

POETRY.

SUNSHINE ALWAYS FOLLOWS RAIN.

It washed the faint and anxious grasses, Through all this splendid latitude;

The wide Dominion—naught could move her, Move her like the thunder wet,

The welcome thunder led the waters Splashing o'er the thirsty lands,

Why weep in summer days like this, Your face sweeter than a ballad

Why so gloomy and downhearted, Wake up, man, and sing no more,

For to-day we sat and sorrowed, And our hearts were all forlorn,

SELECT STORY.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"I promise to sacrifice, under any circumstances, my own happiness and comfort for your son's."

"So said the noble-looking young lieutenant, Guy Graham, of the armed U. S. brig, Arizona, to Mrs. Harton, his aunt,

"See there!" said the pursuer, directing Graham's attention to Selma, who, standing on the horse-block, by her father's side,

"Don't take it too much to heart! You are not the kind of man I have 'cut out'!"

"For an instant the young lieutenant felt like a tiger. The meanness of his rival in taunting him, after he had made so great a sacrifice for his sake,

"Years passed. Mr. Graham's son, Guy, became a lieutenant in the navy, Mrs. Harton's boy, Edward, was also in the navy,

"Then it was that Guy, grateful for her 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. Barton 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.

"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 brightness, 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 Selma'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 she 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. 'I cannot be happy unless I win her.' 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, as 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?'

order that you may do so, if you can. Should you fail, then, of course, I should no longer keep in the back ground."

"No danger of my failing," said the pursuer, conceitously. From that moment Guy avoided Selma as much as possible.

"The pursuer, on the contrary, was more in her company than ever. He was a lively, handsome young fellow, although rather frivolous.

"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, Selma 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, which was feared, fell 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 boatman's whistle was heard at the same moment.

"An old sheet-anchor man stood upon the bow, squinting from under the rim of his tarpaulin 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.

"'Full for your lives!' cried Graham to the two oarsmen. Good need had the occupants of the boat for speed. The tornado was approaching.

"The yards of the brig creaked, as the piping of the whistle died away. For and aft her canvases collapsed as it was clewed up.

"Then the rigging was alive with her active men, as they darted aloft. In ten minutes the brig was stripped of every sail except a close-reefed foresail and a foresail staysail.

"See there!" said the pursuer, directing Graham's attention to Selma, who, standing on the horse-block, by her father's side, seemed to be anxiously watching the boat.

"He showed his white teeth—his smiling eyes glittering with triumph. Guy made no answer. 'Don't take it too much to heart! You are not the kind of man I have 'cut out'!"

"For an instant the young lieutenant felt like a tiger. The meanness of his rival in taunting him, after he had made so great a sacrifice for his sake, enraged him almost beyond endurance. It was only that 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 rain, and round in sheets of foam and spray that seemed to touch the clouds.

"Roaring, buzzing, howling and shrieking, with torrents of driving rain, on came the tornado. Harton roared. 'We are doomed!' he said. 'I have cut you out, Graham, but I will never have my prize!'

"Another taunt; but Guy bore it bravely. 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 comrade. 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 Selma Morton for his wife. But Guy thought not of these things. He thought only of keeping his word.

Graham, still reclining, was not visible to those watching from the deck, his form being hidden by the oarsmen around him. 'Where is he?' wildly cried Selma 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 not tell me he is lost!'

"Just then the Guy, still weak, was helped to the deck. The reaction from grief to joy was too much for Selma.

"With a wild cry, she staggered forward and fell, half fainting on Graham's breast, thus proving that the gallant 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. Brisbane, who was a London journalist at the time of some of the most atrocious Whitechapel murders, enlightened me. "The story of the 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 their young rival and to advertise everywhere the name of the Central News. The Central News advertisement was complete when the police authorities reproduced the Ripper postal cards, Central all, and on a gigantic scale and plastered the walls of all England with them. Some how it did not seem strange to the English public that an ignorant Whitechapel murderer should write his communications to a news agency which he could not possibly know anything about, instead of to the Pinkie, 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 gratified 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 'Jack the Ripper.' This fact was not mentioned in London, as public feeling would not have endured being imposed upon to that extent nor have accepted business enterprise as an excuse.

"Then Daisy was once more alone. How she believed 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 so! When I gave you up, and it was tearing the heart out of my bosom, Mrs. Reed promised to provide for you, and Daisy, 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 Mrs. 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 which 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 old, and never more so than about Miss Murphy.'

"'Can you give me Miss Daisy's address? I was a little uneasy about her the last time I saw her. Such sensitive natures often suffer physically from excessive grief.'

"'She can cure her sensitiveness over a washbasin,' said Clementina. 'I do not know where her people live. In some low alley, I imagine.'

"'It was so with Daisy. The first shock over, she took up her new, strange life with patience and courage. She returned the kind, pleasing attention her adopted father seemed half afraid to offer her by a caressing tenderness, that made the woman's heart leap for joy. She did not toil over a washbasin, because Mrs. Murphy would have suffered more to see her than she would to return; but she made the three small rooms marvel of dainty neatness; she learned to cook the cheap, plain food, to make it appetizing; she sewed busily in every leisure moment upon fancy work that brought starvation prices, but still made some little addition to her mother's narrow income. She had always a smile for the tired woman when she came from her day's work, to find the table set, her supper all ready, and a daughter's loving welcome, where for years there had been only loneliness and sad work to meet her.'

"'Was it wonderful that her mother was ready to fall down and worship her? But, with the keen eye of love, Mrs. Murphy saw, too, how the body shrank from the demands made upon it by the dainties she prepared, and 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 tortments self-reproach could bring for having given her child up, to entail upon her misery, instead of ease and happiness, and now in

"'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. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by all who use it. 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 burglar's box he had set aside, and the disgusted 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 table, dead," they said, who knew the particulars; and some added: "Poor little Daisy!" While intimate friends added:

"It will all have to come out now." Miss Clementina Sayre, Mrs. Reed's sister, ever 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:

"How Clementina waited and watched, sneering as far as she dared at Daisy's bitter grief, expressed with all the uncontrolled passion of her seven years' youth. There was no new will, Mr. Harton, 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 he mean by that? Daisy's death? Daisy thought. She was sitting listlessly idle, when Clementina came in.

"Daisy knew that 'aunt Clementina' hated her, but she was amazed at the malignant triumph in her face, the angry exultation of her eyes, as she said:

"Miss Margaret Murphy, you may pack your trunk and leave the house. I will not interfere with your 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 mother's house. 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 a secret. Probably she will welcome you with open arms."

"Then Daisy was once more alone. How she believed 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 so! When I gave you up, and it was tearing the heart out of my bosom, Mrs. Reed promised to provide for you, and Daisy, 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.'

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"'She had suffered all the tortments 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 her suspense became too great for endurance. She said to herself, piteously:

"I cannot see the child die before my eyes." "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 'b' 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 added, bitterly, 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 idleness when I am hard at work. Will you come and see her, Doctor, and tell me if any medicine will help her? I cannot 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 promise, 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 on the wedding cake, but Mrs. Murphy, in her pretty country bonnet, with an income that relieves her from any heavy, money-eating drudgery, blesses 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 mourns her husband devoutly, but the 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. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels he will be offended, the widow brings with her a monkey basket with two gossamers filled with water. The prayer ended she proceeds to pour the water on the grave to keep the first husband cool under the circumstances about to take place, and having well satisfied him she then departs.—Iowa State Register.

"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 while leaning over a basin placing a sponge soaked in water so hot as it 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 Amoye Liniment."

"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 sweetness, sensitive, loving, shrinking from a harsh word or physical blow, feeling every pain, mental or physical, intensely; and we think the first breath of sorrow comes, this gentle sweetness rises to heroic fortitude; the shrinking, sensitive heart parts on an armor of endurance, and from 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 kind, pleasing attention her adopted father seemed half afraid to offer her by a caressing tenderness, that made the woman's heart leap for joy. She did not toil over a washbasin, because Mrs. Murphy would have suffered more to see her than she would to return; but she made the three small rooms marvel of dainty neatness; she learned to cook the cheap, plain food, to make it appetizing; she sewed busily in every leisure moment upon fancy work that brought starvation prices, but still made some little addition to her mother's narrow income. She had always a smile for the tired woman when she came from her day's work, to find the table set, her supper all ready, and a daughter's loving welcome, where for years there had been only loneliness and sad work to meet her."

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