PROGRESS STITISTICS SEATS

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 19.

THE ANGEL DEATH.

Death is an angel with two faces. To us he turns A face of terror, blighting all things fair; The other burns With glory of the stars, and love is there: And angels see that face in heavenly places.

Two strong, sharp swords are in the hands of Death;

One smites to dust Dear Beauty's idol and the thrones of power, And long, sweet years in the brief, awful hour Vanish because they must; His other and his stronger sword is just, It slays untruth and mocks at this world's lust. Giving Eternity by one stopped breath-O Liberating Death!

Strive, O my soul, to see The heavenly face and that delivering sword, Till I shall be All fashioned truly to the incarnate Word, And live, not knowing Death, in Thee, O Lord! -Theodore C. Williams, in Exchange.

A POSTAL CARD.

I tried to look at Baileyville through rose-colored glasses. I praised the facade of the white-painted church, with its sharp, tall steeple, where papa was to preach. But I could not conceal my disappointment when I came in sight of the parsonage, and saw how much too large a family we were for it. We had always been crowded in Munson, but papa had gained the impression that this one was larger. I saw at a glance that the parish had built for a young minister and his bride, and had not remembered that they might have papa to preach for them, who has, besides me his work. grown-up daughter, five small boys. One of the ladies in the parish, Mrs. Howe,

had insisted on giving up to us an old and valued servant, who, she said, if properly considered, would repay us with a life-long devotion, and relieve me of all care. And there was Rosabel at the door to receive us. I could not help thinking how much more I should have appreciated her cordial hand-shake if she had not permitted the bedsteads to remain out on the lawn and the cooking stove to block the front entrance. Our old furniture tried to give us a welcome, but the piano, shrouded in a bedquilt of melancholy hue, stoves looking out of the parlor window, refusing any connection with chimneys, papa's library in tubs and barrels, and the dining table on its back, with its legs in the air like a disconcerted turtle, could not help out the idea that we had reached our home. The boys were happy as soon as they discovered parlor was to climb under or over the ano placed before the one door. Some the poor and unfortunate," the man said, late for such hard work as these trousers. lady in the parish had invited us out to tea, so the duty for the moment was to find out how eight people were to sleep in three bedrooms. The problem was not made distressed by the poor man's appearance and fearful cough. "Have you breakfasted?" easier by discovering that Rosabel had established herself in the largest room. She explained her choice by saying it was the one chamber that lay to the sun, and that she couldn't live without that. I wanted to assure her that she was not then I reflected what a treasure she was to finding places for the family to sleep. I selected a large closet. If the house had state-room commodious, but when one is that Rosabel had already appropriated it for her room. My blood boiled indignant- come to me. ly while I busied myself washing the boys' faces and hands, but said not one word, for I was resolved not to hurt the feelings tinued. I thought of our few bedrooms, of any one in the parish by not appreciathousehold.

think it was simply that she had no use for them. The parish which we had left never had

remain Finance

approved of me. They said that my life was too "self-centred." that I held aloot from social and charitable organizations, that I did not take the place in the church which, as the clergyman's daughter, belonged to me. Yet they knew that I was trying to fill dear mamma's place, to com-fort my father, and keep the house and five small brothers mended, fed, taught and amused.

In starting in Baileyville I resolved that everything should be different. I acquiesced in all the plans which the parish proposed; to sing in the choir, although I have no voice; to teach a Sunday-school class all older than I and more wise; to preside at the Dorcas society, although I am under twenty, and have no executive ability; to baste and prepare sewing for the Saturday classes. If they had asked me to preach on alternate Sundays, I have no doubt I should alternate Sundays, I have no doubt I should Deacon Smith's. On Sunday my class did have consented, I was so resolved that every not remain for Sunday-school, although one should like me.

addition.

But the hardest of all my duties was to be vice. Then I remembered that the choir enthusiastic when my neighbor, Mrs. Howe dropped in to talk over Rosabel's excellencies. How many times I came near offering away from me when I asked her a question to restore her lost treasure to her empty kitchen ! but Rosabel had injured her ankle all the ladies were so stern and cool that at a skating rink, and was more inefficient than usual. The physician who came every day to bandage her ankle was the only one who dared to speak firmly to her. Dr. him, for I had not the fainte Bailey did not hesitate to tell her that she I had failed to do my duty. was as perfectly well able to make herself useful with peeling potatoes and apples as temper was consoling after the disdain and to devote all of her time to her crazy patch- cruel indifference I had encountered at the

After we had been a month in Baileyville, I felt that he would learn of the trouble all papa was called back to Munson to attend a funeral. Poor man! I saw just how it was to be. Nobody in his old parish would the boys had gone to bed and Rosabel was be buried by any other minister, and then out paying visits, I was lonely enough. he would have all the Baileyville funerals That especial evening I had an unusual besides. And they always make him so sad!

amount of mending. It was nine o'clock, and still I had three more pairs of trousers I was trying to sweep the boys' room, to patch, although my eves were growing though as most of the floor was under the dim with tears. I heard the door-bell. At four beds, it did seem a waste of energy. another time I should have concealed my Rosabel called me to come down to the mending and my tears, but I no longer kitchen. cared who should look in on me and my

"He says he wants to see the minister," she explained, when I came into her presence, and saw a wretched-looking stranger seated by the stove.

"I am sorry my father is not at home." Then I remembered the man might be a desperate character. "He won't be in before dinner," I added, discreetly. But when the poor man coughed so hard the next that the only way to get in or out of the second, I reproached myself for my deceit. "I was sent to him as being a friend to

not claim the piano or papa's books, I boys in the family. Unless one is used to derstand ?- it was the poor man with the feeding boys, their appetites always disturb | cough. And I wrote my name on a postal card; I was very foolish, but surely not grown people. I think the congregation liked me. Mrs. wicked."

Howe complimented me on the favorable impression I had made in Baileyville, espe-"Well, on account of the five boys, I guess I'll not stay. Mrs. Howe is dying to cially in Rosabel's estimation. A committee get me back. Good-by."

had called upon papa to tell him that a paper was in circulation asking subscrip-And Rosabel departed, and banged the door after her.

"Never mind, dear." Yes, Dr. Bailey tions to build an addition to the parsonage. surely said dear, for no one else was in the The lumber had been given, but more money was now needed. The boys were room. "Let her go, and you are well rid the only ones in our family who regretted of her. She has been a tyrant ever since this move of the committee; they declared she came, and has made your life much they did not want any more room, and that harder. Sit down, Mary, for I have sometheir pillow fights would be spoilt by any thing I must say to you. Nothing more about that postal card, but something I must say to-night; and then I must go and leave you with the boys to take care of It was while papa was in Munson attending another funeral that I felt the first intiyou, although when you have heard me mation of the parish's disapproval. Mrs. Howe did not send in to borrow the Con- you will know how it tears my heart to imaginable way. gregationalist, as she always had done in allow any one else to look out for my rain and shine. We were not invited on darling."-Parke Danforth, in Harper's Saturday evening to take tea, as usual, at Bazar.

The Coming Mode of Navigation.

they were all present for the morning ser-A Washington letter says that Mr. A. De Bausset, who has invented the plan of had not been as friendly as before. No one an airship for carrying freight and passen- neglecting here and there some sweeping, handed me a book, and the soprano turned gers through the atmosphere, has received partial recognition of his scheme from the about the time. Wednesday I went to the House Committee on Ventilation and vestry as though nothing had happened, but Acoustics, to which his bill was referred my little brother asked me why every one sired congress to appropriate \$150,000 to so often-like an old piece of furniture that was cross to me. But, alas ! I could not tell construct the ship. him, for I had not the faintest idea in what

The bill as reported provides that no money shall be put into the scheme by the government until M. De Bausset has put on us as almost perfectly new. Perhaps \$75,000 into the enterprise and a com- we have to lengthen it a bit, as our slippers mission appointed by the Secretary of the Navy is satisfied that progress with the work is being made. The government will then advance \$75,000 and another \$75,000 will e paid to the inventor after a successful st of the ship shall have been made. Secretary Whitney is authorized to give Mr. De Bausset the use of the Washington Navy Yard for this purpose.

metallic vessel divided into compartments evening with a friendly neighbor. We and otherwise suitable braced and strength ened against external weight or pressure, and of requisite size, so that when sufficiently exhausted of air it will by displacement the most convenient chum and trip off in of a bulk of external air greater than its high spirits. weight rise in the air and sustain and carry a desired burden ; said vessel to be provided with pumps for exhausting the air; also with rapidly revolvable blades or propellors for moving and for steering it ; also with means for transporting passengers and freight, the whole to constitute a conveyance for rapid passage at short or long distances, as for

overland or for trans-oceanic passage and

SOCIETY GIRL

THAT SOCIAL PLEASURE IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

She Relates Her Experience at a Ball and Gives a Glimpse of the Inner Circle-Some Plain, Sensible Advice to St. John Girls. Having an idle half-hour one afternoon, I lav myself down in a lowly mood to think. and the result of the think was this :

For a girl to hang on the "ragged edge" of St. John society, simply means the most unsatisfactory, disappointing and unprofitable waste of the best years of her life-unsatisfactory and disappointing in every

Now, for instance, take a party or ball. To begin with, we feel pleased at Mrs. So and so remembering us among her hosts of other friends, and, rushing through our housework, (we all have more or less of that to do, and with most of us it's the more) dusting or something we know should be done, we hurry down town for a few yards of material to make some alterations in the early in the session. Mr. De Bausset de- drapery of the dress that has done service is varnished or painted over before going to the auction-room, where it is palmed off are not all they are supposed to be. We have looked so untidy and disreputable all day, that when we are fully equipped the transformation is so great we are amazed and begin to feel ourselves quite a success, and almost form an idea of being the belle -as some of us would, if we were to re-Mr. De Bausset's invention consists of a main in our own homes, or spend a quiet don our toboggan coat, and if we have no brother, or "best young man," we call for

> Arrived at the dressing-room, the reaction begins. First, Miss A. appears, re-Mr. C. was her escort; so she is independ-

black sleeve on which to rest our soiled

one evening when 1 noticed some of the

girls taking duplicate cards and filling one

SAYS China style. Now, tell me, how many men are there in the "Swim" of St. John, who are eligible partis? How many are worthy of our thoroughly good, though seemingly frivolous, daughters? Girls, take my advice ; do not fritter away your time, heart and mind on that which in the end can only bring sadness and disappointment. Assert your individuality; don't be ashamed or afraid to say you are going to devote time and talents to prepare you for the tide of adversity, which is as likely to overtake you as any one else. It may come hard at first, but in a short time, you will wonder how you could so long have lived such a selfish and aimless life. Above all, do not trifle away your heart's best affection, but rather keep it whole and pure until you find one in whose keeping you know it will be sacred. If you fail to find such an one among your "upper ten" take courage and step over the plank, and on the other side you will sometimes find blue blood in disguise. Of all things, don't act like a horse with the blind staggers when you meet an old friend or acquaintance, who has had to step down a few rungs on the social ladder ; . it's both cowardly and despicable.

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It is now some months since I found that idle half hour, but it will not have been wasted if these rather ambiguout and disjointed thoughts can be of any service to the friends or vice versa of

FRECKLES.

A Truth for Lumbermen.

It has always been received as a dogma among lumbermen, that pine is a remarkably slow growth timber. This is one of those myths that has received severe puncturing at the hands of practical experience, and it begins to be believed that in the place of being a slow growth timber, it is, on the contrary, one of the fastest. This fact has been fully exemplified within the past 20 years of lumbering, and today "second cutting" pine is proving to be a very profitable description of lumbering. By "second cutting" is meant pine that 20 years ago was deemed valueless on account of its smallness. Today that same timber has grown to a size which makes it valuable both as marketable pine, and of really a finer grain under the plane. This latter as-sertion may sound a little hyperbolical, but the fact is that "second growth pine" may be termed cultivated to a certain extent, and consequently of a finer quality. This splendent with a very gorgeous wrap that, arises from the same reasons that an onion somehow, seems to hurl reproaches at our or carrot bed is thinned out. The thinning poor coats. Then Miss B. gushes in, and out of our pine forests has given the smaller in some mysterious way lets us know that specimens a better chance to develop, and the result is that while perhaps not so large ent and sure of a willing champion to see in diameter, there is a finer fiber, and less her home again, while we have to choose sap to this description of timber. The Timfor general purposes of commerce, explora- between beauing each other, or the morti- berman in so saying, does not seek to advofication of hearing our hostess asking some cate the slaughter of the "baby pines," but nonentity, as he is going the same way, to does say, that all such timber can be profitably lumbered each quarter of a century, and give a more superior quality of timber. Of course, this statement is founded largely to appear as though we didn't care on the evidence of men who have given the subject careful thought, and also upon the "shucks" about not having a young man's natural results incidental to semi-cultivation. How far the experience of our readers will extend in the justification of our statement, as above given, is not for us to know. -Chicago Timberman.

Of course the boys liked the idea of sleeping four in one room, but papa and I see that Rosabel was touched, for she set were troubled about the lack of fresh air. on the coffee-pot and began to make toast. Surely the parish, when they saw us overflowing into a second pew on Sunday, would remember the few bedrooms, and this poor creature had awakened it. offer to build on an addition. Unless they did something of that kind, I should have to part with Rosabel, invaluable as she might be if I gave her a chance.

Papa was bending deep into a barrel which he was unpacking, and I was trying to find my much-scattered wardrobe, when we were startled by angry words, scuffling, shouting and a door banged. "There, I won't have such a raft of boys tearing through my kitchen !"

We knew that Ro. abel was the conqueror in the scrimmage when we saw the boys running to take possession of the boardpile, across the street, that quite dwarfed our box of a house.

"Never mind, dear; Rosabel is troubled by the confusion. Be gentle with her, and she will show us those noble traits that so endeared her to Mrs. Howe."

"She's begun by hating the boys, and there will be no peace. I shall never like her. But don't fear; I mean to be very discreet, and not displease any of the born a minister's daughter! for I do hate to be managed and looked out for. I'm dving to throw Rosabel's things out of the window and put you in her room, with the sun and the view of the river."

Rosabel's voice from the kitchen prevented my father from giving me the gentle reproof I saw by his eyes he had ready for

"Tell your father the folks where you're asked to tea has it prompt at six, and them boys are plugging mud at Mrs. Howe's hens. You'd best be starting."

She gave this advice with the force of a

almost embracing the stove.

"I hope we are all of us that." I was I did not like to ask if he were hungry, he looked so sensitive.

"I can't eat much with this cough that's on me. I've been working in a cranberry bog, where I caught the pneumonia. I'm tramping it back to Newcastle, as my peculiar in her fondness for sunshine, but money's all gone in doctoring." He was stopped by a paroxysm of coughing. I prove if I treated her properly; so I bit thought of sending for the physician who my tongue hard, and gave my mind to had been taking care of Rosabel's ankle. Surely Dr. Bailey was not a man who would have robbed this poor stranger of his been a ship, I should have thought my last eent, and sent him sick out into the world? The boys were very fond of Dr. ashore one requires and expects larger Bailey already, although they had seen him dimensions. It would be impossible for so little. Then I remembered how busy his me to sleep in the large canopied bed which days were, and how little right I had to add I had always used; but then I remembered a single care to his burden; so I deter-

"I'm growing weaker every day; I sha'n't hold out much longer," the stranger conand hoped that he would not be too ill to ing Mrs. Howe's valued contribution to my go a little farther. "But it's kind of hard household. go a little farther. "But it's kind of hard to die so far from all the folks." He wiped his eves with his sleeve. I was pleased to This was misery that melted her stern heart. I had doubted if she had that organ, but

> "You have a family?" I asked, with as little emotion as possible.

"Yes, 'm; five boys, the youngest a month to-day. I have never seen him-and

never shall," he added, sadly. "Is there a railroad running to where you live ?"

"Yes; but the ticket is three dollars," he said, despairingly. " Besides, I ain't dressed good enough to ride in the cars. My boots is wore out and my clothes is only fit for the rag-bag."

"Would you be willing to wear a winter suit of my father's? He has his summer things with him in Munson." I purposely corrected the false impression I had given. "Eat all that you can, and I will get you the clothes."

I ran upstairs and counted out three dollars and-a-half which I had earned myself by my embroidery. But I could not hesitate about giving it while in hearing of that fearful cough. I took the last two mustard leaves from the medicine chest, determined parish. Oh, papa, if only I had not been to be brave enough to ask the stranger to apply one to his ehest when he put on the warm clothes. I left papa's closet quite empty. But if I had refused all aid, and if the sick man were to call at some neighbor's and die, then all the parish would hear that the minister's daughter had turned him away from her door; and Dr. Bailey, looking very grave, as he could look sometimes, in spite of his handsome merry eyes, would

say, had a mustard plaster been applied an hour earlier, the poor man's life might have been saved ! Then I should be proved to have murdered some one! And papa would be turned away from this parish, and never

You ought to have what my sisters call fancy-work-really no work, but an excuse for you energetic young women who can never sit idle."

I was glad to be at home. Rosabel's ill-

sewing society. I wanted to write to my

father and ask him to come back ; but then

No one came near the house, and when

"Good evening, Miss Mary," Dr. Bailey

said when I opened the door. "Can I come

in so late? I have just got through with

'Yes, you can come in," I said, sadly.

"And you are all alone, and sewing too.

so late as this ?" He moved my basket, and

sat down in the chair next mine. "Rather

too soon on his return.

misery.

my patients."

"But papa is still away."

He could not have known that the parish matter. disapproved of me, for he was as kind as he

always had been. "I wanted hard work tonight. I wanted to forget there was any Baileyville or any such person as I in the world. I suppose I ought not to talk so to some one whom I have known so short a time, but I am perfectly wretched and unhappy."

"You've been left alone too long, and you ought not to sew so late. You-

"Oh no, you don't know !" I interrupted. "The trouble began when I was born in a down for the second act he renewed the prominister's family. I can't satisfy any parish papa ever has. Munson didn't like me, and now here they hate me already. They ex- When the third act had finished she softly fit. Now, there is one thing about me pect me to be as wise as Solomon and Me- murmured, "Yes." After the matinee was that always remains neat, and that is my thuselah, and I'm not, and never can be !" My handkerchief had been over my eyes for some time, and if Dr. Bailey had not at they were married. The whole affair occu- low chair, and at least try to be comfortthat moment upset my work-basket and

startled me. I should not have known how sorry he was looking. "Don't cry, please," he said ; "but let me try and help you. I rarely hear what people are talking about." Then I knew that he had heard why the parish disapproved of me. "But to-day I have heard such an absurd story about you Col. White, but left hastily for Frankfort, that I resolved to come at once, and have you confirm me in declaring there isn't one word of truth in it."

"It's the story the parish have heard, and that's why they won't speak to me, or allow me to teach them. Oh, tell me why they are so cruel !"

"That is just what I have come to tell vou. Don't look so troubled; I'm sure there's not one word of truth in the ridiculous story of the postal card—" "Postal card?" I was puzzled. "Yes; a postal card addressed to you

has been found on a man arrested in Centreville for burglary. There was no clew to his identity, and I hear that he insists that you know all about him, and can explain. 'Ask her,' is what he answers when he is questioned. Did you ever hear anything more incomprehensible? And how in the world did such a creature ever get that eard with your name ?"

I saw the one explanation of the mystery in which I was involved. "I gave it to him. And the parish think me little better than a robber. And you are the only one kind enough to ask me about it."

"You gave it to him ?" he said, still perplexed.

"Yes. It must be the poor wretch who came here with a fearful cold. I wanted to send him to you, but thought I knew you too little. I gave him papa's clothes, and mustard plasters, and the postal card, which he promised to send back and tell me about his baby and his cough. Oh dear, and he was a burglar !"

Dr. Bailey evidently did not see how terrible the consequences would be to me, a minister's daughter, for he was smiling.

"That is all! And the sensational Centreville paper makes such a romance about you and the burglar being much attached to each command. And father thanked her mildly, be allowed to preach again. I added a other, and writes about the photograph of and left the barrel to make ready for the change of woollen socks, and then addressed the golden-haired girl which he wears next postal card to myself for the stranger to his heart. It's abominable! abominable !" he said, angrily, and walked to the window. send back to me, that I might know how he had borne the journey. When papa returned, I told him of my robbery of his wardrobe, and although he at "And I shall have to leave here, and papa spoil everything." I was overwhelmed with the difficulty of ever being able to disprove the truth of the cruel story. But I could not tell whether Dr. Bailey was trying not to laugh or cry. I think he was truly sorry for me, and was just going to tell me so, when a heavy step came down the front stairs, and Rosabel, loaded with bundles and looking white with rage, pushed open the door. I screamed, I was so startled, and Dr. Bailey came and stood close beside me.

on, observation, &c. M. De Bausset is very confident of the practicability of his scheme, and this confiplease take these young ladies under his dence appears to be shared by a number of care. We proceed from the dressing-room representatives who have investigated the to the ball or dancing-room, trying hard

A Brief Courtship.

glove. Quite a number are already assem-A certain young lady went out last Wednesday morning to make some calls. On her bled there-girls, I mean ; also a few chaps, way she met a friend who suggested that and fewer men. These are flying from one she should go to the matinee with him. to the other of the ladies, like a lot of con-She accepted the invitation and he bought ductors-"tickets please"-but the lady who ventures to take a seat (especially if the tickets. At the end of the first act he proposed to her. She refused, thinking he it be a low one) is passed by as a "dead was only joking. When the curtain went head"-for the thoughtful conductor would never be so rash as to imperil his muchlaundried linen and the claw-hammer that posal and so earnestly that she asked time to consider it, which was willingly given. in its earliest days was quite a comfortable over the engaged couple hailed a passing programme; it never causes me the least street car and crossed to Camden, where pied three hours and 50 minutes .- Phil- able. Speaking of programmes reminds me of adelphia Times.

of them with a lot of hieroglyphics, or undecipherable writing. Upon inquiring, I was Judge Thomas Jones, of Eminence, Ky., informed that was what they always did, so was in this city today to visit his friend, that in case of anyone coming to them with whom they did'nt care to dance, they had Ky., on discovering that just before he left only to show the already filled card. It his blue grass home he wrote a letter to struck me as being quite a brilliant scheme Col. White and one to his lady love-a (though I know that an acted lie is, if poscharming young widow-at Frankfort, and sible, more cowardly than a blunt verbal by some mishap placed the letters in the one). Now, I never dreamed of having wrong envelopes. The judge's chagrin and any occasion to use either, but "being in mortification can better be imagined than Rome," etc., I proceeded to do likewise told when Col. White showed the judge his and pocketed the two cards. Alas, for my letter to the widow. The judge departed hastily, taking the first train for Frankfort to set matters right with his widow .- Columbus (Ind.) Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Son was 115 Years Old.

on, while I mentally condemned myself as Cases of longevity are not rare in Austria-Hungary, but one is rather startled to see an idiot, and rushed off in search of greater the Vienna journals announce as a positive space, and on the way heard a cad declare fact that a peasant who has just died at he was going to kiss somebody, to which Bieltsch, in Moravia, had attained the re- the somebody replied she was afraid such a markable age of 142 years. He is stated kiss would be the kind that intoxicates, and to have left a son aged 115, and a grandson she preferred a glass of cold water. I aged eighty-five, besides numerous children, thought that chic, and wrote it down in my fertile brain for future use, but begin to grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The deceased centenarian enjoyed, it is said, think that there's a doubt of my ever having occasion to use it, so pass it on to the the best of health to the last .-- Vienna Dispatch to London Times. next more fortunate. Of course, these are but a few instances

of one who could ever boast of a clean When Corsets Come Handy. programme. Yet there are dozens of Four men are just now thanking their others who go home from the same ball far stars that that the dress reformers have not more dissatisfied and disappointed than I yet succeeded in driving the corset out of ever am, and waken in the morning quite use by women. They are the four men who unfit for their various duties. However, we manage to drag through them in a slipshod sort of fashion, and remembering it's shod sort of mannon, and we brighten up a the D's day "at home," we brighten up a little, and at 4 p. m. sally forth to the D's abode, where we discuss last night's revelry THE POMPADOUR'S FAN. in an enthusiastic and good-natured sort of a way until we get outside of a cup of chocolate or some other conducive-tobiliousness concoction that straightway collides with last evening's "trifle"; then we begin to fancy ourselves deeply injured, and feel it our duty to say unkind things of the absent, and betake our weary bodies home in a very unenviable state of mind. Certainly society does not consist in one or two balls or social gatherings, nor do I mean to insinuate that it is all unpleasantness and disappointment. I know there is a vast amount of enjoyment to be derived if taken in the right way. But looking at it, perhaps from rather a business point of view, it is unprofitable. The girl who gives her time and talents to society, is not the one who is fitting herself to become independent. No, a society girl hopes and expects to marry, and forms many an air castle of her ideal home; not the small-flatand-one - overworked - domestic - sort - of - a home her mother started with, but it must

be grander than the one she is leaving,-something on the Wilton carpet and French

A Penitentiary Romance.

A romance which had its origin in the Georgia Penitentiary to-day materialized into fact in a remarkable way. Five years ago Mrs. Rooney and her daughter, Miss Isabella, of Fort Gines, took a violent dislike to Mrs. Millirons, whose husband was said to have been a former admirer of the vounger woman. One day the two women. assisted by their son and brother, set upon Mrs. Millirons and beat her to death. The son was hanged in Fort Gaines, the mother died on the night before her trial, and the daughter, Miss Isabella, was given a life sentence in the penitentiary. For several years Isabella enjoyed the distinction of being the only white woman among the 1,500 inmates of the Georgia Penitentiary. The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union interested themselves in the fate of the young woman, and lately induced Gov. Gordon to pardon her. The ladies put her in the Woman's Home, where she has given evidence of strong repentance. A couple of days ago a new phase was developed. Dick Davis made his appearance at the home and claimed Miss Isabella for his bride. Dick was a long-termer from Bibb county, whose term had closed. It seems that he made love to the girl while they were in prison together, and he sought the first chance to marry her. The ladies who had Miss Isabella in charge, after inquiring into Davis's record, finally consented to the marriage, and this evening the event took place in the parlors of the Women's Christian Home. - Atlanto Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

How One Drummer Keeps Warm.

Said a travelling man in the Palmer House yesterday: "I never order a fire in my room at a country hotel. I carry a warming apparatus along, which is both convenient and not costly to myself. See?" And he pulled out a pair of nippers and a gas-burner which would throw a flame at least seven inches wide.

"It's this way," he continued. "I register and go to my room. The burner is, of course, plugged with cotton so that you can't get enough light to see the bed by. I vank it off with my nippers, screw on my own patent appliance, and then sit by the window and watch the city gas tank sink down towards the ground, while my

THE POMPADOUR'S FAN.

Chicken-skin, delicate, white, Painted by Conlo Vanloo, Loves in a riot of light Roses and vaporous blue; Hark to the dainty frou-frou! Picture above if you can,

escaped from the Ashland (Wis.) jail by sawing off the iron bars with a piece of steel taken from the stays of a woman prisoner. Women should be careful to look far into the future before they 'lay aside this article of dress. There is no telling when a corset may come handy .- Chicago Times.

A SONG OF THE SAW.

one chance of feeling what it is to be a social success! A would be soldier sauntered up and asked, in "aw-aw" English, to see my programme. The attack was so very unexpected I lost my wits, and in the confusion produced the much be-scribbled card. He remarked, "swarry," and passed

anxiety on that score, so I generally take a

The Judge Cut Short His Visit.

tea; and I went to see what the boys were doing.

Rosabel told me again and again that

she was "fairly tuckered out" before we were settled. But it seemed to me that she was always running over to advise with first was sorry that I had not known about Mrs. Howe as to what I should or should an older suit of clothes which was in annot do; and I was left to keep the fire other closet, he said that I had done just as he would have me, in not allowing a poor going, put down carpets, mix bread, and unpack. But I did a great deal outside, man to go from his door hungry and unfor I was determined to make a favorable clothed.

impression in the parish. I went to the For several weeks we never took any sewing society in the vestry, taking the two youngest boys with me, and bribing the sh was so hospitable. But Rosabel was such a careless cook, I knew that it was betothers, by allowing them to eat their sup-per on the board-pile, to keep away from Rosabel's kitchen. It was a strange thing was possible at home. The boys behaved

about her, how quietly and quickly she came into possession of the large part of our house. She always spoke of her cellar, her stairs, her stove; and although she did was possible at nome. The boys behaved remarkably well, and gave us almost no anxiety about their table manners. I al-ways remembered to give them cookies when they were to dine where there were no "I am advised to leave," Rosabel said, excitedly. "I've been told you were mar-ried to a burglar." "Oh, Rosabel!" I cried, indignantly, "It's a dreadful falsehood! Don't you un-

"I am advised to leave," Rosabel said,

A song, a song for the millman's saw, That whirls with noisy din, Bringing work and wealth to the sons of toil, Bringing work and wealth to the sons of ton, With its busy whir and spin. Though others may sing of the wheel, or the plow, We value them not a straw, For our daily strife in the battle of life, Is fought with the millman's saw; Is fought with the millman's saw!

It gives no theme for poet's dream, Nor love-sick song does it mean; But the lumberman's saw in the foremost rank, Of the world's grand march is seen. The forests so brown, at its stroke go down, And eitiger pring up as we fell. And cities so brown, at its show go with While work well done, and wealth well won, Is the story it seeks to tell. Is the story it seeks to tell.

So a song for the saw, the lumberman's boast, Our emblem honest and good— We sing to the din of its busy spin, We sing to the din of its busy spin, Our lay as workers in wood.
The slave of the lamp, or the forge or mine, Must follow wherever we draw,
For ours still the place to be first in the race, That is won by the whirl of the saw! -J. W. Fitzmaurice in Chicago Timbermet

Eves that could melt as the dew-This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight, Thronging the Œil de Bœuf through, Courtiers as butterflies bright, Beauties that Fragouard drew, Talan-rouge, falbala, queue, Cardinals, dukes—to a man, Eager to sigh or to sue-This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah! but things more than polite Hung on this toy, voyez vous! Matters of state and of might, Things that great ministers do; Things that, maybe, overthrew Those in whose brain they began; Here was the sign and the cue— This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew? Weavings of plot and of plan? But where is the Pompadour, too? This was the Pompadour's fan! -Austin Dobson