

THE ANGEL DEATH.

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

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 grown-up daughter, five small boys.

not claim the piano or papa's books, I think it was simply that she had no use for them. The parish which we had left never had approved of me. They said that my life was too "self-centred," that I held aloof from social and charitable organizations, that I did not take the place in the church which was the clergyman's daughter, belonged to me. Yet they knew that I was trying to fill dear mamma's place, to comfort my father, and keep the house and five small brothers mended, fed, taught and amused.

boys in the family. Unless one is used to feeding boys, their appetites always disturb grown people. I think the congregation liked me. Mrs. Howe complimented me on the favorable impression I had made in Baileyville, especially in Rosabel's estimation. A committee had called upon papa to tell him that a paper was in circulation asking subscriptions to build an addition to the parsonage. The lumber had been given, but more money was now needed. The boys were the only ones in our family who regretted this move of the committee; they declared they did not want any more room, and that their pillow fights would be spoilt by any addition.

derstand?—it was the poor man with the cough. And I wrote my name on a postal card; I was very foolish, but surely not wicked." "Well, on account of the five boys, I guess I'll not stay. Mrs. Howe is dying to get me back. Good-by." And Rosabel departed, and banged the door after her.

A SOCIETY GIRL SAYS

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 lay 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 imaginable way.

China style. Now, tell me, how many men are there in the "Swim" of St. John, who are eligible parties? 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 of those 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.

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 assertion may sound a little hyperbolic, but the fact is that "second growth pine" may be termed cultivated to a certain extent, and consequently of a finer quality. This arises from the same reasons that an onion or carrot bed is thinned out. The thinning out of our pine forests has given the smaller specimens a better chance to develop, and the result is that while perhaps not so large in diameter, there is a finer fiber, and less sap to this description of timber. The lumberman in so saying, does not seek to advocate the slaughter of the "baby pines," but 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 on the evidence of men who have given the subject careful thought, and also upon the 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.

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 Gaines, took a violent dislike to Mrs. Milliron, whose husband was said to have been a former admirer of the younger woman. One day the two women, assisted by their son and brother, set upon Mrs. Milliron 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-terminer 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.—Atlanta 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 yank 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 room gets warm."—Chicago Herald.

THE POMPADOUR'S FAN.

Chicken-skin, delicate, white, Painted by Conio Vanloo, Loves in a riot of light, Roses and vaporous blue; Hark to the dainty foot-fan! Picture above if you can, Eyes that could melt at the dew— This was the Pompadour's fan! See how they rise at the sight, Thronging the Eil de Boeuf through, Couriers as butterflies bright, Beauties that Fragonard drew, Talan-rouge, fallain, grey began; Cardinals, dukes—to a man, Eager to sigh or to sne— This was the Pompadour's fan! Ah! but things more than polite Hung on this toy, voyez vous! Matters of state and of night, 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.

A SONG OF THE SAW.

A song, a song for the millman's saw, That whirls with noisy din, Bringing work and wealth to the sons of toil, With its busy whirl 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 is the foremost rank, Of the world's grand march is seen. The forests so brown, at its stroke go down, And cities spring up as we fell, While work well done, and wealth well won, 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, Of the workers in wood. The slave of the lamp, or the forge or mine, Must follow wherever we draw, For our still place to be first in the race, That is won by the whirl of the saw! —J. W. Fitzmaurice in Chicago Timberman.

A Brief Courtship.

A certain young lady went out last Wednesday morning to make some calls. On her way she met a friend who suggested that she should go to the matinee with him. She accepted the invitation and he bought the tickets. At the end of the first act he proposed to her. She refused, thinking he was only joking. When the curtain went down for the second act he renewed the proposal and so earnestly that she asked time to consider it, which was willingly given. When the third act had finished she softly murmured, "Yes." After the matinee was over the engaged couple hailed a passing street car and crossed to Camden, where they were married. The whole affair occupied three hours and 50 minutes.—Philadelphia Times.

The Judge Cut Short His Visit.

Judge Thomas Jones, of Eminence, Ky., was in this city today to visit his friend, Col. White, but left hastily for Frankfort, Ky., on discovering that just before he left his blue grass home he wrote a letter to Col. White and one to his lady-love—a charming young widow—at Frankfort, and by some mishap placed the letters in the wrong envelopes. The judge's chagrin and mortification can better be imagined than told when Col. White showed the judge his 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.

Cases of longevity are not rare in Austria-Hungary, but one is rather startled to see the Vienna journals announce as a positive fact that a peasant who has just died at Bietsch, in Moravia, had attained the remarkable age of 142 years. He is stated to have left a son aged 115, and a grandson aged eighty-five, besides numerous children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The deceased centenarian enjoyed, it is said, the best of health to the last.—Vienna Dispatch to London Times.

When Corsets Come Handy.

Four men are just now thanking their stars that the dress reformers have not succeeded in driving the corset out of use by women. They are the four men who 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.

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