

WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

MARGARET E. SANSTER, IN HARPER'S BAZAR. Waiting through nights of pain, Waiting through nights of pain, For the sound of songs inhuman, And the breaking of life's long chain:

AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR.

"Would you like your window opened, miss?" "Yes, I see," assented he as coolly. "Those cream roses would not look well with it all, for instance?"

A PULLMAN CAR WOOLING.

Scene: Eastern-bound Pullman car at the Oakland mole. Time, 3:30 p. m. Enter elderly gentleman, carrying small valise and large hamper. Following him two ladies, evidently mother and daughter.

Dead silence followed this for about two minutes. She looked steadily out of the window, while he gazed absently at the bald head of a man a few seats in front. Then he broke the silence by leaning toward her, and saying, in a very soft and persuasive tone: "Nan, won't you reconsider what you said last night?"

early, and; utterly exhausted, soon fell into a refreshing sleep, from which she awoke in the night with her headache gone. Her first thought was of Jack, and her eyes opened wide with shame as she remembered her rudeness to the man who had always been so kind to her.

Successful Though Blind. Blind Men Who Make Their Own Way in the World and Earn Handsome Incomes. Most true it is that no movement for the improvement of the unfortunate can be so successful as that which is based on the fact that the blind are not helpless.

Word, Greeley and Raymond, and in 1847 removed to Milwaukee, where he built the journal over which he presided from a modest weekly to one of the best paying dailies in the Northwest.

The World of Women. Woman. How various in her mood she is How ready to beguile; She wounds with her cutting tongue, And heals us with her smile.