cure her sensitiveness over a wash-bath," said Daisy. "I do not know where her people live. In some low alley, I imagine."

It was useless to say more, but Clementina had effectually destroyed any respect or affection Dr. Lansing might once have felt for her.

More than that, she had forced upon him a conviction that what he had before supposed an affection for a lovely child was developing into the life-love of a man's heart.

Could he have seen Daisy, in those weary weeks, his heart would have ached sorely. There are some natures that in prosperity and happiness seem to be all yielding, shrinking from a harsh word as from a blow, feeling every pain, mental or physical, intensely; and we think their first breath of sorrow comes, this gentle sweetness rises to heroic fortitude; the shrinking, sensitive heart puts on an armor of endurance, and offers her the delicate child is developed the perfect woman.

It was so with Daisy. The first shock over, she took up her new, strange life with patience and courage. She returned the timid, pleading affection her mother seemed to offer her by a daring spirit, she marked the falling off of the pretty rounded arms and dimpled shoulders; she saw how the color faded to a dead white, and large eyes sank into dark hollows; she noted how the quick springing step grew listless and slow. And one day she surprised a secret.

She had suffered all the torments self-reproach could bring for having given her child up, to entail upon her misery, instead of ease and happiness, and now in

her ignorance this secret became a burden, hard to bear. She thought of it day and night, until at last her suspense became too great for endurance. She said to herself, pitiously:

"I cannot see the child die before my eyes." So one day she said, as carelessly as she could:

"Whose picture is that, Daisy, in your upper bureau drawer?" Daisy blushed furiously, but answered, gravely:

"That is Mrs. Reed's physician, Dr. Lansing. He was very kind always to me." "Dr. Lansing. Where does he live, Daisy?"

And Daisy innocently gave the address. It was evening; office hours were over; but the doctor was in his office when the servant ushered in Mrs. Murphy. He had never seen her, and her dress proclaimed her social station, but he had won her heart at once by his gentle courtesy.

"He couldn't 'a' been politer if I had been the first lady in the land," she said, once, when describing the interview. "Doctor," she said, hesitatingly, "I—I am Mrs. Murphy."

But the name did not seem to help him to any recognition of her. "I—I am Daisy Reed's own mother. Perhaps you have forgotten her?" "You—you remember her?" she said, presently.

"Most certainly I do," was the emphatic. "I have been much troubled that I did know where to find her. She is well, I hope?"

"Doctor, she is dying by inches. What could you expect?" she asked, listlessly, as he started and grew pale, "she breathes air all day that is just poison if you're not used to it, and she works like a slave. I'm too poor to keep her from work, and she is too good to live in illness when I can hand at work. Will you come and see her, Doctor, and tell me if any medicine will help her? I came to you, sir, because she told me you had tended her once or twice when she was ill."

"Yes, I will come in the morning. Leave me the address." But Mrs. Murphy said nothing of her own visit or the doctor's promised call, when she reached home. She watched for him, and called Daisy from her embroidery to see an old friend, and then disappeared. When she returned she knew that Dr. Lansing had already given Daisy the medicines of hope and happiness, restoring the delicate color to her thin cheeks, and brightness to her large, hollow eyes.

"You will give her to me?" he asked. "She shall not be altogether separated from you." "Gladly! Oh, so gladly!" Mrs. Murphy said. "I will give her to you. Could I love her, and kill her? You will take all the brightness from the house, but I will bless you all my life for doing it."

Miss Clementina ground her handsome teeth over the wedding cards, but Mrs. Murphy, in her pretty country home, with an income that relieved her from any heavy, money-earning drudgery, blessed the day when she saw Daisy kissing and crying over Dr. Lansing's photograph.

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COOLING OFF THE OLD LOVE. An Arab woman, when left a widow young, her husband devotedly, but, like other widows, if she has the opportunity she may be married again. The night before her second marriage she pays a visit to her husband's grave. She kneels and prays him not to be forgotten. As, however, she feels he will be forgotten, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goatskins filled with water. The prayer ended she proceeds to pour the water on the grave to keep the first husband cool under the circumstances of inflammation. It is present in the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

THE SPONGE CURE FOR HEADACHE. The ordinary nervous headache in women will be greatly relieved, and in many cases entirely cured, by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and lying down over a basin placed in a roomer soaked in water as hot as can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears.—New York Journal.

"Had your vacation?" "No. 'Well don't forget to take along Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.'"

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