

I would not doubt your word; But others before now, you know, Have such sweet love vows heard Who are not loved, now, as wives would be loved by those they wed. You say you love me. Very good— But will you like my bread? You say you love me. You must know Your words are sweet to hear; Like tender music, soft and low, They charm my willing ear. But if you would win all my heart, Possess my very soul— Promise to do a husband's part— Swear you'll bring up the coal! You say you love me. And you ask If I could love you too. I own 'twill be an easy task If only you are true. This, this alone I stipulate, 'Tis all my heart's desire: That I may sleep till half-past eight, And you shall build the fire. —Somerville Journal.

HUGH'S PROMISE.

How a Great Sacrifice Brought a Great Reward.

"Mother, can I have that old cage up garret?" asked Hugh Elliott, entering the kitchen where his mother was at work, a small, covered basket in his hand.

"Yes; it is of no use to me. But I hope you are not going to cage a wild bird, Hugh. It will be sure to die."

"But this is a wild canary, mother, a regular beauty, and I had such hard work to catch it! I want to keep it until the fair next week, and then try to sell it."

"I fear it will die of neglect long before next week, my son. You remember the fate of your rabbits?"

Hugh's cheeks flushed hotly. The memory of those rabbits was very painful to him.

"That was more than a year ago, mother. I am old enough now, I hope, to know how to take care of things. I promise you this bird shan't want for anything, and I may get a good price for him during fair week."

"Very well; you can take the cage, and I will give you one more trial."

Hugh ran off to the garret at once, and five minutes later the canary, looking very unhappy, was hopping about in a gilt cage which had lately been the home of a tame predecessor.

Hugh took it out and hung it in the tool-house, provided it with seed and water, and then ran off to help his father in the farm yard. He was nailing a loose board on the cattle shed when he heard the rattle of wheels on the road, and, looking up, saw his uncle, William Nelson, who lived in the thriving town of Seaford, twenty miles away, stopping his horses at the front gate. Hugh was very fond of his uncle, and ran at once to open the gate for him.

"You're just the person I wanted to see, Hugh," said Mr. Nelson, as he drove in, and Hugh sprang into the back of the wagon to a seat beside him. "I had to go to Barclay on business yesterday, and the boys told me I must come this road on my way home, and carry you off to spend Hal's birthday. You know he will be sixteen day after to-morrow, and they are to have a glorious time celebrating the event. There is to be a picnic at Grew's Pond, and all sorts of fun. All my change for a week past has gone to buy fireworks. Hal said to tell you he wouldn't half enjoy the day if you were not there."

"O, I feel sure father will let me go," cried Hugh, his face fairly beaming with delight. "We are not very busy now, and he can spare me as well as not."

"I would ask to take your brother, too," said Mr. Nelson, "but I know your father could not let you both go, and you are nearer Hal's age than Ralph is."

Mrs. Elliott came to the kitchen door to ring the bell for dinner just as the wagon entered the farm-yard, and while Ralph put up the horses and fed them, Mr. Nelson went into the house and told of the invitation he had brought Hugh. No difficulty was made about letting the boy go, and as soon as dinner was over Hugh rushed up stairs to put on his best suit; and half an hour later was driving down the broad country road with his uncle, his mind so full of the pleasures in store for him, that not one thought of the little prisoner confined in the tool-house found room to enter.

Seaford, the town in which his uncle lived, was reached just before dusk, and Hugh received a warm welcome from his cousins, with whom he was a great favorite; and he was quickly made acquainted with the plans for Thursday's celebration.

"We must get the fishing tackle ready the first thing in the morning," Hal said, as at ten o'clock he and Hugh were getting ready for bed, "and then we'll practice for the target match on Thursday. When father bought ar-

"If it was not too absurd," she said to herself, as she recalled the nervousness and haste with which her friend had spoken, "I should imagine that Lucy did not care about my being with

was put in order, Hal got out the bows and arrows, and took a little wooden plate from his sister's doll-house for a target.

"You run to the tool-house for a hammer and a nail, Hugh," he said, "and we'll fasten this to the old elm."

Hugh made one eager step forward, then paused, and over his face came a look of such consternation and dismay that Hal stared at him in amazement.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"O, Hal, I must go home; I must go home at once," answered Hugh. "When you spoke of the tool-house I remembered that I have a wild canary shut up in our tool-house at home, and unless I go back at once it will starve to death."

"Let it starve, then," said Hal. "You surely wouldn't miss all the fun to-morrow just for the sake of a bird! You can catch another, and, if you don't, it won't be much of a loss."

"But I promised mother I wouldn't neglect it. You know I let my rabbits starve to death, and mother said then I did not deserve to ever have another pet. I must go back, Hal. Of course it is hard for me to give up the fun; but there is no help for it as far as I can see."

"I don't see. But there's father; let's ask him about it," said Hal, as Mr. Nelson appeared in the doorway of the stable. "I know he will say you would be foolish to go."

That was exactly what Mr. Nelson did say, and he added, "I will give you what you expected to get for the bird, Hugh, and that will make it all right, and save you the trouble of taking it to the fair."

"That's not it, Uncle. I don't care so much for the money, but I don't want to let the bird die."

"But I have no way of sending you home, Hugh. I can not go to Barclay again until Friday, and as it is twelve miles from the railroad and three from your father's farm, there would be no advantage in your going by rail. No, you must give up this idea, my boy, and try to forget it. And, after all, the life of a bird is a very small affair and not worth so much worry."

"Very likely it will live until Friday," said Hal cheerfully, "and if it don't it won't matter much, as father says. Come on, let's set up the target."

But it was with a very sober face and lagging steps that Hugh followed his cousin to the tool-house to get the necessary nail, and he showed no enthusiasm when his arrow pierced the mark. His mind was dwelling on that poor little canary twenty miles away, and the promise he had made regarding it.

When several of the neighborhood boys called to see Hal and take part in the sport, Hugh slipped away, and running into the barn, threw himself on a pile of hay in the loft to think over his position.

The question he had to decide was a very difficult one. He wanted so much to stay for the picnic and the fire-works. It would be terribly hard to give up all the promised enjoyment; and as his uncle had said the life of a bird was not of much consequence, anyway, and his mother would surely excuse him, under all the circumstances, for breaking his promise. And if he went home he would anger and disappoint Hal. It was a long walk, too. Twenty miles, and the road was dusty and unshaded. He could not reach home until dark, even if he started at once. No; it was certainly better that he should stay at his uncle's. There was a chance, too—though a very slim one—that Ralph would go into the tool-house and see the bird, or that his mother would remember it.

Then the recollection of the rabbits he had allowed to starve to death came to disturb him. Would his mother excuse him for breaking his promise when he had assured her so earnestly that the bird should not be neglected? No, he was sure she would not. And she would never trust him again.

"But I can't, I can't go," he muttered, with a choking sound in his throat that was almost a sob. "It's a little too much to expect a fellow to give up every thing."

But, after all, his sense of right conquered, and when Hal went into the house half an hour later, to inquire for his cousin, he found a note on the bureau of the room they had occupied the night previous, which ran as follows:

"Dear Hal: I'm awful sorry; but I think I ought to go. Don't be put out about it."

But Hal was "put out," and declared over and over again that he would never forgive Hugh for having treated him so shabbily, and that he would never again ask him to pay him a visit.

Perhaps he would have felt more kindly toward his cousin had he seen him toiling along the hot, dusty road,

came to her mind; but it was only for a moment; then taking her candle in hand, she went as noiselessly as possible to the head of the stairs and passed down. All was still, and from the

buggy and two chestnut horses driven by an elderly man, came in sight. Hugh rose to his feet and made his request, which was granted at once, and he gave a sigh of relief as he seated himself in the buggy and the horses started briskly forward.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the gentleman, who had a prompt, decisive way of speaking. Hugh gave his name, and said he was on his way home from Seaford; but this did not satisfy his interrogator, who, having nothing else to do, plied him with questions until he learned the whole story.

"You did right," he said. "I am glad to find a boy with so much principle. Make it a rule to keep your promises, and you will win the confidence of all who know you."

These words were very comforting to Hugh, who had expected to be ridiculed, and when he parted from the old gentleman he no longer had any doubt that he had pursued the right course. He found the canary drooping in the cage, and, unwilling to run any further risks, he gave it liberty at once, mentally resolving that he would never again put a wild bird into confinement. But his experience was to have an effect upon his future life of which he little dreamed.

Three years passed away, and the failing health of his father made it necessary for Hugh to secure a position in which he could earn his own living.

Ralph was to take charge of the farm, and it was decided to send Hugh to a town several hundred miles distant, where he was promised a situation in a large hardware store.

"If I could only find employment in Barclay!" said the boy, reluctant to go so far from home. "I wonder if Mr. Deverest would give me a place in the iron works?"

"It would be of no use to apply," replied his father. "I heard not long ago that the superintendent is besieged all the time with applications for work, and that more men are employed now than are really needed."

But Hugh thought it would do no harm to try, for he could only fail, and without speaking of his intentions to any one, he went to the iron works the day before that appointed for his departure from home. He had never seen Mr. Deverest, and thought himself fortunate when, on walking into the office at the works, he found at the desk the gentleman who had given him the ride three years before. The recognition was mutual, and after an exchange of greetings Hugh told his errand.

"If you hold a position here, perhaps you will be willing to introduce me to Mr. Deverest," he said, "and tell me if there is any chance for me."

"Every chance," was the prompt reply. "You shall have a position to-morrow. There is always room here for a young man with good principles."

"I—I don't understand," stammered Hugh. "Can you—have you the power—"

"Perhaps you will understand, when I tell you I am Mr. Deverest," said the old gentleman, smiling. "So come to-morrow, Hugh, and go to work. I am glad to take into my employ one who will make it a point to keep his promises."

So that was the result of Hugh's long walk to save the life of the little canary; and it may well be supposed that, as he rose steadily in the iron works to one position after another of honor and trust, he often felt very thankful that he had given up the pleasures of that birthday picnic to follow, however reluctantly, the dictates of his conscience.—*Florence B. Hallowell, in The Standard.*

Praying to a Letter-Box.

We are so accustomed to the conveniences of the post-office system in our country that we think little of them, but to the poor natives of India some of them are deemed objects of worship, and to be propitiated with gifts. In one case a man posted his letter in the box and shouted out its destination, to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be inside. Another native humbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after posting his letter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humility.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Nelson of Finance.

First Wall street man—I don't think there is any sense in calling Jay Gould the little Napoleon of finance.

Second Wall street man—Why not? "Because Napoleon gained his victories on dry land. Now with Gould his operations are based on water. He should be called the Admiral Nelson of finance."—*Texas Siftings.*

Two Expensive Legs.

De Smith—Did you ever hear of a man having a pair of legs worth \$40,000 apiece?

McGinnis—I never did.

"Well, a man in Chicago named Pete Jenkins has got legs quoted at that figure."

"Nonsense; nobody ever had legs quoted at \$40,000 apiece."

"Well, read the paper for yourself."

McGinnis took the paper and read: "The furniture warehouse of Wilson & Jones was burned to the ground last night. An iron safe was overturned on the porter, breaking his legs. Loss, \$80,000."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Delicate pie.—Whites of two eggs, four tablespoons cream, one large spoonful flour, one cup white sugar, one cup cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the pastry, and bake at once.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—Boiling in strong soapsuds will clean an old lamb-burner and make it good as new.—*Central Baptist.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—According to Peter Henderson the hybrid tea roses are hardy in most of the Northern States, if protected around the roots with leaves

held by the legs and feet down over the outside of a wall one hundred and twenty feet high. The process is attended by some uncertainty and peril in the case of one carrying the Judge's avoirdupois—but it can be done, as he will readily testify. Five miles out of Cork by jaunting car takes one to old Blarney castle, a relic of the fifteenth century, a massive stone tower, with winding stairs, underground passages and all the other inconveniences that must have made these pretentious dwelling places the despair of ancient housekeepers. Cromwell's forces besieged and captured this castle years ago, and now it has been overcome by the barbed wire fence people. This necessity of the civilized world is most extensively used to wall off the old castle, with a portion of the magnificent grove at its base, from the grounds belonging to the new castle, just now rented by some untitled person with a common name. We were told that no other fence sufficed to keep out the tourists, but when the attendant went on to say that the Washburn & Moen Company had taken the castle of which Milliken sang in 1799, and which Sir Walter Scott visited in 1825, in part payment for the wire—we could but regard the statement as a base fling at Worcester, Mass. Father Prout, years ago, applied his familiar jingle to this spot, saying among other things:

There is a stone there, That whoever kisses, Oh! he never misses To grow eloquent. 'Tis he may clamber To a lady's chamber, Or become a member Of Parliament.

Lord Blarney—or some one else—makes a six-pence out of every visitor, but the sweet Irish view from the old tower is well worth the money. About a quarter of a mile away is the lovely but diminutive Blarney lake. Those who are so unfortunate as to be dropped in a wild attempt to kiss the stone one hundred and twenty feet above the ground are kindly cared for at an extensive hydropathic establishment two miles away. This is a popular and elaborately equipped healing place, and the driver of our car confides the interesting fact that more matches are made there than in heaven—which is a bit of his Irish fun. The "cure" is much frequented in winter.—*Killarney Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

A CAREFUL CONDUCTOR.

An Employee Who Had the Welfare of His Employers at Heart.

A man was traveling on a Dakota railroad, managed by a local company. The train moved so slowly that it forced him to believe that eternity rather than time was in view by those in charge. After awhile it stopped entirely, and began to back up. Approaching the conductor, the passenger said:

"See here, sir, what's the matter—what you backing up for?"

"Cow on the track ahead," replied the official.

"Well, s'posen there is—what of it?"

"Why, great Scott, we don't want to run into her, do we?"

"Of course, run into her, if she doesn't get out of the way!"

"Yes, I'll be pretty apt to go, smashing into a cow that's standing on the track with her feet braced, and shaking her head, and belling, and jes' waiting for us! S'posen we should knock her out. The old farmer is standing up there looking at us, and he would come down and drive us off before we could get the hide and taller; and then he'd go and sue the company, and then where would we be! Pretty fix for a railroad to get into, wouldn't it—suit coming on and no hide nor taller to fight it with! Big judgment agin the company, and obliged to sell the engine and sleeping-car to pay it! I tell you, if I had run into that cow, that in less than two months that old farmer would have owned this road, and would have taken my place himself, and given the presidency and general management to some of his neighbors! You bet, I know when to back up!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Obedying Instructions.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy).—Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy.—That's what the boss told me to do, mum.

Old Lady.—Told you to whistle?

Boy.—Yes, 'm. He said if we ever sold you any thing we'd have to whistle for the money.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The Boston high-school girls are indignant because the school officials have posted notices in their building forbidding the chewing of tobacco. Easy, girls. It might have read "gum."—*Boston Commonwealth.*