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Poetry.

THE PRESS.

When tired nature sinks to rest,
And, gently pillowed on her breast,
Humanity lies down to sleep.
While watchful stars their vigils keep;
What, through the long and silent hours,
With patient care and tireless powers
Collects the little scraps of news,
Tinted with all life's varying hues—
What deeds are done, what thoughts are thought,
What noble works are nobly wrought,
What dastard acts are meanly done,
What good is lost, what good is won—
And sends it forth at morn's first ray
The perfect history of the day?

The Press

When wrong and force oppress the weak,
And false advantage strongly seek;
When craft and cunning both combin'd
Strive to pervert the human mind
From the plain path of truth and right,
And hold it by the power of might—
What mightier power its ægis throws
Before down-trodden human woes;
Exposes fraud, and shame, and sin,
And lets the light of truth shine in?

The Press.

God save the freedom of the press!
And may its powers never grow less,
But burn as some strong steady light
Fed by the powers of truth and right.
Ever the first in freedom's cause,
Ever the first to give applause
When right against oppression fights;
Ever defending human rights,
May it forever hold its place,
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Select Story.

Hugh Darrell's Revenge.

The funeral rites were over; the crape had been taken from the door; night was gathering around the house of mourning, but still Helen Ashley sat in her heavy crape robes, gazing idly into the fire and thinking of the troubled spirit that had passed away.

A disappointed and embittered woman had old Miss Darrell been, from the day her wild nephew—the only creature for whom she showed any affection—had run away to sea. In all the years that had passed since then, every communication from him had been laid aside unopened, and never had his name passed her lips till the night she lay dying. Then the hard heart softened.

'My boy, Hugh,' she murmured, twice, 'after all, you shall have your father's home.'

Had she been able she would certainly have altered her will, Helen Ashley thought.

'Who to a stranger Dangerfield gives
Give him a grave—if a Darrell lives.'

The threatening old couplet haunted her. She had heard the servants repeat it, and whisper tales of the disinherited nephew's fierce temper. All seemed to think that her position on his return would be by no means an enviable one. What was that? Surely she heard a step on the gravel? The next minute the long French window opened, and a man stepped in the darkness.

'Can I see Miss Darrell?' he said advancing into the room.

After a moment's hesitation, Helen replied:

'I represent Miss Darrell.'

'But not to me,' he rejoined, quickly. 'I am Hugh Darrell. I heard of my aunt's illness on landing, and I have traveled day and night to see her once more. Surely I am not too late?' he added, as Helen made no answer.

'We buried her to-day,' said the young girl.

The intruder covered his face and turned aside

'This, then, was the last of the 'dour Darrells,' as they were called,' thought Helen, studying him covertly from beneath her long lashes. An enemy to fear or a friend to the death, she decided, noting the easy strength of his figure, the square, determined jaw and firm set mouth. Then she became aware that the stranger's deep, stormy eyes were fixed on her.

'You must be Miss Ashley, of whom I heard—a great deal,' he said suddenly; and his tone told he had heard nothing in her favor. 'The young lady who supplanted me in my aunt's affections.'

Helen flushed guiltily.

'No one could do that, I think. She never really cared for me, although she left me everything.'

'She left you everything!' he echoed; 'well no doubt you worked for it,' scarcely troubling himself to conceal the low esteem in which he held her, 'and I do not grudge it to you. All I care for is Dangerfield, and that she was bound to leave me.'

'How bound, Mr. Darrell?'

He frowned at what seemed to him trivial curiosity, but answered:

'Bound first by a promise made at my father's death bed that, come what might, his son should have Dangerfield—bound also by a family custom, which my aunt would be the last woman to forsake; for twelve generations the estate, though not entailed, has been in the family, Miss Ashley.'

How could she tell him?

He took up his hat.

'You will excuse my unceremonious entrance,' he said, in a tone rather haughty than apologetic. 'Good night.'

Better—far better—that he should learn the truth from her than from some straggler at the village inn.

'Stay a moment; I—I—must tell you something.' Then, desperately, 'Miss Darrell left Dangerfield to me.'

There was a pause. A terrible change swept over Darrell's face as he realized the meaning of her words.

'You dare to tell me that a stranger owns Dangerfield while a Darrell lives!' he muttered between his clinched teeth.

His heavy hand rested upon her shoulder, his eyes flashed into hers. What wonder if Helen trembled before this ungovernable rage, and laid her hand upon the bell.

The movement brought him to his senses.

'No need of summoning help. I may be as they say, the worst of the 'dour Darrells,' but I do not hurt a woman. Oh, that a man were in your place?' he added savagely.

Perhaps Miss Ashely did not hear that last muttered wish. Had she done so she could scarcely have hoped to conciliate him.

'Indeed, it isn't my fault. I do not want the place. Can we not be friends?'

'She robs me of my aunt's affections, of her fortune, of my father's home, and offers me her friendship.'

Helen colored at the emphasis, but ventured once more:

'I am the most unwilling instrument of injustice to you. Can you not forgive me?'

'It is too late now to repent of your work. Am I a saint, that I should forgive you? Never, while you rule at Dangerfield in my place!'

He flung open the window, and vanished into the darkness out of which he had come.

'Mr. Darrell!' Such a pretty voice, thought Hugh Darrell. Clear, full toned, melodious and not too loud; and although not absolutely familiar, he fancied he had heard it before.

He turned. Helen Ashley came toward him through the woods, her hair ruffled, her sweet face flushed with the haste she had made. All his old bitterness revived at the sight of this prosperous beauty, framed in by the noble oaks which, he now recollected, were her own.

'Mr. Darrell, I wish to speak to you,' she began timidly.

'Probably to remind me that I am trespassing. I had forgotten these woods are now your property. Believe me, I shall never offend again, Miss Ashley.'

'You know I did not mean that. How ungenerous you are!' cried Helen indignantly. 'You will not come under my roof, so I am obliged to ask you out here.'

'Why need there be any communication between us?' Darrell inquired, coldly

'Because I demand it for this once as an act of justice. You will not refuse me that?'

She had touched the right cord Darrell told himself he certainly would not refuse justice even to this fair usurper. He bowed icily, and Miss Ashely proceeded.

'In your opinion, I am a successful intriguante. You think that I cringed and toadied Miss Darrell for her money—that my wiles and flatteries I managed to supplant you. Answer me! You think this, do you not.'

'Politeness forbids me to contradict, Miss Ashley.'

'Perhaps you even credit me with suppressing your letters to her! Perhaps you think the will is a forgery!—well, on my part I had always heard of you as fierce, quarrelsome, undisciplined, the terror of the neighborhood, and by no means a source of unalloyed comfort to your aunt. That was my opinion of you, and, while I pitied you—oh, you need not scowl, I do pity you—for losing you inheritance, still, I thought you had brought it upon yourself by your conduct, and particularly by foolishly running away to sea.'

'Gently, Miss Ashley. Allow me to remark——'

'Oh, you are going to tell me that you had your aunt's permission. Listen to me, and correct me if I am wrong.'

Hugh shrugged his shoulders and relapsed into silence.

'After one of your frequent quarrels with your aunt you went to the city. A short time afterwards you wrote her, saying that you had fallen in with one of your father's old seafaring friends, and that he offered to take you a voyage with him, reminding her that you had always longed for a sailor's life, and begging her consent. I suppose at that time her hands must have been more than usually crippled by rheumatism, to which she was always subject, and, if she refused, to write the single word, 'No.''

'May I ask how Miss Ashley is so acquainted with the contents of a letter addressed to Miss Darrell?'

It was stinging irony, but it fell pointless before the girls simple rectitude.

Her eyes met him so honestly that Darrell felt ashamed, and she answered:

'Your letter was open among Miss Darrell's papers, and I read others, because the lawyer told me it was my duty. What I want to tell you is this: Before your letter reached her, your aunt had heard that you were starting for a three year's cruise. She immediately made a new will, and your letter, when it arrived, was laid aside unread, as were all subsequent ones.'

'When do you suppose she read them?' asked Darrell.

In view of the girl's candid face, he felt it was needless to ask who had opened them.

'To my certain knowledge, they were unopened two weeks before her death. I think it must have been one of her last acts while she was able to move about her room. I think she wronged you, for she was very fond of you. I fancy she lay brooding over it, wanting strength to do more than that. I am sure she meant to change her will—perhaps she imagined that she had already done so—for her last words were; 'My boy Hugh—after all, he shall have his father's home.'

'And you tell me this—this—' said Hugh, hoarsely.

Helen laid her hand lightly upon his arm and answered, serenely:

'I tell you this, and I tell you that you must take back the property that ought never to have been mine. It is yours in justice, and it shall not be mine in law much longer. I can make it over to you by deed of gift, and in taking it you will be fulfilling your aunt's last wish.'

Hugh had been warned of Helen Ashley's artfulness and insincerity, had been told that she was a finished actress; looking down into her earnest eyes, he murmured:

'If this is acting, it is superb.'

'Try me, and see if it is acting,' she pleaded, passionately. 'Accept my offer. No one will rejoice more than I to see a Darrell at Dangerfield again. The inheritance of your race—your old home that you love so well, and that you lost though a cruel mistake—you will take it, will you not?'

He stepped back and answered, coldly:

'Either you are playing a part or you are offering me charity. In either case my answer is—No!'

'You will not take it? Is it fair and manly to hate me for wronging you, and give me no alternative! I will not keep your property. It is a burden to me. I will find some way of making you take it back, and until then I am only your steward.' With which burst of anger she turned and left him.

Such a charming vision passed Darrell's windows daily now—a vision of a sweet, piquant face beneath its picturesque riding hat, a graceful, round figure, swaying easily to her horse's gait, and two dark-gray eyes that never fail to flash a look sometimes sad, sometimes of gay defiance at Hugh's closed shutters as she rode by.

Little did Miss Ashely know that one of these glances was lost on the unseen witness of her morning rides.

'A bonnie lass,' said Hugh's old housekeeper, one day, as she passed, 'and good as she's fair.'

'Why did you leave her, then, to come to me, who am certainly neither good nor fair?' asked her master, sardonically.

'Ah, she's not my own bairn, that I held in my arms as a babe. I have served with a stranger, though it's a kind mistress Miss Helen is?'

'Then she has not won your heart from me as she did my aunt's?'

'Never believe that, Master Hugh,' said the old woman, warmly. 'My mistress cared for none but you to the end. As for the will, that were made before ever she set eyes on Miss Helen. She was bound to disinherit you, and Miss Helen were the daughter of her oldest friend. Afterward she sent for Miss Helen to come and live at Dangerfield, and told her what she had done. She was going to add a post script like, to say that if ever Miss Helen gave you a penny she would forfeit the whole of it. But my young lady would have none o' that. 'Leave your money to whom you please,' said she; 'I don't ask you for it. But don't burden it with any such conditions. If it is to be mine, I want it mine to do what I chose with.' My old mistress she laughed, and said by the time the money came to Miss Helen she'd be in no hurry to get rid of it The Darrells was most long lived. We all thought old mistress was good for twenty years more.'

The next day Hugh watched in vain for the horse and its winsome rider, and the next, and the next. Then he heard that Helen Ashley was ill. His old nurse told him this one evening, and went on to consider the chances of her master's inheritance in case of Miss Ashley's death, although she admitted that as yet there was no danger.

Hugh, though by no means fanciful, sat till late that night thinking with horror of the possibility.

His old home would be hateful to him, he knew, should he regain it after any such fashion.

He went to the window and drew aside the curtain, as he often did, to look at Dangerfield Hall, standing big and black a mile away.

What was that ominous glow! As if it answer to his thought, voices in the street cried, 'Fire!' and there was a sound of running feet.

In an instant Darrell was out of doors, darting through the chill night air with a speed that left all others far behind.

Was this deadly fear at his heart for the old home or for the young mistress?

When he reached the entrance, the west wing was in flames, but the fire had not reached the rest of the house.

Yes, the young lady was safe, one of the by-standers told him. She was one of the first rescued. That was her room, pointing to a room yet untouched, although around it the fire raged hottest.

Darrell recognized the room—it had been his in the old boyish days. There nothing for him to do. The servants were all out of the house. The little band of village firemen, aided by many volunteers, were laboring successfully to keep the fire from spreading. Probably they would save the main body of the house. Most of the furniture, pictures, and valuables had been removed from the west wing, and lay in confusion on the lawn.

Darrell stood moodily watching the progress of the flames. In a short time they would devour his room.

A great desire suddenly came over him to see it once more ere it should be destroyed. Why not? He could do it at slight risk. Many a time had he climbed up that wall and through that window for a boyish freak.

Though daring, he was not foolhardy. He threw a coil of rope over his arm and began the ascent. How hot it was! He had not known the fire was so close upon him. But now that he had nearly reached the window he would at least look in.

What was this? Helen Ashley lay on the floor insensible. Every one thought her safe. How had the terrible mistake arisen?

A deep groan broke from Darrell's lips. The sound seemed to partially awake her from her swoon. He swung himself into the room and lifted her in his arms. The great grey eyes opened slowly—the color crept back to the white cheek.

'I thought you would come,' she murmured faintly.

Her voice did not seem strange to him then.

'I am only just in time. If there is anything you want to save, throw it from the window while I make fast this rope.'

He placed her gently upon the couch. His very presence seemed to restore her strength and courage. A brass-bound writing-desk stood upon the table. Helen lifted it with considerable effort, and threw it from the window.

'Your aunt's desk. She charged me to take care of it,' she said.

The fire was gaining upon them fast; but Darrell worked on steadily, cheered by the crowd below, who doubted not that his reckless ascent had been occasioned by some cry or glimpse of the young lady. He had fastened the rope to the window-sill. He made Helen sit outside of the window on the broad sill; then he swung himself out on the rope.

'Now bend enough to take firm hold of the rope with one hand, put the other arm tight around my neck; now let yourself drop. Don't be afraid; I will catch you.'

He braced himself to receive her weight.

Helen hesitated, but one glance back showed her the room in flames behind them.

'I implore you to lose no time!'

She let herself fall into the strong arms upheld to receive her.

Hugh's was not an easy task. It took all his great strength and sailor agility to accomplish it. One arm held the girl, the other, with the aid of his feet, supported their joint weight, and slowly lowered them through flame and smoke toward the ground. Half-way down a voice from the excited crowd shouted out that their rope had caught fire. Darrell set his teeth.

'Cling fast to me with both hands!'

Helen obeyed, and felt him withdraw the arm that was her chief support. He grasped the rope with both hands and let it slide rapidly through them, tearing the flesh cruelly. They neared the ground. Eager, outstretched arms relieved him of his precious burden and Hugh dropped like a log.

The next day Darrell found himself haunting the house to which Helen had been carried. His feet seemed to bear him thither against his will; and after all, why should he not inquire after the girl, whose life he had saved, although she was the mistress of Dangerfield, whom he had sworn never to forgive? As, reasoning thus, he approached the door, he heard Miss Ashley's voice say, wearily:

'No, Mr. Green, I have no idea how it originated.'

Then gruffer tones.

Then Helen's again, very clear and haughty.

'It is not possible that I understand you aright.'

'The young squire were cabable of it, Miss. You don't know them 'dour Darrells,' Us in the village was sure he'd have his revenge.'

There was a hush of sheer astonishment. Then Helen's voice of concentrated scorn.

'Leave my presence! I would not insult Mr. Darrell by defending him from such a charge. Do you know that he saved my life?'

'Like enough, like enough,' grumbled her intercolutor, obstinately. 'There's naught he fears, and I'm not saying he wanted your death. When he were out a lad he vowed he'd sooner burn Dangerfield to the ground than see it in strangers' hands, and now——'

'Go!' broke in Helen, stormily, losing all her self-command.

An imperious white hand flung the house-door wide, and the discomfited countryman shambled down the steps. Darrell came forward and said, gravely:

'Thank you.'

Miss Ashley was leaning, panting and flashing, against the door-post. The color came into her white face as she begged him to enter.

Darrell hesitated.

'This is not Dangerfield; this is neutral ground,' she said, with a tinge of bitterness. 'I must speak to you, and I am not able to stand.'

Indeed she was not. When Darrell followed her into the house she sank into a chair, unable to speak for a few minutes, and he noticed with a pang the fragile character of her loveliness.

'How can I thank you for saving my life?' she said, presently, lifting the great gray eyes Hugh had always found so eloquent.

'That account was squared by your defence of me just now,' he replied, hastily.

'There was no defence needed; the idea was too preposterous.'

'It would not have seemed altogether preposterous to me the night I first returned. I have learned to do you justice since then, even if we can never be friends.'

'Why not? Hugh, dear Hugh,' she faltered, 'I don't believe you hate me as much as you think. Will you not share Dangerfield with me?'

For a moment the room swam before Darrell's eyes. He could see nothing but the girl's lovely blushing face and sweet shamed eyes. Then his own words recurred to him—never to forgive her while she own Dangerfield in his place.

If a struggle went on in his mind, there was no outward sign. Helen heard the word 'Impossible!' muttered through set teeth—and she alone. Was this his revenge?

Half an hour later, while Miss Ashlev still sat weeping in a quiet, hopeless way, a quick step came through the hall—a strong arm clasped her waist.

'Helen, can you ever forgive me?'

'Is this love or compassion, Mr. Darrell?' striving vainly to escape his hold.

'Love—worship—adoration! You were right. Let us share Dangerfield; it would be nothing to me now without you.'

Then he told her how, in falling from the window, old Miss Darrell's desk had broken in pieces, and, from a secret drawer, had slipped out a will dated ten years before her death, which left everything to 'her beloved nephew, Hugh Darrell.'

'I am not too proud to take a fortune from you,' said Helen, yielding to his embrace. 'And your revenge, Hugh?'

'My revenge is ample in giving you the worst-tempered fellow in England for a husband,' he laughed.

'I am not afraid of you, you dour Darrell!'

Kissing—A Danger.

At first sight it might be doubted whether this subject belongs to a medical journal. It needs no science to practice, to enjoy it or to be annoyed by it. It might well be ignored by us were it not that there is *danger* in it.

The annoyance to children of being urged and often even compelled to kiss visitors and strangers is bad enough, but there is also a serious danger in the habit, since it is not a very infrequent source of most loathsome contagion.

One of the commonest secondary results of syphilis is mucous patches in the mouth. Glassblowers, who pass the glass from mouth to mouth at their trade, frequently suffer from syphilis caught in this way. One of the most terrible cases ever published occured in this city some years ago, in which over 100 persons were infected with syphilis by an it inerant tattoer, who moistened his India ink with his saliva.

Syphilicts who have mucous patches invariably should be warned against kissing others, and especially any member of the families, lest they infect them. Children should not be allowed to put into their mouths toys vended on the streets, and constantly used by the vender and other persons. The danger of infection from using tin cups and tumblers in public places is also a real one, though much less so than those above alluded to, since the virus is apt to be washed away. But such cups should always be carefully rinsed before being used.

The same danger exists in diptheria, and in all cases of this disease the members of the family should not kiss the patient. Neglect of this rule claimed in the late Princess Alice a conspicious victim mourned by two kingdoms.—*Medical News.*

A Dull Pawnbroker.

The other day a Detroit pawnbroker received a call from a young man with the tan and freckles of the country on his face and nose, and an old-fashioned bull's-eye watch in his hand which he desired to pawn.

'Vhere you lif?' asked the broker.

'Oh, out here a few miles?'

'Vhere you got dot watch?'

'It used to be dad's but he gave it to me.'

The broker looked him all over with suspicious glance, and asked and received his name, and then added:

'Vhy you wants to pawn dot vhach, eh?'

'Well, I needed a little money.'

'Dot looks suspicious to me, und I quess I call der boleece.'

'Suspicious! Police?' repeated the young man. 'Say, mister, if you don't know the difference between a thief selling a plunder and a young man in town with his gal, and that gal wanting peanuts and candy and sody water and street car rides until she's cleaned him out of his last cent, you'd better go and start a sheep ranch.'

'Oh, dot vhas it, eh? Vhell, I gif you tree dollars. Dot makes it all ash blain as der face on my nose, und I hope you haf some goot times. Here—two und one makes tree.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Afraid of Falling Out.

According to the testimony of the witnesses you were caught just as you were getting out of the window, with the contents of the till in your pocket. Now, what excuse have you got?' and the Judge leaned back in his chair very complacently.

'I know it, Judge, and I shall always be grateful to the man who caught me. When I have these somnambulistic fits I am in danger of falling out of windows and hurting myself.'

'That idea never occured to me,' remarked the Judge, pensively.

'It has ofted occured to me,' remarked the prisoner, with unconscious humor.

'That being the case, I will direct the Sheriff—'

'To turn me loose?'

'No; but to have an extra bar put across your cell window, for fear you may fall out.'—*Texas Siftings.*