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GIFTS AND SOUVENIRS FROM

Friends Near Home and Friends Abroad-Kind, Loving Greetings of Children, Kindred and Friends.

The celebration of our golden wedding is over and my good wife and I are still marching to the end of the journey. The fiftieth anniversary of our wedded life brought no change and did not for a moment stop the ticking of the marble clock upon the mantle. The days and the weeks and the months are still coming this way. We did not cross the Rubicon nor the Jordan nor the Styx, but only set up another mile stone and marked it fifty. Now we are on the last quarter stratch nearing the goal, and if it was left to us we would make it an even race. Birth and marriage and death are the most notable events in this life, the most pregnant with fate, and destiny, of happiness or misery and it becomes us to pause occasionally and ponder them. If we can do this with sevenity and gratitude it is well for there is no comfort in melancholy. The fiftieth anniversary of our

ancholy.

And so we were made happy on our wedding day, and are happy yet as we tecall the kind loving greetings of children and kindred and friends. A wedding day, and are happy yet as we recall the kind loving greetings of children and kindred and friends. A shade of sadness came over us of course as we thought of the missing one, the youngest boy afar off in Mexico, but he will come some of these summer days, and bring his sunshine with him. He always brings it and he always sends it in his letters. There is no better sign of a boy than for him to write home often and regularly, and Carl does that. Mr. Craig, of Macon, sent us by express prepaid a pretty iron double seat for the verandah or the lawn and wrote. "I made this with my own hands for your golden wedding. My wife and I wanted to show our love for your son Carl who was so good and kind to our dear boy while he was sick in Mexico. Our boy came home and died, but we have not forgotten Carl, God bless him." What a comfort to a parent are the letters from the children. What comfort are good, kind letters from friends known and unknown and we have had them by the hundred during the past two weeks, and telegrams, too, from New York to Texas—and from the islands of our new domain. We were a amazed—overwhelmed and wondered what we had done to provoke such interest in our home affairs. And then the press has showered its benedictions so lavishly that I was constrained to whisper when will this thing stop—where will this bird light. We are proud of all this, but not vain and we are more gratified than proud, but the query is still with us "What have we done and is not this all a dream?"

And then there are the beautiful gifte and souvenirs that kept on coming from friends near home and friends abroad. They crowded our tables and adoned the walls. These golden presents gladdened our golden years and fitted the golden wedding so appropriately, and the flowers did, too—beautiful flowers from Brooklyn and Atlanta and Rome and Mobile and Marietta and all ladeu with pretty sentiments and some with the ever living lines from Mrs. Hemans: "Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear;

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear; They were born to blush in her shining hair."

"Gring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear;
Theorem boars to blush in her shining the state of the boars to blush in her shining to the property of the party. The party of the pa

heard it all, and it seemed to me she straightened up a little and seemed taller as he spoke. He continued on that line until I began to feel like I was nothing but an old ship that my wife was steering through the breakers. I saw that his remrks were very grateful to Mrs. Howell, for she stretched up a little, too, and as I looked around upon the matrons they were all stretching the matrons they were all stretching up, and my fear is they will stay so. I don't think I will invite Evan to our

ap, and my fear is they will stay so. I don't think I will invite Evan to our next wedding.

And now comes the aftermath—the second reaping of this harvest of love. We must answer all these kind letters, and we must thank the donors for all these besutiful gifts. It will take time, but it will be a labor of love. Many of the letters are in verse, and what is remarkable, most of the poems are from our aged friends. Just take note of this from Dr. Alexander, the veteran physician of Atlanta. Who would have thought that he would have turned bard in his seventy-fifth year? He sent me a beautiful cane, and the following verses, were wrapped around it. May the good Lord lead him down gently to to the grave:

"I never can forget it—whatever time "I never can forget it -- whatever time

destroys—
The dear old time in youth's sweet prime,
When 'Bill' and I were boys.

It is the one bright memory no earth-

by dross alloys.

For sweet bells chime of that dear time
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"I was there when 'Bill' was married, in the pleasant far-away,
To the fair and noble woman
Whom he weds again today.
His golden-marriage time it is. Ah,
time no love destroys!
For they love each other better than
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"Well, here's a greeting to you, 'Bill,'
And blessings on your life,
And love and joy foreyer
To your jewel of a wife!
To me you're both a memory
No earth dross alloys,
Thank God we're still as happy as
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

'You need no staff to lean on, 'Bill,

When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"You need no staff to lean on, 'Dill,'
For leve's your staff and guide,
And love has led you safe thus far,
And love is by your side:
But take this staff, old comrade,
With your golden wedding joys—
And lean upon it for those days
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"JAMES F. ALEXANDER.

"March 7, 1899."

Oh the dear memories that these lines crowded on me—the branches where we fished for minnows and perch and horny-heads, the shoal creek where we seined and the mill pond where we jumped from the springboard and the water seemed a mile deep, and the trees we climbed for chestnuts that seemed a raile high. What a fine coon dog was Rover, and what a good rabbit dog was Tag. But the long red hills have shrunk and the mill pond is but a little pool and the trees have been cut down and the dogs we hunted with are dead. Alas! how cruel is time.

And here before me are some tender lines from old Colonel Gibbons, who has passed his four score years. He adds another verse to "John Anderson, My Jo." So does my dear old partner, Judge Branham, and he says that Dr. Deems wrote it. And an old lady from Washington, D. C., sends still another verse and says it was written by a man in Ohio. Here are three different additions to the poem and all are beautiful. And here are several loving verses from our cherished friend, Captain Calhoun, who is no spring bird or bard, but is old enough to write poetry. There is a man who always brings sunshine, His life is a struggle and strain, but "like, the sun of Alknomok, he never complains."

Then there is the double-hearted gem from our nukrown friend, "Dunne from "with its carshis illustration."



Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

of the limitations which is called a statute of repose, and which quiets title to land and cuts of punishment for crime. The Jews made a jubilee of every fiftieth year and proclaimed liberty throughout the land and cancelled all debts and gave the land and cancelled all debts and gave the land and the cattlerest. And so now let us have rest and peace both in body and in mind. That is all very sweet and very pretty, says my wife, but we must work on. She made up her bed this morning as usual, and is now sewing new buttons on my old vest. But I can't help seeing the new rings on her flugers and the golden hiar pin that Major McCollum gave her in her hair. As for me, I have my orders, for it has long been my habit when I get a new suit of clothes, to keep them on as long as she will let me, and sometimes when she is not looking, I work in them. Already she has put my wedding suit away, and I will not get it again until Sunday morning. The truth is, I don't see much difference between now and then between the past and the present. I am still the bey. She wants me to bring in some coal right now.

There is no sign of rest for me

There is no sign of rest for me In this our year of jubilee. -Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution,

WHY HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP.

The Beating Was Not Half as Bad as Being Called a Spaniard.

"Soak it to him, Chimmie!"
"Biff him hard, Jake!"
"These and similar exclamations of encouragement, of repeated, came, from a crowd of intensely eager boys and girls and not a few grinning men assembled around two little gladiators engaged in a serious fist duel on Mulberry street not very far from Police Headquarters.

Some of the grinning men looked half ashamed of their role, of tolerant spectators of the encounter. The air of superficial amusement of the remainder scarcely concealed the real increst with which they followed every

novement of the fighters.

To the latter it was no laughing mat ter. One, a slight, pale lad with a dogged, determined look and thin, firmly compressed lips was obviously out-classed by his more robust opponent, who was punishing him severely, but he would not avow himself vanquish-

"Let up, Chimmie, he's had enough," interposed Chimmie's friends.

Jake, abused and bleeding, picked himself up from the ground and protested flercely that he had not done with the enemy, and proposed to "finish him up if I get smashed."

ish him up if I get smassed."

Ine battle was resumed and Jake went down heavily, striking his head on the curbstone. He was picked up dazed and wenk but still defiant.

A man pushed his way through the crowd and restrained him.

"Tou're grit all through, my boy, but us no use, he's too much for you," he

Father of the Girl-My dear young man, I have called to ask you if you would accept the hand of my daugh

Girl's Father-Yes, sir. I have reason to believe that she cares for you, and I know you can make her happy-Young Man-What are your pros-

pects?
Girl's Father—I am sixty-five years old, and have the gout, that may take me off at any time, I own 300 share of the Sure Thing copper mine and an equal number in the Bustville Raii-

vay. I am worth a quarter of a mil-ien. Do you have confidence in me? Young Man-Well, this is sudden, but I will think it over. Come around Tuesday some time between 10 and 10:30 and I will give you my answer. Girl's Father-Very well, sir. Good

Young Man-Good morning.-Detroit

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