

LOVE HAS A VOW.

They say, these critics wise and true, That all life's tales are told; That death lies 'neath the morning dew, The hero's of the world is cold!

But lips speak low and hopes beat high, Sweet faces flash and fade; Brave souls bow down to the mystic sky— Ho! Love has a vow new-made!

—Charles W. Stevenson.

A MUSICAL HEART.

BY IDA ESTELLA R. SMITH.

Philemon Harventhal had lived three-score and ten years in the quiet village of Aylesborough. He was a man of unblemished character, was known to be very wealthy, and lived in an unpretentious manner.

head, and in a sorrowful and affectionate manner caressed the only creature left to him whom he believed loved him disinterestedly.

"Yes, Amzie, I have received a warning of the approaching change. I suppose I ought to be thankful that the time draws near, but it is uncertain, after all. You must be provided for, and you shall be!

"The mastiff raised one huge paw and placed it across his master's knee as he tried to lick the hand that caressed him. Philemon gently stroked it and continued: "I have been told that there are animals on the next plane, Amzie; I cannot say whether it be true, but you can come to me if they misuse you. They dare not, sir! They dare not!" he shouted, excitedly.

He pulled the chair toward a rather antiquated desk, and wrote several words on a slip of paper.

"Take this to Richard, my boy. If my heart is weak I must save steps; I have heard that walking is injurious if one suffers with heart disease."

The dog took the note in his mouth, and as Philemon opened the door bounded outward. A few moments later he returned, with the gardener closely following.

"You sent for me? Amzie brought the note."

"Yes, Richard; I want you to bring a lawyer here at once. He must be the first one you can find. I am in a great hurry!" And the man hurried away.

When the lawyer arrived he found Philemon seated before the desk, busily engaged in arranging his business papers. One drawer after another had been emptied, and the contents heaped in considerable confusion before him.

"I have concluded, sir, that a man who has lived as long in this world as I have ought to properly arrange matters before leaving for the next; therefore, I have sent for you to do the work for me."

The lawyer acquiesced, politely remarking that he hoped it might be many years first, and Philemon continued, "I have a large estate to dispose of. I also have a few distant relatives; not one among them would, from genuine sorrow, shed a tear at my grave; but this faithful fellow will mourn."

"Here he once more caressed the dog. "I want him properly cared for during his life, if he survive me—and I have good reason to believe that he will; and as either one of the rascally set who claim relationship to me would, in all probability, assist him in reaching dog-heaven ahead of time, I wish to leave him in the care of my gardener, Richard Jenkins. He is faithful, and Amzie is fond of him. I wish him to understand that this room, with all it contains, is to be reserved for the use of the dog. The remaining portion of the house is to be used by his own family, and Amzie is to be well cared for. In compensation for these services I will place at his disposal \$1000 the first year, and it shall be increased \$200 each year that my pet shall live. A sure incentive for Richard to see that he has good care," he remarked, with a grin of satisfaction, as the lawyer rapidly transferred the old man's wishes to paper.

He then explained minutely how and what the dog was to be fed, and he wished Richard to understand that though he often stretched himself before the fire, at times he enjoyed lying on the broad sofa, which must be left for his use alone.

The lawyer smiled indulgently, and continued to write until the rather peculiar document was finished.

Soon afterward the will was properly signed and witnessed, the lawyer had gone, and Philemon was once more seated before the fire.

The evening shadows were lengthening. Philemon seemed to have forgotten that he usually ate a hearty meal at this hour. Amzie, as usual, lay at his master's feet, occasionally looking upward and emphasizing the fact of his presence by the same loud rap of his tail.

The old man remained in this position for some time. He was thinking of the years that had passed since his wife had been taken from him, and now he believed the time short until he should meet her. Save for those who ministered to his comfort, and were paid for their services, he had lived alone, with only the companionship of a dog. Amzie was the third mastiff that had enjoyed the privilege of lying at his feet.

"The time is short," he thought aloud, and Amzie immediately bounded to his side.

"You are in the habit of going with me for a walk at this hour, sir. Come along. I have a strange errand to do tonight."

Without further conversation with his dumb companion Philemon walked slowly up the street until he reached the village furniture and undertaking establishment. Here he paused as though somewhat undecided whether to enter. A dim light burned in the

rear of the store, though the front remained in darkness. Finally Philemon entered the dimly lighted building in a hesitating manner. The proprietor came out of the back room, and upon recognizing his visitor cordially welcomed him.

When he had selected a coffin and given directions as to how he wished it trimmed, he left the astonished undertaker and walked toward the home of a fellow-psychist.

After seriously considering the matter, Philemon had decided to visit this man and explain the state of his feelings regarding the spiritual phenomena, as he was pleased to consider the occurrence in the doctor's office that morning. His friend listened attentively until he had finished; then he laughed.

"If you neither saw nor heard anything unusual yourself, my opinion is that those physicians were playing a joke on you," was the unsatisfactory reply. And the matter seemed to have a little less serious an aspect to Philemon, though he had gone too far, and arranged his earthly affairs preparatory to entering the next world with too much genuine anxiety, to cast it off at the first laugh from his friend.

"Should this matter prove to be as I think, you will speak a few words over my remains, will you not?" he inquired, half hoping that his time on earth would end abruptly, if only to convince the man that he was right.

"I will," was the grave reply, and Philemon departed. His words had not produced the effect upon his friend that he had hoped, though he still felt convinced of the genuineness of the warning; and with the faithful Amzie walked homeward, repeating a few comforting verses of Scripture, believing it the proper thing for a man to do who expected ere long to take that journey from whence no man returns.

He reached the corner of the street near his home without speaking to the dog. It had been his custom to converse with him in a confidential manner, quite ignoring the fact that he received no reply; but tonight the dog seemed to understand his master's mood and trotted on ahead. Suddenly a man emerged from Philemon's gate, and Amzie gave a bark of recognition. It was Dr. Elwell.

"Good evening, Mr. Harventhal, have been searching for you for an hour. I thought you seemed somewhat disturbed over our hearing music this morning, and I wanted to tell you that after you left we discovered that your back had rested against the thin pipe of the speaking tube which communicates with my house, and my daughter was playing the piano. If you were not so hard of hearing you probably would have heard it yourself."

Philemon mumbled something, he scarcely knew what, and the doctor hurried on. But a load seemed to have been suddenly lifted from him. He now realized that he had eaten nothing since morning, and understood that the faint feeling he had experienced was caused by hunger; though before he sought food he exclaimed, "Never mind, Amzie; you are provided for! I needed a shock."—Woman's Home Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Probably the top is the oldest toy in the world. It has been used for thousands of years in all parts of the globe, and some savage tribes use it in the performance of religious rites.

Iowa county, Wis., lays claim to having the lowest-salaried official in the employ of the United States government. The government hires Frank Lynch for one cent a year to carry the mail between Dolgeville, the county seat of Iowa county, and Mineral Point, nine miles distant.

In 1186 astrologers said the world would be destroyed by the conjunction of the planets. A few years later another alarm was raised, and in 1532, Simon Goulart claimed a mountain had opened in Assyria and a scroll had been shown him on which was written the prediction that the world was coming to an end. He frightened everybody.

A curious fishing wheel is used on the Columbia river, near Portland, Ore. It is fixed near the bank of the river, a place being selected where the river is most rapid. The wheel consists of three receivers. These are enclosed on three sides by wire netting, and as the wheel revolves by means of the current, each receiver is submerged beneath the water, and scoops up the salmon as they jump in the rapids.

There is a place in the middle of the Pacific ocean well known to mariners where there is never any Christmas day. This is owing to its being in the 180th degree of longitude and directly opposite to Greenwich, and therefore, 12 hours ahead of Greenwich time. In a journey around the globe the other 12 hours would have to be marked out of the navigator's calendar, and if this point crossing the antipodes is touched Christmas eve then there can be no Christmas day.

Kansas can boast perhaps of the smallest woman now alive. Her name is Helen Powers, and her home is with her parents at Wetmore, in Brown county. She is now 24 years old, but she has never grown a bit since the age of three. A local paper prints her picture as she appears playing with a pair of rabbits, and really they are nearly as big as the baby-like figure beside them. "She was taken with a severe illness at the age of three," says the paper, "and she has never grown any larger. She has the intelligence of a bright child of three."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Owl and the Katydid. Still was the night, and the woods were still. Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey! When the Owl and the Katydid chatted away.

In a fashion quaint and funny; Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

Said the Owl, "I called on the Moon this eve," Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

But a voice from below chirped, Katy, did, too; Now that was exceedingly funny; Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

"I sung to the Moon," said the Owl, in glee; Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

But the other said, "Katy did, Katy did, too," Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

Then all again in the woods was still, Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

And the Moon peeped over the eastern hill. Now isn't my story funny? Sing heigh! sing ho! my honey!

Trapped by His Hate.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells an interesting story of a runaway hippopotamus. In the days when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was king of the London zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of its house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a call upon Mr. Bartlett. The latter, however, was not quite pleased to see his huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to preach peace and sweet reasonableness to the creature. To this man the "hippo" had taken extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it it turned round and chased him.

Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the "hippo's" den, the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate and up the stairs to the platform over the "hippo's" tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways, had securely fastened the gate, and the "hippo" was, of course, again doomed to languish in prison.

Kite Day in Far-Away China.

There is one time of the year when every boy would not object to becoming a subject of the Chinese emperor for just one day. This time is the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar. On this day a kite-flying festival is held. Then every Chinaman who has any regard for his spiritual and physical welfare and can afford a kite—and there are few, indeed, who cannot afford such an inexpensive trifle—goes to a hill and flies his kite the whole day long. This custom prevails, more generally, of course, in the rural districts, for were the inhabitants of a great city like Canton or Peking each to send up a kite the strings would become entangled and the very heavens would be darkened with such a collection of paper and string as never was seen. The custom was originated by a man who had a strangely realistic dream, in which it was revealed to him that some calamity would befall his house on a certain day. Wishing to avoid this unknown but inevitable disaster, he took his family to a neighboring hill top and amused the children by flying a kite. When he returned home that night he found that his house had literally fallen to the ground, thus killing all the dogs and pigs that had been left at home to keep house. That set the fashion and since then whenever the anniversary of that day comes round other families, remembering the providential escape of their countrymen, fly their kites from the hills in the belief that as the paper toys ascend they will carry off the evil spirits that might otherwise demolish their own houses and bury them in the rains should they stay at home.

Legend of the Crocuses and Snowdrops.

A very long time ago snowdrops and crocuses grew only in one beautiful garden, and all the crocuses and all the snowdrops in all the world are sprung from those first ancestors.

In the earliest days, instead of drooping their heads, the snowdrops grew straight up. Indeed, they were pet little flowers, and excessively proud of the delicate green markings that relieved their whiteness.

Crocuses, too, in those days were not as now. They were smaller and pure white, without a touch of color. Even the little stamens and pistils were all white.

One morning, in the wonderful garden, where would be many, many flowers later in the year, crocuses and snowdrops were blooming together.

"You poor things!" said a tall little snowdrop, swaying back and forth on her slender stem above the crocuses. "How cold you look! It is you should be named for the snow instead of I. It really makes me shiver to look at you, you are so white! Now I, you see, have beautiful green embroidery on my frock, green as the grass and trees will be by and by. Every one who sees me cries, 'Oh, spring is coming! Here is a snowdrop!' But you—I don't wonder they hardly look at you."

"I'm sure we all have green things growing up around us," ventured one newly opened crocus, bolder than the rest.

"Pooh! Those are only leaves. Every one has leaves," said snowdrop, tossing her head.

"Grass blades are leaves, too," murmured the crocuses. Yet they could not forget the words of the snowdrop, and they became very sorrowful, for they wanted every one to love them. And next morning, when the angel of the flowers came, there was a frozen tear in each little pale cup. It was very cold that morning, but the crocuses did not mind the cold.

"Why do you weep, children?"

asked the flower angel. "Because snowdrop has been telling us we don't belong to spring, but are only a bit of winter that's left over, and people will be glad when we are gone."

"Snowdrop is very vain of her green markings," said the angel. "But be patient children, and we shall see."

It was still dark, for it was very early. Just a faint glow showed in the east, where the morning star shone brightly, and below the star, as if swung from it like a pale, golden center, hung the slender crescent of the old moon. High up Arcturus flashed, and northward, clear among the lesser constellations, gleamed the dipper; while, still further north, following the "pointers," the eye came to the great white star that never sets.

The angel flew straight east until she found the sun, whose messenger she was, and told her story.

"Great king," she ended. "They are very sad—the poor, white crocuses. I would some new gift might be granted to cheer them."

"And because they are sad," asked the king, "do they droop and fade, refusing to live the life I have ordained?"

"They lift their heads quite bravely," said the angel, "and await your coming. Only the frozen tear lies at the heart of each."

"It is well," said the king. "Go southward now, for the peach trees bloom and the magnolia begins to bud. They need your care."

The angel bowed and went. Then sunrise came to the great garden. In the east the sky grew brighter. Now it was soft rose, blending to gold toward the horizon. In the midst of the rose glow still hung the moon and planet, tinged with faintest golden green. Southward violet clouds were turning gold and saffron at their edges.

As the color grew in the sky, what was happening to the sad little crocuses? They were surely growing taller and more exquisite in shape, and—was it a reflection from the white clouds that tinted some of them? But it stayed when the clouds burst into flame.

Then the sunbeams came, and, as they touched each cup-shaped flower, they dropped jewels of gold within. Even those that had staved white received the jewels, and those that had caught the tinge of violet deepened, while one whole family, where the sunbeams came last and stayed the longest, turned to gold all over.

What a show they made, the gold and the violet, and the white streaked with violet, and the pure white, with gold at the heart of them. And how they shouted and sang!

"The sunbeams, the sunbeams are painting us! Oh, shall we be always thus?"

"Yes," whispered the sunbeams, "it is because you were humble and obedient."

When the pert snowdrop heard that she hung her head, ashamed to look the great sun father in the face. And, as she gazed at the glowing crocuses, she grew very meek and said, "I was wrong; and, oh! you are more beautiful than I can ever hope to be."

"Nay, not so," cried the generous crocuses. "Never before were you half so lovely as now, with your sweet, banded head."

And the little sunbeams caressed the snowdrop gently, bidding her be of good cheer, for the kind sun father loved to forgive his children. But snowdrop never raised her pretty head. All the other snowdrops hung their heads, too; for had they not applauded their sister?

And, by and by, as the years went on, people grew to love the snowdrops for their meek and lowly spirit, as much as the crocuses for their gay colors; and always the two flower tribes dwell close together, in most perfect harmony.—Christian Register.

Red Peppers and Buzzards.

"Down in my section of the United States there is much to interest an observing man," said Alfred J. Smith of Nogales, Ariz., "but there are two things which you don't have here which play an important part in the every-day life of a portion of the inhabitants, and for the sake of a brief description I will designate them as buzzards and tamales."

"The Mexicans are inordinately fond of red peppers. They grow to enormous size compared to those you see here, and in the houses and to the eaves of the porches of every Mexican habitation, be it ever so humble, in Mexico, Arizona and California, one will observe strings of this brilliant red condiment hanging with the ends of the stalk twisted into braids.

"The Mexican mixes the red peppers with his food with a lavishness indicating his extreme fondness for its hot, burning flavor, and in a manner that is unacceptable to the American palate. It enters into the composition of all his dishes.

"Now for the buzzards. These justly named scavengers of the air are very numerous in the section I have named. The association between Mexicans and buzzards lies in this: The former's flesh is so saturated with red peppers that when he is overtaken by death on the plains or desert buzzards will not eat the body." At least, this is the common understanding in the section I hail from.—Washington Star.

Mercy and Paper Currency.

Counterfeiting was once punishable by death in England, a fact which led a judge, in passing sentence on a man convicted of the crime, to say: "I can hold out to you no hope of mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain the mercy which a due regard for the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for now."

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Toll Out-Ring In—Some of the Best and Most Experienced Generals in the World Declare That Grog is Injurious to an Army's Morale.

Toll out the death knell of Liquor! Ring in the temperance reign. Toll out the woes of the drunkard! Ring in his fairer hopes again.

Toll out the griefs that are clinging Fast to the swift-flying years! Ring in the smiles that are hidden Deep 'neath an ocean of tears.

Toll out the sorrows of childhood Caused by the horrors of Rum! Toll out want's shadowy spectres, Ring in the blessings of home!

Toll out the sighs of the prisoner! Ring in his freedom again! Toll out the agonies of human mental! Ring in the ballots of men. —Temperance Advocate.

Liquor in the Army.

It has long been claimed that the soldier must have his grog, but some of the best and most experienced generals, English and American, of modern times, bear a different testimony and hold that it is injurious to the morale of an army. It is interesting, as well as profitable, to note how by present examples the army have sought to promote a temperance reformation in the soldiery under their commands, and to educate their governments and countrymen up to the highest water-mark of teetotalism in military organization and campaigning.

We give some testimonies upon this subject worth pondering and acting upon. Professor James Miller says:

"I have seen the Russian military authorities take spirits are inimical to the strength and power of endurance of the Russian soldier." Captain Peary, who knew whereof he spoke, has said: "People say that ardent spirits keep the cold out. I say, they let the cold in. I have been in the cold more than I have, and I know that spirits do harm." Field Marshall Lord Napier observes: "On reviewing the records of soldiers' offences, all, practically, are equal to an addition of 50,000 men to the armies of the United States."

General Robert E. Lee, declared: "Men need no stimulant. It is something, I am persuaded, they can get along without." General Stonewall Jackson, said: "I never use liquor; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets."

To-day the two most successful and famous officers in the British Army are Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and yet they believe in keeping their troops out of the grog and have gained their most notable victories with soldiers who were not given its use. It was Lord Roberts who made experiments in India by which he proved that 25,000 soldier-abstainers could put in the field 200 more effective troops than 50,000 non-abstainers. It was Lord Kitchener who led a teetotal army to victory in the Sudan, where he established prohibition upon a marked scale. Lord Wolseley agrees with these chiefs, and is doing all he can to encourage temperance among the soldiers of Great Britain.

In the light of these testimonies, there is no excuse for the caution in the American army. Public sentiment is against it, and law ought to be. Those in authority, who uphold and keep it there, do so at their peril. We hope the day will come when not only it, but the drink-curse in all its forms, will be banished from the army and navy of our growing republic.—The Presbyterian.

Made a Drunkard by a Prescription.

A funeral took place in Paterson, N. J., the other day of a young wife. The physician's certificate of death was "died of chronic alcoholism." Those in authority, who uphold and keep it there, do so at their peril. We hope the day will come when not only it, but the drink-curse in all its forms, will be banished from the army and navy of our growing republic.—The Presbyterian.

Professor Atwater's Claims.

It is not strange that, a few more than forty centuries ago, since the results of Professor Noah's experiments with alcohol were first given to the world, even great university professors are experimenting with that mysterious liquid, and, for that matter, the general public, who achieved any appreciable results in advance of those which Noah first discovered and his biographer first announced? Surely the persistency of scientific investigators of alcohol is unconquerable. One thing, however, is pretty fully settled, namely, that however capable the human system is of assimilating homeopathic doses of alcohol, there is always something about the liquid thus administered which demands at first a frequent repetition of the dose, and later the consumption of it in such alopathic quantities as turns men first into spewing idiots, later into fiends and demons, and ultimately consigns them to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell.—Free Methodist.

Temperance in French Army.

The French army has taken a hand in the war against alcoholism. Although the great military organization has not decided upon any united action in the matter, certain eminent generals have given an example that may be later followed by the supreme heads of the army. The steps taken by these officers are in the direction of restricting the privileges hitherto enjoyed by soldiers for obtaining liquor.

Soldiers of the Crusade.

Out of 520 towns and plantations in Maine, 437 effectually prohibit the saloon. Out of a population of 661,083, there are 486,855 who never come in touch with a saloon.

We license a saloon that makes a man drunk; we pay policemen to remove the drunken man to jail; we pay the officers of court high fees to try the prisoner; we pay a big salary to a judge to sentence him; and if he commit crime, we pay the expenses of a penitentiary to sustain him up for years.

Dr. G. Sims Woodhead, M. D., Professor of Pathology in Cambridge University, says: "It is now generally recognized that children should never take alcohol, which according to the highest authorities, excites an exceedingly deleterious action on rapidly-growing tissues, interferes with their nutrition, and preventing the development of their uronic function."