CHARMING CHILDREN.

Shirley Dare Tells Tales About Her Little Sweethearts.

LEADING BOYS BY SILKEN CHAINS.

The Secret of Managing and Making Lovable Children.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR MOTHER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THEY have been many and dear and true. With Mary Stuart I can face ill-fortune, saying that I have been well-loved. Sitting alone in the afternoon of life, their fresh, delightful faces rise before me, my palm thrills to their soft pressure, and their clear tunable voices, always with a tone of love or mirth in them, are sweet upon the air. My years turn to gold in the counting, and like the little colored boy who shall be immortal, "judging by the good times I've had, I must be a hundred." They never suffered me to know dull times, these loves and lovers of mine.

Comrades, with you and me together
Was never any but good weather.

When you came the sunshine was lighted, whatever the time or sort of day, and whether, between laughs we looked in each other's eyes 'till the souls in us melted with tenderness, or it was high jinks and well-timed daffin, be sure there was no deception, selfishness nor distrust. The ancients believed one might reach a long life by being continually breathed upon by young people. It is certain that the breath of children preserves the freshness of the heart.

AN IDLE BOY.

One of the first conquests I have to think of, was a scholar named George—unless it was Frank—I quite forget his other name. He was the big boy of the school, and a very idle one, teasing the girls or the flies alternately. Things came to such a pass he had either to be improved or turned out of school, so I kept him after hours one bright summer day to make up his geography lesson. Doors and windows were open, the oakwoods flashing their leaves invitingly, and the sunshiny fields saying mutely what audacious boys shouted at the door, "Come out and have a good time with us." "You can't go till you have learned that lesson," ruled the 17-year-old teacher to the 16-year-old boy—not at all sure she could carry out her discipline, but ready to be spent in the effort.

"What am I staying here for," says the big boy, mutinously. "You can't keep me if I've a mind to go. The boys say I'm a fool for staying, and want me to cut and run."

"I know I can't keep you," says the girl teacher. "There is the door. You can go if you please. But if you do, it will be your loss, not mine," and then she gave him such a talking-to about spoiling his own chances, and wasting his time, and the need of everyone to observe good discipline, man or boy, as only young women can do, when they have their first faith in human nature. I couldn't do it now, for I've lost that naive faith in my fellow beings, and consequently the key to their minds. Before the young school-ma'am got through, the big black-eyed boy was crying. Those two innocents made up the peace, he set to studying and was the best scholar any one could have, from that day. Next year he went to the war, and that was all I ever heard of him.

SILKEN CHAINS.

But what are boys made of, that a silk ribbon will lead them, when all that honor and duty and self-interest plead, fails to urge them? Frankly I have a contempt for a man's virtue of any sort, when the only motive to it is a young woman's influence. But it is often the thread which brings the cord which brings the ropes that draws a man to safety and to good.

On a dull spring afternoon, bent, as now, over my work, a chuckle at the window lifted my head to meet the triumphant regards of two Romeos who had scaled the rainpipe to a corner roof, where they could look inside my room, and where they paid me a call of high compliment, if not of ceremony. Many more delightful things were said to me in that hour than I shall ever hear again. Gentlemen of 12 and 13 not being deterred by modesty from any audacious flattery which comes into their heads. It seems to me chocolate and licorice drops were passed through the window to them, and one ardent invader swung himself on the windowsill to invite me to climb the Palisades, fading opposite in the April mist. It was a dual affection, shared amicably among three, to speak Irish. We risked being swamped in the swell of steamboats and the rough waves of spring storms; together we scaled the cliffs for pink and white azalias, whose spicy, blushing drifts filled our boat from stem to stern; we hunted snakes together, and the boys loafed under the pines while I wrote my newspaper letters out of doors. They were the loyalest souls I ever knew, the stanchest friends—would to heaven I had never known any others!

A WITTY ELF.

Then came the brightest, blithest elf, and winsomest, humorsome child that ever set foot on the planet in my time. A poet's son, with a genius for his mother, inheriting the rare, freakish fascination of both, he was a sort of household Ariel, dancing and singing as he tiptoed round, more sprite than human, save for his close attachments. In the corner by the sofa I spied him, the day of his coming, a slim bright-eyed thing in a blue thibet frock, shy, yet fearless and spirited as some creature of the wild.

"Whose mouse are you?" I asked, and "whose cat are you?" was the rejoinder, within his arch and penetrating look, which made us sworn gossips before the hour was over. He rehearsed his adventures coming from his summer home, and how he had a little basket with a little cake, and he ate that, and a little roll and he ate that, and a little bottle of wine, and he drank that, and a little bottle of hair oil—"

"Did you drink that?" asked a person of rather rigid aspect, who did not approve exaggeration.

"Yes," was the answer, quick as a flash, "and swallowed the brush and comb!" He was never behind in neatness of repartee or commonplace in expressing himself, and his odd phrases linger in my memory. He got off the compliment to a young lady about the golden hair and the silver voice, which was rather charming from a 4-year-old princeling, and he wanted the "Misletoe Bough" sung from first to last five times over one evening in the twilight, pressing spellbound at the singer's knee, enchanted with the pensive melody.

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

One day the boy and I went to Central Park together, when the lawns were at their loveliest, and spent enchanted hours. It seems like a page of Hawthorne that we came upon a fairylike fountain jet, playing in a lonely nook of exquisite green sward, and the child was so taken by the beauty of the spot, which would attract nothing short of a poet by nature, that we lingered longest there, and he begged to return to it, and sitting by me on the grass, poured out such a strain of pure souled fancies, about his little brother who was dead, and how he should like to die and be buried in just such a spot, throwing himself down to put his face in the grass, and caressing the few flowers, and I felt eerie, carrying him home in the late light.

He had never been up late enough to see the stars before, and clung with hushed breath to my shoulder, poring over their brave lights, crying out in a rapture things hardly lawful to utter in a newspaper article for everybody's reading. He would have stayed out with the strange, glorious sight all night if I had left him, and indeed it must be hard to imagine a child's first impression of the stars. Nights now I lean out of my town window to get a sight of the sky, but what was it first of all? I think Lorrie said that God must be beautiful if He made such stars, and wanted to know how long it would be before he might die and go up to look close at them, but he was not a miraculously good child, though the sweetest.

LITTLE PRINCE CHARMING.

Last of all, came my little Prince Charming, with the soft, misty dark eyes and almond bloom, the merriest hearted baby, that used to sleep on his mother's knees, with her portfolio resting on his back, while she scratched away for his bread and milk and buttons. Life was a huge lark to him, and his mother had the keys of the world. First, he wanted the moon, at a year old. At 2, his mouth opening to chatter as usual, before his eyes, his morning announcement was, "Mother, I want a whale." Since then all he wants is to possess the earth, and free lance and knight errant, for all intents and purposes it has been his own.

At 2½, in his white frock he sallied out on New York streets with a parcel of fresh papers just received under his arm, crying "Noos, noos," independently, and fought desperately to be allowed to begin making his fortune at that early age. At 4, he ran away six times a week, and the police grew used to seeing a distracted mother rushing to the station for tidings of a lost boy. The family moved out of town to save his mother's reason from such frights, and he seldom wandered off more than four miles "in a line" after that. Between 7 in the morning and 8 at night his mother had to trust in Providence pretty firmly, for the boy was invisible, and no snake ever disappeared with finer celerity. He was a born rover, and withal the blithest child that ever made home glad. He never sulked, but sudden storms of temper were followed by long reaches of sunniest affectionate mood.

HIS BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

For years his favorite surprise for his mother's birthday in August was to bring her a superb plant of cardinal flower, in which she delighted, wandering leagues to seek it, marking the spot weeks before, and carrying the tall plant, root and all in perfect condition, miles through the blazing sun. Few gifts cost more thought and devotion than that beautiful birthday plant. Afterward his regular present was a bottle of her favorite lavender water, enough to last the whole year, for which his pennies were hoarded months before. Mother and child never lived more closely for each other. One of the sweetest things in memory is the laughing, fair-haired child saying his first verse from the Bible. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," and turning his eye up full of love and eloquence, saying, "I know the meaning of that!"

Poorly the pen can sketch the lovable children I have known, mischievous children, faulty once, but whom we love spite of defects, perhaps as Deity loves us. The secret of managing children and making them lovable is to love them with intelligence and with fervor. Every child is a human anemone, either dull, inert, shrinking from your touch, or a blossom of delicate, surprising beauty as you choose to let it develop itself.

SHIRLEY DARE.

INFLUENCE OF PORTENTS.

Persons Pretending to Enlightment Who Are Still in the Fetish Stage.

Unquestionably, says the London *Standard*, the doctrine of portents and luck does still influence conduct. There are ladies, not over-conscientious in the discharge of religious observances, who would sooner disconcert a hostess and throw a roomful of guests into confusion, than sit down with 12 others at the dinner table. They would be greatly affronted if they were told that, so far, they were as distinctly Pagan as the Druids of whom they read at school; nor would it add to their composure to be informed that probably they inherited the "notion" from a long line of savage ancestors. Yet, of course, that is so. The idea which connects the commission of certain acts with the incurring of certain consequences (not arising by any law of material cause and effect) is one of the heathen conceptions which has survived side by side with Christian beliefs. In some cases, a sort of sanction has been found for it in Christian tradition. The monks consecrated, so to speak, the devilries they could not exercise. And we have, in our age of restless inquiry, which does not shrink from challenging the basis of all religious hope and comfort, the strange spectacle of persons pretending to enlightenment who are still in the fetish stage.

The lover will not give his sweetheart an opal ring, however pretty the stone may be: the guest at a table shudders when he spills the salt, and tries furtively to propitiate fate by throwing a few grains over her shoulder. Penknives and pairs of scissors are tabooed as presents. Many a man would choose any day in the week rather than Friday for starting on a journey, or beginning some great enterprise. Many a woman dislikes (apart from sympathetic sentiment) to meet a funeral, or encounter a black cat. It is not so much that anyone pretends to be sure that harm will accrue from the forbidden actor the unwelcome experience; but, that partly out of deference to what he judges the feelings of others to be, partly out of the instinct of prudence, he wants to be on the safe side. In many of these cases, no doubt, a sort of utilitarian reason can be assigned for the prevailing prejudice. One can say that the objection to passing under a ladder is no more whimsical than is the conviction that to walk across Regent circus at noon, with closed eyes, involves risk. Yet, a superstitious motive is assigned for giving a wide berth to the falling bricks, while the duty of keeping one's eyes open in a London thoroughfare is allowed to rest on the prosaic basis of experience.

When all is said, the human mind is an inscrutable medley of sense and unreason, of credulity and unbelief; and, perhaps, on the whole the objection to sitting down 13 to dinner is as respectable a craze as many that are honored with much finer names.

Reforming Chicago.

Philadelphia Record.]

Philadelphian—I notice that within a week or so half a dozen Chicago men have shot their wives and then themselves. It does seem to me as if some way could be found to prevent such crimes.

Chicago Man (briskly)—Yes, sir; yes, sir; we are working at that very thing now.

"Glad to hear it, very glad."

"Yes, sir. Our hope is that before long we can so simplify our laws as to make divorces cheaper than pistols."

Followed Up.

Count Frangoletti (just after his proposal) — Damma zat monk! Alla time breaka ze rope!—*Puck.*

A TORNADO'S COURSE.

How it May be Determined According to Well-Established Laws.

MEANS OF ESCAPING FROM STORMS.

Peculiar Facts Regarding a Great Sea Wave, Started by Volcanic Action.

WHAT CAUSES EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

MR. R. J. P. FINLEY has recently presented to the National Geographic Society of Washington an interesting paper concerning tornadoes. The portions of this communication which particularly concern the public are in regard to the measures which persons endangered from such calamities may take to preserve their lives. Mr. Finley notes the signs which precede the development of tornadoes. In most cases the atmosphere is very sultry, scarce a breath disturbing it. When, in such a condition of air, in the regions where tornadoes are known to occur, rolling clouds appear in the southwest and northwest, the approach of a tornado may be expected. These clouds may resemble smoke from a conflagration. They are something of a greenish hue, again intensely black. The movement of the clouds is a striking and characteristic feature. They have at first a whirling motion, the several masses appearing to spin around a common center. Then from this central part the funnel-like cloud grows downward toward the earth, and from it proceeds a roaring sound like continuous distant thunder, which grows in intensity as the storm approaches the observer.

If a person near the path of the approaching storm is so fortunate as to be in the open country, he may save himself by flight, for the rate of movement of the storm center does not usually exceed 25 miles an hour. The first thing to determine is the direction in which the center is moving. A brief observation will often ascertain this. If the storm is going in the northeast direction, the path of safety lies in the northwest; if the path of the tornado be to the eastward, then the direction of flight should be to the north. In any case the endangered person should seek to escape by moving to the right as he faces the storm.

SAFETY IN A STORM.

If such observations are made with due presence of mind, when the funnel-shaped cloud is not more than three-fourths of a mile distant, the chance of escaping from its path is good. The safest position is always on the northwest or northern side of the advancing meteor, for the reason that on that side the movement of the wind is least intense. Mr. Finley advises a person not to make his determination as to the direction of the movement of the tornado when it is more than three-fourths of a mile distant, for the reason that it is not easy to determine the path when the cloud is farther away.

In seeking shelter in buildings, he bids one remember that frame buildings are safer than those of masonry, for the walls are more elastic, and are more likely to withstand the racking motion of the storm than more solid walls of brick or stone. In such a frame building the greatest safety is in the cellar, while this position is most dangerous in a masonry edifice. He adds the general statement that no dwelling whatsoever, such as is likely to be constructed in this country, is safe in such circumstances. When seeking shelter in any building, a person should avoid northeast rooms, or in general the eastern side of the house.

Mr. Finley dwells upon the importance of underground shelters separated from the cellars of houses as a place of resort in case of danger from tornadoes. He gives some general directions for the construction of such cellars, but appears to reckon on too much expenditure. In case the cave is connected with the cellar of the house, as it sometimes is in the present method of constructing them, there is always danger that the exit may be blocked by the ruins of the house itself. The best place seems to be to have the cavern on the southwest side of the dwelling house, and distant at least a score or two of feet from it. Mr. Finley estimates that a sufficient shelter will cost from $150 to $350. But with little more cost than the expense of his personal labor the farmer may provide himself with an adequate shelter for the members of his household.

THE TORNADO BELT.

A trench four feet wide, sloping down from near the house until it attains the depth of about eight feet, with a roof of stout timber and a layer of earth four feet in thickness upon it, will serve all the needs. If the soil be wet, it will be necessary to provide it with drainage. It should be noted that all that is necessary is to provide a place in which, by a seldom chance, the people of the house may quickly crowd themselves beyond the pitiless beat of the storm. The shelter will be required for not more than 10 or 15 minutes at the most; indeed, the crisis commonly passes in much less time.

Although storms of the tornado type occur in other countries than our own, our continent, especially the region in the northern part of the Mississippi valley, is subject to peculiar danger from them. As the population grows denser and the architecture becomes more important, the danger which they will bring to the interests of man is sure steadily to increase. Meteorological science has already attained to the point where it will be possible to predict the times when and the places where the disasters are likely to occur. It does not at present seem possible to do more for the protection of man than to set forth the general conditions in the manner above described by Mr. Finley.

Once more comes the rumor that diamonds have been produced by artificial processes. There seems no reason to doubt, even if this last report be discredited, that diamonds will not long remain as purely natural products. Recent observations in South Africa and elsewhere make it appear that in all probability wherever a long continued high temperature affects carbonaceous rocks, diamonds are likely to be engendered. Many of the other stones esteemed precious have been artificially made, either as commercial products or as the result of scientific experiment. It is, therefore, with no surprise that we hear of what seem to be successes in this line of manufacture. So far it seems certain that such diamonds as have been made are of extremely small size, if not microscopic.

VOLCANIC PHENOMENA.

☞ We have at length more details concerning the great volcanic sea wave which, on the 13th of March, 1888, swept a part of the shore of New Guinea and many neighboring islands. Owing to the fact that this great disturbance overwhelmed an exploring expedition, under the charge of two Germans, two other expeditions have been sent out to determine the circumstances of their loss, and, if possible, the rescue of any of the survivors. The last expedition discovered the place where Von Below and Hunstein had landed. A portion of their camp equipment was found, covered with sand and stones, showing clearly where they were overtaken by the inundation. The debris covered the shore to the height of several feet above high water, a large extent of country originally in the state of forest had been converted into a morass, covered with broken timber and material swept up from the sea. The wave appears to have reached the height of about 40 feet above high water. At the newly established settlement near Cape King William more than 20 successive waves were observed, of which the third and heaviest rose to the height of 35 feet above the sea. If the shore had been as much occupied by settlers as is the case of Java, it is probable that the destruction of life would been as great as during the volcanic wave of 1883, when 30,000 people perished along the shores of that island.

The liability of occurrence of such catastrophes in the district of New Guinea is a serious hindrance to the extension of German colonies in that country. There are two regions in the world which are peculiarly liable to such devastations—the western coast of South America and the islands of the Malayan archipelago. These great inundations—miscalled tidal waves—are within the limits they range far more destructive than earthquake shocks. Human beings in well constructed buildings or in open ground may in most shocks escape from damage through the motion of the earth; but the waves of the sea caused by volcanic explosions or earthquakes on its bottom send irresistible floods against the land. It is the great good fortune of our own continent, save perhaps in Alaska, that it is exempt from this class of dangers. The exemption is probably of a permanent sort, for the features of the Atlantic coast at least show clearly that no such great inundations have swept that shore since the land attained its present relation to the sea.

WHAT CAUSES EARTHQUAKES.

The European portion of the Old World seems to be undergoing a succession of slight earthquakes. Within three months shocks have been felt on different days in Norway, at two or three points in Switzerland, in Scotland and in various parts of the Eastern Mediterranean district. The one in Smyrna, which occurred on the 21st of January, appears to have been destructive to life and property. The Scotch earth shock, which was unimportant save for the fright it gave to the people, has been made the subject of discussion by Dr. Archibald Geikie, the director of the British Geological survey. Dr. Geikie once more calls attention to the fact that earthquakes are more common in winter season than at other times of the year.

Some years ago I made an inquiry into the New England earthquakes, and became come convinced that this greater prevalence of shocks is probably to be explained, in part, at least, by a curious cause. In New England and in other countries where intense frost often occurs, when the ground is not covered with snow, the earth freezes to the depth of several feet. If the soil is very wet, the low temperature causes it to contract and a crack to open. At the moment when the crack is formed a shock is produced which may be sufficiently strong to attract notice.

It is now pretty well established that many of the great earthquake shocks are caused by rents formed in the rocks at the depths of several miles below the surface, rents which are probably filled at the moment of their formation by molten rocks, such as appear in the dykes which are so often found intersecting strata. Thus our frost cracks present us with illustrations in a small way of the processes which produce the greater convulsions of this nature.

An amusing experiment was recently made in Westphalia to determine the relative speed of flight of bees and pigeons. The race course through the air was three and a half miles in length. The bees were marked by covering them with flour, which doubtless in a certain measure retarded their flight, yet the first bee arrived at the winning post 25 seconds before the first pigeon, and three other bees came in before the second bird arrived. The speed of flight is not stated, but as it is known that pigeons fly at the rate of 50 miles or more an hour, this seems to establish the fact that bees have a flight as speedy as that of our swifter birds.

PROF. N. S. SHALER.

Very Like a Pig.

New York Evening World.]

If it be proverbially unsafe to buy "a pig in a poke," it seems for the British Tories, the oppressors of Ireland and the suborners of political forgery, to have been equally impolitic to buy a Pigott before he's poked up in cross-examination.

Almost a Miracle.

COLUMBUS, O., July 2, 1887.

In the fall of 1884, a little sore appeared on the calf of my left leg. At first I paid but little attention to it. But the sore grew worse until it finally became a running sore and ate its way down to the bone. I suffered intense pain, but could get no relief. The doctors told me it was an ulcer, and poulticed it with slippery elm, etc. But it went on getting worse. Then they scraped the bone. But this did no good. Meanwhile my lungs began to trouble me. Then I called upon two of the leading physicians and surgeons of Columbus. They both told me that I had consumption and that my case was hopeless. They confessed that they could do nothing for me. Then followed one affliction after another. My leg began to draw up until it formed a right angle at the knee. My throat became sore and finally broke out in a terrible manner on the outside, while inside it was so swollen that I could not swallow food of any kind. As the sore on my leg ate deeper and deeper, and my lungs and throat got worse and worse, I lost flesh at a frightful rate, my weight dropping in a short time from 140 to 70 pounds. I was in a condition that was simply awful and cannot be adequately described. I myself and our family utterly despaired of my recovery, and resigned ourselves to my death at any moment.

At this anxious and critical juncture my brother persuaded me to try La-cu-pi-a, the great blood remedy. He had heard of the remarkable cures being effected by this remedy, and, as the last and only resort, he was determined that I should try it. The effect was instantaneous and almost miraculous. Within two months the sore was healed, and, after being confined to my bed for almost two years, and having long before been given up to die, I began steadily to improve and to believe, also, that the medicine that was to restore me to health had at last been found. Dr. Hartman himself, in whose "Ills of Life" attention had first been directed to the wonderful virtues of La-cu-pi-a as a blood remedy, was called in. He advised me to continue the use of La-cu-pi-a, and to begin at once taking Pe-ru-na, also, and to keep taking both until I was in a condition that would better warrant an orthopedic operation on my leg. I had scrofula and consumption both, he declared, but he assured me that La-cu-pi-a would finally cure the scrofula and Pe-ru-na the consumption permanently. So I kept on using La-cu-pi-a and began taking Pe-ru-na, and got better every day.

Finally I was able to have my deformed leg operated upon. And with that skill which had made him famous the country over as an orthopedic surgeon Dr. Hartman set to work to straighten my limb. And this, wonderful to relate, he accomplished in a remarkably short space of time, by means of special brace appliance which he had made especially for the limb. Gradually the limb was straightened and strengthened, until finally my foot again rested on the floor and I was able to walk upon it without a limp. Thus, by means of La-cu-pi-a, the great blood remedy, Pe-ru-na, the great consumption cure, and the unequaled orthopedic skill of Dr. Hartman, my sores were healed, my lungs made perfectly well, my cough stopped, my blood made pure, my crooked limb straightened, my weight restored to 130 pounds, and I became a well and strong woman. To see me now, after having seen me on what I thought and all our family thought would be my deathbed, one would hardly think that I am the same person. No one would think that at one time I was at death's door, utterly helpless, hopeless and crippled. I can hardly realize it myself. Pe-ru-na and La-cu-pi-a, I can honestly say, have literally snatched me from the grave and have given me what promises to be a long and happy and I hope a useful life. It was indeed "almost a miracle."

MATTIE JONES.

To cap the climax, Miss Jones is now married, and is a happy and helpful wife. Mrs. Wilcox is her name and her home is in Coolville, Athens county, O.

La-cu-pi-a and Pe-ru-na are sold by all druggists—$1 bottle; 6 for $5. Manufactured by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Send to the same company for a copy of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life." It will cost you nothing, and contains accounts of other remarkable cures effected by both La-cu-pi-a and Pe-ru-na.

BEAUTIFUL AUGUSTA.

A Southern City Which Escaped the Devastation Following

GEN. SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Its Broad, Shaded Avenues and Handsome Residences.

WOMANLY MARTYRS OF THE LOST CAUSE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

AIKEN, S. C., March 5, 1889.

VERY visitor to Aiken "does" Augusta. That is one of the regulation excursions, and with a city of such pretensions it would never do to leave it out. Augusta is the city that is stated to have escaped the ravages and devastation of the Northern army in Sherman's March to the Sea., through some pathetic sentiment on his part as to its holding within its cemetery the remains of a much-loved child, and owing to the fact of his notably warm side for the Roman Catholic convent, which was the abode of relatives or dear friends. Whether this oft-told tale is true or not, the fact remains that while Aiken and other places were shelled and subjected to tribute by Sherman's soldiers, Augusta escaped and suffered but little in comparison with Atlanta, Charleston, Savannah and other cities of the South.

Augusta here is thought to be quite a considerable city, but as compared with Pittsburg or Allegheny it is only an exaggerated country town. Its population, as shown by the last census, is not much over 20,000, which is said to be less than it was before the war, so that as measured by the 250,000 or 300,000 that Pittsburg can count, it will be seen that this cotton city must sing small when our trumpet is sounded.

A BEAUTIFUL AVENUE.

It has, however, what Pittsburg has not—beautiful wide avenues planted with trees. Broad street, the main business portion, looks to be about 200 feet wide. Down the middle of the avenue is a double row of lovely shade trees, which, taken with those that line the sidewalks, form a beautiful park-like appearance, and with in many parts interlacing branches must in summer be refreshing and grateful as shade to man and beast. No street in Pittsburg will compare with it in beauty, nor even Broad street in Philadelphia. The sidewalks are very wide and give a noble appearance of space and liberal elbow room.

Most of the hotels look old, and are rather on the decrepit order, but a new one—the Arlington—is a beautiful structure of modern style, that can hold up its head with the best and make our old Monongahela House look as plain and hopelessly ugly as a square, old Puritan meeting house beside the beautiful and costly Gothic edifices that the descendants of the straight-backed fathers find only adequate to their conditions and needs for prayer and praise and Presbyterianism.

About midway in this handsome street is a splendid soldiers' monument dedicated to the Confederate dead of Augusta and Richmond county. This monument is placed upon a solid base of granite, reached by three or four broad steps, and commands attention from every point in the street. Around it is a neat iron fence with gates wide open. A careful look showed that this beautiful monument, in the open street, has never been defaced or mutilated by modern Goths or vandals as has that on Monument Hill in Allegheny. The Confederacy was conquered in the Civil War, but the old ideas and principles still live. If the women of Augusta who raised this monument had been as wise as they were patriotic and devoted to Jeff Davisism they would have let the dead past bury their mistaken notions and their wrong ideas.

WOMAN MARTYRS.

But women have made the best martyrs to "the Lost Cause" as they have exhibited extremest devotion to what they deemed right all down the ages of history. Christianity found its most ardent disciples in its early days among women, just as they were the most faithful adherents of the worship of the Pagan gods. The Puritan mothers and the Huguenots were no less devoted to their principles and articles of belief, and the women of the South have shown the same spirit of heroic endurance in their "cause," as was the crowning virtue of the early Quakers and Methodists and Lutherans, when under persecution for their opinions. But with more intelligence reason and logic, they would have accepted the situation philosophically, and would, at least, have hesitated to place upon enduring marble the fact that though conquered, they still cherished and upheld the unwisdom, maintained the same narrow notions, and were determined in words, at least, to show that they cherished the same sentiments that led to the dreadful war waged on one side to maintain slavery, and on the other the supremacy of the Union. On one front of this noble monument to the Confederate dead of Georgia is the inscription:

"Worthy to have lived and known our gratitude.
Worthy to be hallowed and held in tender remembrance.
Worthy the fadeless fame which Confederate soldiers won."

On another side is cut into the enduring marble the following:

"To the Confederate dead, who gave themselves in life and death for us.
For the honor of Georgia,
For the rights of the States.
For the liberties of the people,
For the sentiments of the South.
For the principles of the Union, as they were handed down to them by the fathers of our common country."

Northern readers rather smile over this utterance of devotion to the rights of the people, when the war was undertaken by the South to maintain 7,000,000 of its citizens in slavery, and overturn the principles of the Union which they made so desperate a struggle to destroy.

Another inscription is to the honor of the Confederacy in these words:

No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

The blindness of bigoted and mistaken patriotism could scarcely find vent in a greater "whopper." What nation could be white and fair that rose up to defend the barbarism of slavery, and what greater crime could be committed than to plunge a country into a wicked and destructive war, a war that cost millions of precious lives on both sides, that brought mourning and suffering and direst poverty into hundreds of thousands of homes.

But in the growing together, the increase of fraternal feelings, the better knowing of each other that now are being promoted by closer social relations, the sentiments and motives that inspired this monument will die out and be lost, and it will become little else than a matter of amused wonder to the citizens of the future that their ancestors could have been so greatly concerned over what will, to them, be nothing more, or be read with as little passing interest as the glowing tributes on some now obscure tombstones.

Talking of monuments and tombstones reminds us that we visited the cemetery at the end of the town, and a very pretty one it is, though not diversified by hill and vale and stream as are those at home. The avenues are shaded by magnificent magnolias which in their glossy green foliage are beautiful, to say nothing of their creamy loveliness when in bloom. The Superintendent of the cemetery was in rather a depressed mood over its condition and what was to come of it. The Savannah river has no respect for the dead—although placards are put up to that effect for all to observe—and while on a high lately covered the city of the dead with three feet of water over its entire surface. The waters had receded but the grounds were in deplorable condition in many places. No interments had been possible for more than a week. Augusta lies low, and these frequent inundations are becoming a very serious matter. The citizens are not willing to be taxed for dykes and yet, every few months more property is lost on the whole than would pay for them. All the time of our visit the marks of disaster were plainly visible, and to have the graves of 19,000 people under water for a week would suggest serious doubts as to the healthfulness of such conditions.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

Across the broad street from the cemetery are the public gardens and park. The sight of these in their winter beauty brought up the melancholy fact that here again Augusta could score a point against Pittsburg even if they were under water when the river raged and roared.

Camelias white and pink were in bloom, hyacinths, jonquils and violets made fragrant the air, and altogether Augusta seemed very fair and lovely to those accustomed to a climate where "Winter lingering chills the lap of May."

But while the city proper is low and subject to floods to such uncomfortable extent, it has a suburb called the "Sand Hills," on which it plumes itself greatly. This is the hill upon which the United States Arsenal is located, reached by a street car line in less than an hour. It requires four good, stout mules to take a bobtail car up the hill, but when the top is reached a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country and the city is presented. Here in a beautiful and picturesque location a fine hotel is in process of erection that will make the Sand Hills of Georgia a formidable rival of the sand hill on which Aiken is located, and on which the latter so particularly prides itself as the foundation of its dry air and salubrious climate. There is strong rivalry between the towns as it is, and, with this hotel, the advantage of street cars, and a beautiful location within cheap shopping distance of Augusta, Aiken will have to look to its laurels, and wake up to the modern requirements of winter resorts. A New York man said to us he had been spending his winters at the Sand Hills of Augusta in Georgia for seventeen years, and after a visit there we did not greatly wonder over his enthusiasm.

The arsenal is evidently a fine one, and it made one feel at home and on our own ground to see the beautiful Stars and Stripes floating proudly over all, where once the stars and bars of the Confederacy gave token of a desolating war and a divided country, and to see the "boys in blue" "sogering" round with U. S. on their belts, instead of the C. S. that gave evidence of disloyalty to the Union.

SOUTHERN RESIDENCES.

On the Sand Hills are many beautiful homes, in which dwell the magnates of the city, and others who entertain Northern guests during the winter, and for a large and liberal cash consideration keep "mum" as to the true inwardness of their sentiments concerning the doctrines of Calhoun and Jeff Davis and Wigfall and Rosser and "sich." Such intercourse between North and South every winter, as is growing more and more common, will do much to weaken the old prejudices and kill the old bitternesses that have too long been a barrier between the sections of our common country. Southern hospitality is whole-souled and Southern courtesy is most noble and notable, so that as years go on, and the people of the South learn to know their brethren of the North better, the barriers will fall away by mutual consent, and give way to amity and brotherly love. If the loud-mouthed demagogues, and pernicious politicians, who promote bad feeling for partisan and personal purposes could be condemned to silence, such would long ago have been the case.

In one matter we may say the South should go in for improvement, and that is in its railroads. To any one accustomed to the smoothness and solidity of the Pennsylvania Central, the bumpity-bump of the local train between Aiken and Augusta is something dreadful. However, though at times it was hard to persuade ourselves that we were not clattering over the ties, we reached the Edenic conditions of Aiken in safety, after a delightful experience of the sights and pleasures of Augusta, which it would take a volume adequately to portray.

SOME FUN.

The holiday pleasures of this unique town are lead by a party of prominent New Yorkers, ably aided and abetted by Mr. H. P. Smith, of Pittsburg, and others from Northern cities, who are here for the winter. These are determined to have all the fun going of a Southern variety so they "chip in" for the funds to furnish prizes, and organize cake walks, fox hunts, paper hunts, athletic sports, whist parties and concerts. The cake walk was great fun. Finely ornamented cakes, in which were imbedded silver dollars, were the prizes contended for by the colored folks. One prize was for walkers over 50 years of age, and was won by "Sam," an "old darkey" of the real plantation variety, who had recollections back 74 years, but did not know how much older he was. The second prize was won by the colored belle of the town, who had the demeanor of a Duchess, and the regality of a Queen. She was arrayed in a white dress, cut decollete, and majestically walked with a colored young waiter, gorgeously attired in full dress, with a badge on his shoulder of floating red ribbons. Another prize was given for waltzing.

An open air entertainment was on the programme yesterday at which the guests roared in stunning chorus of cheers of laughter for over two hours at running races, sack races, wheelbarrow races, climbing a greased pole and catching a pig with a greased tail, boxing with floured gloves, and diving with open mouths into a tub of flour for concealed half-dollars, with tied hands. The colored folks take genuine interest and delight in these sports, to which the prizes give large zest to competition, while the white folks—located in the dancing pavilion as a private box—witnessed them with cheers, laughter and applause. Sitting in the sun in carriages, carts, on horseback and on the open platform amid the odor of pine trees in ideal picnic weather on the 4th of March was certainly a contrast with the cold drizzle at Washington, where the new administration was going into power under weeping skies and widespread discomfort.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

The Young Idea.

New York Sun.]

Mrs. Brown (entertaining party of friends)—If you touch me with that cane again, Johnnie, I'll punish you.

Little Johnnie—I didn't hurt you, ma. Dad hit you twice as hard as that last night.

A Reasonable Assumption.

First Gentlemanly Stranger (on crowded Pullman car)—Is this camp stool yours, sir?

Second G. S. (dubiously)—It ought to be, sir. It cost me 25 cents to get it of the porter, and he hasn't brought any change back yet. You can sit down on it, though, while I stand up for a rest.—*Puck.*

GOOD BOOKS TO READ

Works Which Give Us Knowledge and Works Which Give Us Power.

THE RELIGION OF LITERATURE.

Classics Which Have Stood the Test of Time, and Are

ALWAYS NEW AND ALWAYS IN FASHION

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

IN the choice of books, I put religious reading first.

By this I mean such reading as tends directly toward the uplifting of the soul. All good books are religious, whether they speak of "religious" themes or not. There are several books in the Bible which do not once contain the name of God. But that does not bar them out of the Bible. Everything is religious which makes men better. All books which make us see the cruelty, the deformity, the sinfulness of sin, so that we hate it, or which make us aspire after purity, honesty, bravery, wisdom, righteousness, which make us love God more or our neighbor more—all books which help us are religious.

Certain books deserve this good name "religious" better than others, because they are helpful not only to our thinking, but to our living. They are spiritually helpful. They minister to that which is best within us, the soul. Read these books.

First, the Bible. The word means "the book." It is *the* book. Do not try to read the whole Bible. Not everything in the Bible is helpful and good to read. The Bible is a record of the spiritual growth of the race, out of ideas of God and of duty, which were of necessity, crude and unworthy and imperfect, into the clearer knowledge of God, and the clearer

LIGHT OF TRUTH,

and the truer ideal of right conduct. It is not necessary that you should study all the mistakes which men made, nor dwell upon the experiences of pain through which the revelation of the Father in heaven, which we are blessed with, has been won for us. Study that blessed revelation. Read chiefly the gospels for the words and deeds by which Christ manifested God among men. Read the Epistles, especially their latter chapters, for the formulation of a Christian duty. Read many of those old Psalms, which are so divinely and eternally true, that they can never grow old-fashioned, never become obsolete. Read the Bible, as much of it as you can, but these parts first, and most.

And then, next to the Bible, whatever helps you spiritually, that will depend very much upon yourself. It will depend upon your taste, upon your education, upon your temperament. It is not possible for anyone, except the most familiar friend, to select infallibly a book of devotional reading for anybody else. If you do not get help from the book which helps your friend, it is probably because you and your friend are different. You must find this out for yourself. For one the helpful book will be "The Imitation of Christ," for another, "The Christian Year," for another the poems of Faber or Miss Havergal, for another the sermons of Robertson or Newman, for another the lay preaching of Carlyle. The most helpful book of selected daily readings which I know of is "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." A good many people would like that. The books are legion. Everybody ought to have at least one. Everybody who has a soul, ought to have some book beside him which deals with what concerns the soul.

TWO CLASSES OF BOOKS.

De Quincy divided books into two classes—books which give knowledge, and books which give power, to some books you go for facts; to others, for inspiration. Those of which I have just spoken are religious books of power. Their purpose is to uplift, to help. We have need also of books of religious knowledge. Such are histories of the Christian church and explanations and defenses of the faith. A Christian's library ought, first of all, to be a Christian library. There ought to be some commentary upon Holy Scripture, some volume of church history, some treatise upon the essential traits of Christian doctrine, some book of saintly biography, in every Christian family.

I put religious reading first, not only for its personal helpfulness, not only because it is the most inspiring and elevating reading you can do—if you choose the best religious books—but because it is emphatically the reading for these times. The questions which are stirring men's minds to-day are either directly religious or touch religion very clos