

Food for Reflection.

To both the rich and the poor on this earth is given
The promise of a life in that glorious heaven,
Where all shall be free from sorrow and care,
And shall find only joy in the life over there.
And while we yet live *this* thought should us brave,
That God designed not our lives to end at the grave;
For *if* this were so, he'd have freed life so brief
From all of its hardships, from sorrow, from grief.
So if a man has a good and a dearly loved son,
And knows that he'll die when life has barely begun,
Will he cause that existence to be one of strife
In making needless preparations for the duties of life?
If he thinks that his child will live to old age,
And that life will not end as he enters the grave,
He will work and will strive, as hard as he can,
To raise him and strengthen him for his duties as man.
And as long as we live here, upon this broad earth,
Full of many great sorrows, and also much dearth,
We all are but *children*, until we do learn
What lies o'er that bourne from whence no one returns.
Here we all have our burdens, and all have our cares,
And each thinks his burden the hardest to bear;
With the hardships of poverty many are grieved,
Yet he who has wealth is not of all pains relieved,
For the sleep of the poor is more peaceful and sweet
(Although he has not an abundance to eat)
Than is that of the man who has wealth and fame;
For with increase of wealth comes an increase of pain.
If all should be equal, all great or all low,
Do you think that God would have ordered it so
That on earth there would be both the rich and the poor,
Both of whom have the same ills to endure?
If all men were great, or of equal degree,
We would have here no pain, and surely no ease;
If we here had no poverty, or no wealth at all,
We would see nearly all of our grand virtues fall.
And we now see how wise is the God of creation,
Who fixes us all in these different stations.
And as we're *thus* stationed in this earthly home,
We should live for all others, not for ourselves all alone;
We should try with all might, and with all of our powers,
To feel a friend's pain as though it were ours;
To nurse him when sick, and to help him in need,
For these are accounted a noble man's deeds.
And a noble man's soul may be compared with the sun;
For it leaves this fair earth when its race here is run,
As the glorious sun sinks in far western skies
But with greater glory in the east to arise.

Athens Fire Department.

ATHENS has outgrown the amateur fire department stage. These remarks in no way are intended to depreciate the just merits of our fire brigade. That it is the best amateur brigade in the South the prizes which adorn their halls sufficiently attest. Who of us has not participated in the royal welcome that the citizens have been wont to extend to the firemen returning victorious from the State tournaments, whether that participation has consisted in the guzzling of food, or the infliction upon a long-suffering public of turgid oratory? No man may say that we failed to show appreciation.

As at present organized our fire department does not meet the needs of the city.

A fire breaks out, say at the corner of Prince and Milledge avenue, at 11 p. m. Some one runs down town, about a mile, rings a bell, and the firemen are scattered all over the city, peacefully at home, as good citizens should be. They bounce out of bed, hurry on their clothing, and run to the engine house. If the fire is not out by this time, they may guide themselves in the right direction by the reflection on the clouds. And now the college boys lustily give tongue. Reaching the fire by the street car (preposterous assertion) before any of the engineers do, we see them come up, the firemen panting for breath and reduced by exertion to a dog trot. Then the fun begins. Every man is commander-in-chief, and vies with each man in knocking over small boys, kicking dogs, tearing down fences,

breaking up furniture and all the other charming and necessary accessories of a fire. The hose is finally coupled to a water plug, the water turned on, and glorious fountains spout up at each joint, and at the busted places. Then the discovery is made that no nozzle has been brought. This defect being remedied by sending a man back to the engine house, a stream is finally procured, but to the amazement and disgust of spectators the water is turned on the crowd. It is a good thing if the chimneys are saved.

Now, in this we have "aught extenuated or set down aught in malice," but certain it is that when a fire gets well started in Athens the house burns up. Now, while we are of the opinion that several good, substantial fires well located would be of great benefit to the city; still, out of respect to the existing prejudice that this ought to be suppressed, I presume to suggest that the city hire firemen, give them some hose that will not burst when the water is turned on, and which they will not tear to pieces at picnics and tournaments, devise some system of fire alarm, and see if it will not be an improvement.

Of course this would do away with the old order, when the firemen rush frantically, yelling like Zulus, to reach the fire, and were reduced to nausea relievable only by strong tea and absolute rest. It would also do away with the reception of the victors under the inspiration of chicken salad and beer and whooping the under jaws off at the eloquence of the stay-at-homes. But the day for all this is past, and utility demands the sacrifice at the hands of romance.

Answers to Correspondents.

PARK HOWELL.—Go cultivate your voice, eat guano and put a safety valve on your neck to stop you when you get too high for the piano. Stop walking in front of L. C. I. so often; none of the girls are stuck on your shape. We decline to answer the last of your questions. Jim Nevin can tell you more about cutting than we can.

NED HODGSON.—Of course all the girls like you; how could they help it? Yes, a moustache might help your looks a little, but don't attempt to raise one until you get to be a Senior. Don't use the hair vigor referred to; it will not help the beard any and may give you bumps on the face.

JULE HARRIS.—Yes, we know the young man very well; he *is* wealthy and goes in good society. He dances and has attended one or two germans of the Cotillon Club, and is personally acquainted with Lieut. Martin. Get "Dodsworth on leading the german;" it will be a valuable work, in the hands of the future Ward McAllister, of Cedartown.

HARRINGTON.—Raph. never could fit a bow-legged man anyway. You had no business trying him; you should have sent the order to Lynch or Anderson. You did well to withdraw from the race after the greased pig on field day. You could never have stopped him with those pot hook appendages of yours. But don't be discouraged; that noble brow and polished cheek of yours will carry you through.

DET LAWRENCE.—Don't despair; you are young yet, and if your love is not requited "try, try again," and in the end success will crown your efforts. By all means have a good time in college, and get along with just as small an amount of study as possible. Alex will be out of the way next year, and you will then have the privilege of using your own spending money, and not have to buy all of the coal and oil as you did during the past winter.

NEWELL.—Yes; it's a big thing to have a grandfather, and especially if you have his name and massive brow. Brush your hair back and look as much like him as possible, and some day you may be great yourself. We don't know whether her father has bought a bull-dog or not, but don't go there so often, for if he hasn't done so he certainly will.

ARKWRIGHT.—Vaseline might remove the crimson from your nose if it was the result of sunburn; try caustic and see if you can't burn it off. The *cancan* is a beautiful dance, but often disturbs the party on the next floor below who is trying to sleep. Your voice is strong at times, but never adapted to singing.

J. R. L. SMITH.—Free advertising is a great thing, but where were you on Field day? Your name was called, but you failed to show up. When you write again please explain this. Some of your questions are very impertinent, and we refuse to answer them.

POULLAIN.—We know of no sure cure for "blushing;" it's a sad affliction, my dear boy, but it makes you popular with the girls, you know. Certainly you "got there" on the Fraternity serenade. Go prepared to find anything you want next time.